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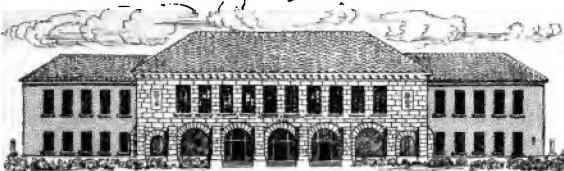
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THE
JONES FIFTH READER

BY

L. H. JONES, A.M.

PRESIDENT OF THE MICHIGAN STATE NORMAL COLLEGE, FORMERLY
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS IN INDIANAPOLIS,
INDIANA, AND CLEVELAND, OHIO



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PREFACE

THIS book is intended as a basal reader for pupils of the sixth, seventh, and eighth years in school. These years make up a period of high enthusiasms and noble impulses. During this period ideals of life and conduct are rapidly shaping themselves in the minds of the growing girls and boys. Susceptible as they are at this age to evil influences, they yet respond most readily to the call of higher motives. Noble, daring, and heroic action, when properly pictured to them, seems native to the human spirit.

To rouse and sustain these noble ambitions, to make the right in human action seem reasonable and desirable, to give that general intelligence which underlies helpful social coöperation, and, above all, to permeate this growing intelligence with a pure and deep love for our country and its institutions,—is a dominant purpose of this reader.

The selections are taken from the best literature of the English language. A wide range of themes gives breadth and scope to the imagination as well as a foundation for general intelligence as opposed to technical knowledge.

All sections of our common country are represented by the authors from whom selections have been made. Much fresh material has been taken from the writings of recent authors; but many of the older selections are used because of their standard quality and their permanent value in character development.

In all cases due regard has been given to artistic excellence, without which, whatever its other merits, a piece of literature should find no place in a school reader.

In the selections made, as well as in the notes accompanying them, an effort has been made to direct the pupil's attention to the literary whole of which the selection is a part. While, therefore, the portion used is in itself an artistic whole, conveying its special lesson, it is exhibited as a part of a larger whole, to which attention is thus called. In this way the part read by the pupil instead of sating his mind really rouses his interest in author and theme, and leads eventually in many cases to the reading of the entire work.

In some schools much supplementary matter will be read by pupils during the years in which they use this reader. It is confidently believed that this book will furnish the necessary ideas and vocabulary for the easy and proper interpretation of all other reading matter that will come within the scope of the grades in which this book is used.

The selections from John Burroughs, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Fiske, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Dean Howells, Mary Johnston, Thomas Starr King, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Edith M. Thomas, Charles Dudley Warner, John Greenleaf Whittier, and Zitkala-Ša, are used by the kind permission of, and by special arrangement with, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the writings of these authors.

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Henry Timrod (B. F. Johnson Publishing Company); "Sleep," by Robert Collyer, "New Things and Old," "A Talk to School Children," and "The Education of the People," by Wendell Phillips (Lee & Shepard); "A Cellar in Siberia," by George Kennan (G. P. Putnam's Sons); "The Moral Rights of Animals," by William Cunningham Gray (Fleming H. Revell Company); "Two Great Commanders," by William P. Trent (Small, Maynard & Co.).

MICHIGAN STATE NORMAL COLLEGE,
June 1, 1903.



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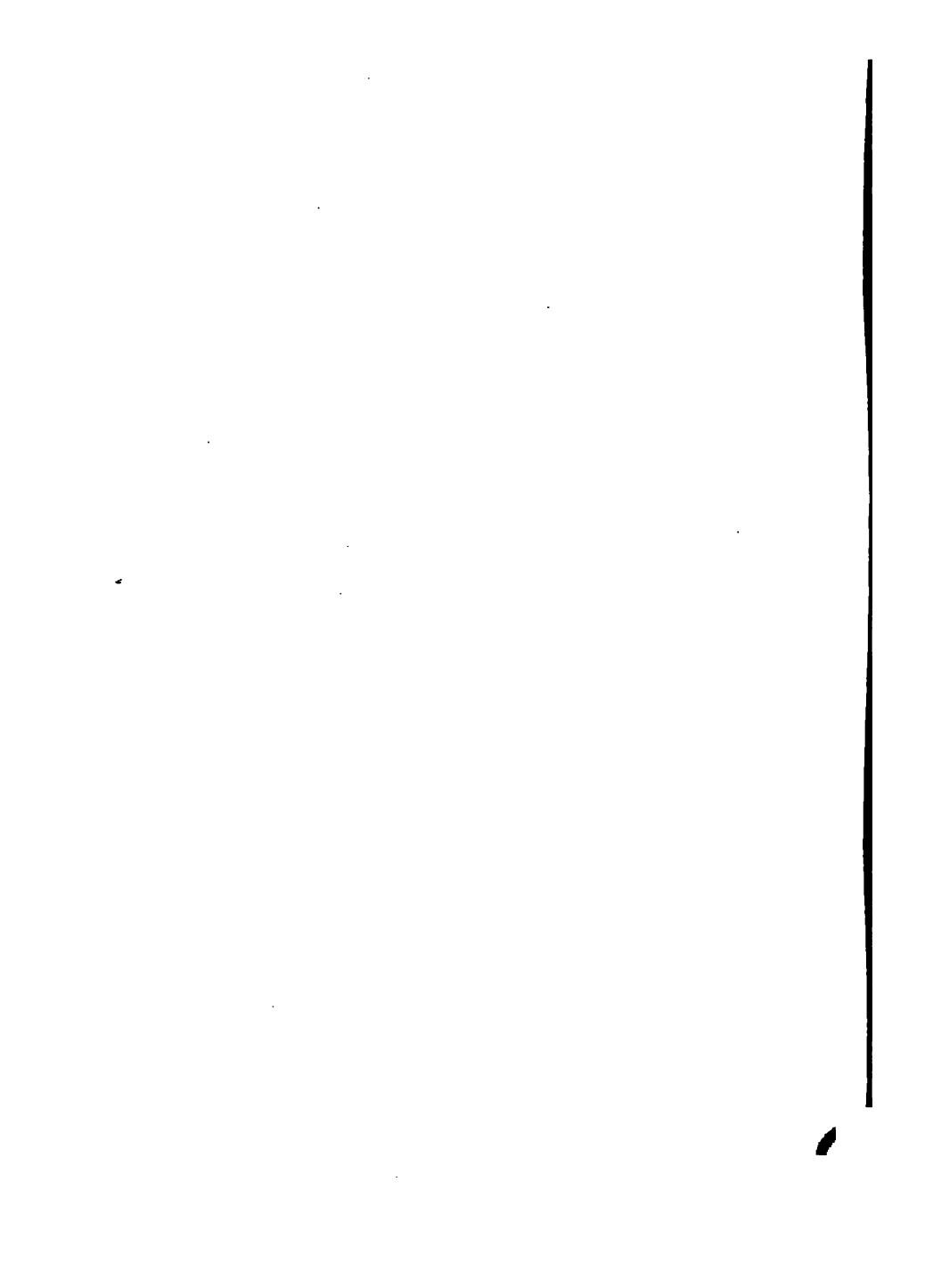
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THE
JONES FIFTH READER

A GALLOP OF THREE

THEODORE WINTHROP

THEODORE WINTHROP (1828-1861) was a New England writer and soldier. He was killed in the Civil War, in the battle of Great Bethel, Va. His novels are as vigorous and wholesome as was his own character.

NOTE.—In the spirited story of Western life from which this selection is taken, the author relates an attempt, by a band of Mormons, to carry off the heroine by force. She is rescued by John Brent and his friends. 5

We were off, we three, on our gallop to save. The horses took fire at once. They were ready to burst into their top speed and go off in a frenzy.

“Steady, steady!” cried Brent. “We know we are on 10 their track. Seven or eight full hours! it is long odds of a start. But they are not mounted as we are mounted. They did not ride as we shall ride. They will fear pursuit and push on without stopping. But we shall catch them; we shall catch them before night!” 15

“You are aiming for the mountains?” I asked.

“For Luggernel Alley,” said Brent. “That is the only gate through the mountains. These men will make for the Springs. The Springs are the only water to be had

in this region. They must go there. A little faster, friends; a little faster yet!"

It was a vast desert level where we were riding. Before us was the faint blue of the Sierra. Not a bird
5 sang in the hot noon; not a cricket chirped. We now rode side by side, taking our strides together. Far—ah, how terribly dim and distant!—was the Sierra, a slowly lifting cloud. We three rode abreast over the sere brown plain on our gallop to save.

10 Oh, my glorious Don Fulano! The great killing pace seemed a mere playful canter to him,—such as one might ride beside a timid girl. But from time to time he surged a little forward with his great shoulders and gave a mighty writhe of his body, while his hind legs came lifting his
15 flanks under me, and telling of the giant reserve of speed and power he kept easily controlled.

At the left rode Brent, our leader. His iron-gray went grandly, with white mane flapping the air like a signal flag of reprieve.. We must make the most of the levels.
20 Rougher work and obstacles were before us. All the wild, triumphal music I had ever heard sang in my ears to the flinging cadence of the resonant feet, tramping on hollow arches of the volcanic rock. Sweet and soft around us was the hazy air of October. On we galloped on our
25 errand to save.

It came afternoon as we rode on steadily. The country grew rougher, the mountain lines sharper. We came

upon a wide tract covered with wild-sage bushes. These delayed and baffled us. It was a pygmy forest of trees no higher than the knee. It checked our speed and chafed our horses. We tore along, breaking over and through the sage bushes, each man where best he could. 5

What was this? The bushes trampled and broken down. Hoof marks in the dust. "The trail!" I cried; "the trail!" They sprang toward me. Brent followed the line with his eye. He galloped forward with a look of triumph. Suddenly I saw him fling himself half out 10 of his saddle and clutch at some object. Still going at speed and holding on by one leg alone, he picked up something from the bushes. A lady's glove!

We pressed on; this silent cry for help made the danger seem near. 15

And now in front the purple Sierra was growing brown and rising up, a distant wall. Broad fields of cool snow gleamed upon the summits. Our horses suffered bitterly for water. Five hours we had ridden through all that arid waste without a pause. It was cruel to press on; 20 it was more cruel to stay.

Fulano suffered least. He turned his brave eye back, and beckoned me with his ear to listen, while he seemed to say: "See, this is my Endurance! I hold my Power ready still to show." And he curved his proud neck, 25 shook his mane like a banner, and galloped grandest of all.

Suddenly our leader sprang from the saddle. "Look," he cried, "how those fellows spent their time and saved ours. Thank Heaven for this! We shall save her now, surely." It was water. They had dug a pit deep in the 5 thirsty sand and found a lurking river buried there. The pit was nearly five feet deep. An hour's work, and no less, it must have cost them.

We drank thankfully of this well by the wayside. We were grateful almost to the point of pity; but rescue was 10 imperative. We grudged these moments of refreshment. I wiped the dust from Fulano's nostrils and let him breathe a moment. Then I let him drain deep, delicious draughts from the stirrup cup. He whinnied thanks and undying fealty—my noble comrade! He drank like a reveler. When 15 I mounted again he gave a jubilant curvet and bound. All those miles of our hard, hot gallop were nothing.

The brown Sierra was close at hand. The gap opened before us, grand and terrible. Its mighty walls, a thousand feet high, bore aloft two pyramids of purple cliffs 20 far above the snow line.

Terrible riding in that fierce chasm over great beds of loose stone! Madness to go as we went! No whipping or spurring. Our horses were a part of ourselves. We could not choose ground. We must take our leaps on 25 that cruel rock wherever they offered.

Brent's horse slipped on the smooth rock and fell short. His master was out of the saddle almost before he struck,

raising him. No, he would never rise again. He sank and died without a sound. Brent groaned. With one knife-stroke I cut the thong of my girth. The heavy saddle fell to the ground. I cut off my spurs. They never yet had touched Fulano's flanks. He stood beside me, quiet, but trembling to be off.

"Now, Brent, up behind me!" I whispered, for the awe of death was upon us. I mounted. Brent sprang up behind. I ride light for a tall man. Brent is the lightest body of an athlete I ever saw. Fulano stood steady till we were firm in our seats. Then he tore down the defile. Here was that vast reserve of power; here the tireless spirit; here the hoof striking true as a thunderbolt where the brave eye saw footing; here that writhing agony of speed; here the great promise fulfilled, the great heart thrilling to mine. Noble Fulano!

I did not check or guide him. He saw all. He knew all. All was his doing. Over the slippery rocks, plunging through the loose stones, on went the horse, we clinging as we might. The gaunt white horse and his rider were left behind. No other horse that ever lived could have held with mine in that headlong gallop to save.

The crags flung apart, right and left. I saw the gleam of gushing water. We were there. We were in time.

Adapted.

the **Sier'a**: a mountain ridge. — **Fulano** (foo-lah'no). — **volcanic rock**: rock brought to the surface by volcanic action.

WANTED — MEN¹

J. G. HOLLAND

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND (1819–1881), whose pen name was Timothy Titcomb, was an American writer of some note. He wrote poems and novels, and several volumes of advice to young people.

NOTE.—This sonnet was written in 1867. It was a time of great national discouragement and perplexity. The President and Congress were continually in conflict, and unscrupulous politicians were eager to carry out their selfish plans.

God give us men ! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands ;
10 Men whom the lust of office does not kill ;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy ;
Men who possess opinions and a will ;
Men who have honor,—men who will not lie ;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
15 And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking !
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking :
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions, and their little deeds,
20 Mingle in selfish strife, lo ! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps !

lust: desire.—dem'agogue: a false leader or orator who appeals to the baser elements in mankind.

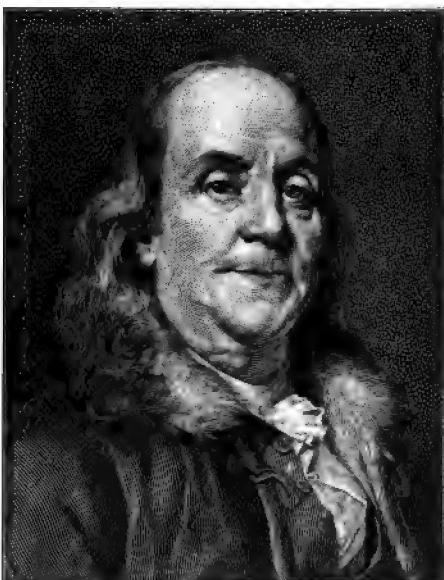
¹ From Holland's Poetical Writings. Copyright, 1879, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

H. W. THOMAS

HIRAM W. THOMAS is a popular Chicago preacher.

As a young man, Franklin was not only active and ambitious, but he was blessed with a large amount of eminently practical good sense. Unlike the great philosophers, who taught that learning was degraded by bringing it down to common affairs, this great philosopher of a later day and civilization sought constantly to utilize his knowledge in all practical ways, rather than to dwell in the world of abstract ideas.



5

10

15

He thought of the power of the lightning that plays across the sky, and with his kite and key he coaxed it down a string and confined it in a bottle. And from this simple experiment the Morses and the Edisons have gone on in improvement, till now this same electric fluid

lights our houses and streets and carries messages across continents and seas.

He projected the first fire-engine company, and organized the first company of state militia and was colonel 5 of its first regiment. In his plan for the union of the colonies he anticipated, if he did not really suggest, the model for the Constitution of the United States. He laid the foundations of the school that has since grown into the University of Pennsylvania; and in presiding over the 10 post office of the colonies he introduced the penny stamp, that has since enlarged into our great postal service.

This poor boy, who began life making candles and setting type and eating his dry bread upon the streets of Philadelphia, at last stood before the royal and the 15 learned of England and the Continent; and was admired and praised for his great knowledge.

It was through his influence very largely that the French court was won over to the cause of the colonies in the days of the Revolution; and without this support the independence of our country could hardly have been gained. 20

And then, at the close of the war, the same hand that in 1776 had signed the Declaration of Independence, in 1782 and 1783 signed the treaty of independence and peace with Great Britain and also the treaties of amity 25 and commerce with Sweden and Prussia; and in 1789 that same hand signed the Constitution of the United States. He predicted at that time that the sun of his

country should "be a rising and not a setting sun," — a prophecy that has been more than verified in a hundred years of unequalled prosperity.

It is said that from childhood Franklin delighted to repeat the proverb of Solomon: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." He obeyed this proverb: he was diligent; and at last he stood before the royalty of Europe and received the public praise of Lord Chatham.

At the advanced age of eighty-four, his great life work done, "he was gathered to his fathers." Upon the motion of James Madison, Congress adopted a resolution declaring that "his native genius was not more an ornament to human nature than his various exertions of it have been precious to science, to freedom, and to his country." And Lord Brougham declared, "One of the most remarkable men of our times as a politician, or of any age as a philosopher, was Franklin; who stands alone in combining these two characters, the greatest that man can sustain, and in this, that, having borne the first part in enlarging science by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, he bore the second part in founding one of the greatest empires in the world."

Morse and **Edison**: great electricians and inventors. It is to Morse that we owe the telegraph.—**Lord Chat'ham**: William Pitt, also known as the Great Commoner. He was a famous English statesman who showed great sympathy and friendliness for the American colonies.—**Lord Brougham** (broo'am): an English statesman.

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CLEAR THE WAY

CHARLES MACKAY

CHARLES MACKAY (1814-1889) was a popular Scotch writer of prose and poetry. He was a well-known editor and correspondent of London papers.

FIRST VOICE

Men of thought! be up and stirring, night and day:
5 Sow the seed,—withdraw the curtain,—CLEAR THE WAY!

SECOND VOICE

Men of action, aid and cheer them, as ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
10 There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing into gray.

FIRST VOICE

Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!

THIRD VOICE

Once the welcome light has broken, who shall say
What the unimagined glories of the day?
15 What the evil that shall perish in its ray?

FOURTH VOICE

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen ;
Aid it, hopes of honest men ;
Aid it, paper ; aid it, type ;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken into play.

5

FIRST VOICE

Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY !

SECOND VOICE

Lo ! a cloud 's about to vanish from the day ;
And a brazen wrong to crumble into clay.
Lo ! the right 's about to conquer : CLEAR THE WAY !

THIRD VOICE

With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door ;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us for their prey.

10

ALL

Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY !

15

Arranged.

SLEEP

ROBERT COLLYER

ROBERT COLLYER (1823—) was born in England. His father and mother were very poor, and the only schooling he had was between his fourth and his eighth year. He learned the blacksmith's trade, but began to preach when he was a young man. He came to America, where he is well known and greatly beloved as the pastor of a church in New York City.

There seems to be some such blessing for the spirit in sleep, then, as there is for the body; not alone fresh fuel, but a purer flame. And we may presume such boons as these are hidden away in every life as it steals silently through the night; and when deep sleep falleth on men,
10 God openeth their ears and sealeth their instruction.

In our waking hours we think and feel; in our sleep we *become*. The poet finds in the morning sweeter imaginations, the thinker profounder principles, the preacher
15 more pregnant arguments, and the very worker at the anvil a more subtle turn of the wrist and the stroke that goes right home.

None of us who sleep well begin the new day where we left the old. Each man in his rest has silently advanced
20 to a new position. He can watch the world from a higher summit, and be aware of a wider sky than that on which the sun set yesterday. His flesh is fresh as that of a little child; he returns toward the days of his youth.

Your sleep is the hidden treasure of your youth to-day, and to-morrow it will be the margin you will have to draw on for your age. Do you think you can racket round into the small hours, snatch a brief repose, and then be just as good as ever to hold and bind? It is not true. 5

Many a young man sells his birthright in this way and cannot have it back again, though he seek it with many tears. Take your honest eight hours' sleep, if you may: there is life in it and grace. It is one of the good angels which will save you from temptation, give you an even 10 mind, brighten all your powers, and do many things for you which no other power can do.

Good fortune turns greatly on good habits, and this is one of the best. We can go just so far, and then we have to fall back on Nature and on God for new power. 15

Your true business or professional man is the man who rises well rested, with a cool, clear brain and steady nerve, — the man who can shake off business after business hours, go to sleep like a yearling child, and rise like the sun, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. 20

Abridged.

deep sleep, etc. See Job xxxiii. 15. — **preg'nant**: full of meaning, weighty. — **subtle** (*sut'l*): delicately skillful. — **margin**: extra amount. — **birthright**: this refers to the Bible story in which Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. See Genesis xxv. 27-34.

HELVELLYN

WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771. When he was less than two years old he had an illness that left him lame. He was taken to his grandfather's home, in the hope that the country life would do him good, and it was there that he first learned to love the old Scotch ballads and traditions which he afterwards wove into his novels and poems. Scott has often been called "the Great Enchanter," so wonderful was his power of description. He wrote many novels which are known as the Waverley Novels, from the name of the first one of the series. Scott's poems are almost perfect in their style and finish. He died in 1832.

- 10 NOTE.—In the year 1805 a young man lost his way on Mt. Helvellyn, one of the highest mountains in England. Three months afterward his dead body was found, guarded by his dog.

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and
wide;

- 15 All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red Tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
20 When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had
died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain
heather,
Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,

Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

5



How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber ?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou
start ?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart ?

And oh ! was it meet that—no requiem read o'er him,

No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,

5 And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him —

Unhonored the Pilgrim from life should depart ?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,

The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;

With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,

10 And pages stand mute by the canopied pall :

Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are
gleaming ;

In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming ;

Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,

Lamenting a Chief of the people should fall.

15 But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,

To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,

When wildered he drops from some cliff huge in stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.

And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,

20 Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,

With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,

In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

Striden-edge and Catchedicam': the two spurs of Mt. Helvellyn.—
wil'dered : bewildered.

ELIZABETH ; OR THE EXILES OF SIBERIA**DONALD G. MITCHELL**

DONALD G. MITCHELL (1822-) is an American author. He has contributed largely to magazines under the name "Ik Marvel." His book "About Old Story Tellers," from which this selection is taken, was written for young people.

NOTE.—The book of which Mr. Mitchell here tells the story was 5 written by a French woman, Madame Cottin.

Siberia is a country of great wastes, where snows lie fearfully deep in winter, and winds howl across the bleak, vast levels, and wolves abound. To this pitiless country the emperor of Russia was wont to send prisoners of state 10 in close exile.

Elizabeth was the daughter of such a prisoner, who, with his wife, lived in a lonely habitation in the midst of this dreary region.

She grows up in this desolate solitude, knowing only 15 those tender parents and their gnawing grief. She knows nothing of their crime, or exile, or judge, or real name. But as she ripens into girlhood the parents cannot withhold their confidence, and she comes to know of their old home on the Polish plains. 20

From this time forth the loving daughter has but one controlling thought, and that is how she may restore these sorrowing parents to their home and to the world.

It is a child's purpose; and opposed to it is the purpose

of the Autocrat of all the Russias. But courage and persistence are noble things, and they win more triumphs than you could believe. They will win them over school lessons, and bad habits, and bad temper, just as surely as
5 they will win them in the battles of the world.

How could this frail creature set about the undoing of an imperial edict? Over and over she pondered in the solemn quietude of those wintry Siberian nights, upon all the ways that might avail to gain her purpose.

10 At last she formed the resolve—and a very bold one it was—to make the journey on foot from the place of their exile to the Russian capital; never doubting, in the fullness of her faith, that if she could once gain a hearing from the emperor she could win his favor and put an end to her
15 father's exile. Ah! what could she know of the bitterness of royal hate, or of that weary march of over two thousand miles across all the breadth of Russia?

She had not the courage to tell of this resolution to her parents; but kept it ever uppermost in her thoughts as
20 months and years rolled on.

One friend she made her confidant; this was the son of the governor of Tobolsk, who, in his hunting expeditions, had come unawares upon her father's cabin and thereafter repeated twice or thrice his visit.

25 The young hunter could not aid her; for intercourse with the exiled family was forbidden, and he had already been summoned away and ordered to regions unknown.

At last, after years of waiting,—Elizabeth being now eighteen,—an old priest came that way who was journeying to the west. It seemed her golden opportunity. She declared now, for the first time, her purpose to her parents. They expostulated and reasoned with her. The 5 long way was a drear one; monarchs were remorseless; they had grown old in exile and could bear it to the end.

But the tender girl was unshaken and steadfast. She bade them a tearful adieu, and with the old priest by her side, turned her steps toward the Russian capital. 10

Before the journey was half done the old priest sickened and died—she nursing him and closing his eyes for his last sleep—in a cabin by the way.

Still she had no thought of turning back, but wearily and painfully pressed on. It will make your hearts ache 15 to read the story of her toil, of her bleeding feet, of her encounters with rude plunderers, her struggles with storm and snow.

There were great stretches of silent forest; there were broad rivers to cross; there were gloomy ravines to pass 20 through. Her strength was failing. She had been robbed of her money, and the winter was coming on. There was no messenger or mail to tell her of the dear ones she had left behind in the little cabin. But, through all, her courage never once failed; and at last it rejoiced her heart to 25 see in the blazing sunlight, on the edge of the Muscovite plains, the great, shining domes of the palace of Moscow.

Here she was a stranger in a great city. The wilderness of the streets was full of more terrors and more dangers for her than the wilderness of the vast forests she had crossed in safety. Her very frailty, however,
5 with her earnestness and her appealing look, won upon passers-by. Wellwishers befriended her, and heard her story with amazement. And her story spread, and made other wellwishers aid, until at last she came to the feet of the emperor. They knew — all of them — the tale she
10 had to tell; and the eyes of all pleaded so strongly that her request was granted and the father set free.

Of course the story glides on very pleasantly after this. She has a government coach to carry her back over that long stretch of foot travel. She finds her parents yet alive.
15 She somehow has encountered that stray son of the governor of Tobolsk; and I believe they were married, and all lived happily ever after.

The book of which I have given you the story was printed in the time of the first Napoleon (1806), and had
20 an immense success. There is hardly a language of Europe in which it is not to be found now.

It is a good story. What devotion! — so rare, so true, so tender! Read it for this, if for nothing else, and cherish the memory in your young hearts.

Abridged.

Autocrat of all the Russias: the czar, who rules with absolute authority. — **Tobolsk'**: a government of western Siberia. — **Mus'covite**: Russian. The name of ancient Russia was Muscovy.

THE DAWN OF PEACE

JOHN RUSKIN

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900) was an English author and artist. To defend the painter, Turner, from his critics, Ruskin wrote his first great book, "Modern Painters." He was greatly interested in social progress.

Awake! awake! the stars are pale, the east is russet gray:
They fade, behold the phantoms fade, that kept the gates 5
of day;

Throw wide the burning valves, and let the golden streets
be free,

The morning watch is past — the watch of evening shall
not be.

Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands
to dust!

A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better
trust.

Nay, bend aback the lance's point and break the helmet 10
bar;

A noise is on the morning winds, but not the noise of war.

Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering troops
increase —

They come! They come! — How fair their feet — they
come that publish peace!

Yea, victory ! fair victory ! our enemies' and ours !
And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the earth
with flowers.

Ah, still depressed and dim with dew ; but yet a little
while,

And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness shall
smile ;

5 And every tender living thing shall feed by streams of
rest ;

Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor nursling from
the nest.

For aye, the time of wrath is past, and near the time of
rest,

And honor binds the brow of man, and faithfulness his
breast, —

Behold, the time of wrath is past, and righteousness
shall be,

10 And the Wolf is dead in Arcady, and the Dragon in the
sea !

how fair their feet : see Paul's Epistle to the Romans x. 15. — **Arcady** :
Arcadia, which was a country famous for the simple happiness of its
people, but overrun with wild beasts. — **Dragon** : it was formerly supposed
that the ocean was full of dragons.

A-HUNTING OF THE DEER

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER (1829-1900) was an American author. He had a keen, wholesome sense of humor, a sympathetic nature, and much literary taste. Among his entertaining books are "My Summer in a Garden" and "Back-Log Studies."

Early one August morning a doe was feeding on Basin 5 Mountain.

The sole companion of the doe was her only child, a charming little fawn, whose brown coat was just beginning to be mottled with beautiful spots.

The buck, its father, had been that night on a long 10 tramp across the mountain to Clear Pond, and had not yet returned. He went to feed on the lily pads there.

The doe was daintily cropping tender leaves and turning from time to time to regard her offspring. The fawn had taken his morning meal and now lay curled up on a 15 bed of moss.

If the mother stepped a pace or two farther away in feeding, the fawn made a half movement, as if to rise and follow her. If, in alarm, he uttered a plaintive cry, she bounded to him at once. 20

It was a pretty picture,—maternal love on the one part, and happy trust on the other.

The doe lifted her head with a quick motion. Had she heard something? Probably it was only the south wind

in the balsams. There was silence all about in the forest. With an affectionate glance at her fawn she continued picking up her breakfast.

But suddenly she started, head erect, eyes dilated, a 5 tremor in her limbs. She turned her head to the south; she listened intently.

There was a sound, a distinct, prolonged note, pervading the woods. It was repeated. The doe had no doubt now. It was the baying of a hound — far off, at the foot of the 10 mountain.

Time enough to fly; time enough to put miles between her and the hound before he should come upon her fresh trail; yes, time enough. But there was the fawn.

The cry of the hound was repeated, more distinct this 15 time. The mother bounded away a few paces. The fawn started up with an anxious bleat. The doe turned; she came back; she could n't leave it.

She walked away toward the west, and the little thing skipped after her. It was slow going for the slender legs, 20 over the fallen logs and through the rasping bushes. The doe bounded in advance and waited. The fawn scrambled after her, slipping and tumbling along, and whining a good deal because its mother kept always moving away from it.

25 Whenever the fawn caught up, he was quite content to frisk about. He wanted more breakfast, for one thing; and his mother would n't stand still. She moved on



continually; and his weak legs were tangled in the roots of the narrow deer path.

Suddenly came a sound that threw the doe into a panic of terror,—a short, sharp yelp, followed by a prolonged howl, caught up and reëchoed by other bayings along the mountain side. The danger was certain now; it was near. She could not crawl on in this way; the dogs would soon be upon them. She turned again for flight. The fawn, scrambling after her, tumbled over, and 10 bledated piteously. Flight with the fawn was impossible.

The doe returned and stood by it, head erect and nostrils distended. Perhaps she was thinking. The fawn lay down contentedly, and the doe licked him for a moment. Then, with the swiftness of a bird, she dashed 15 away, and in a moment was lost in the forest. She went in the direction of the hounds.

She descended the slope of the mountain until she reached the more open forest of hard wood. She was going due east, when she turned away toward the north, 20 and kept on at a good pace.

In five minutes more she heard the sharp yelp of discovery, and then the deep-mouthing howl of pursuit. The hounds had struck her trail where she turned, and the fawn was safe.

25 For the moment fear left her, and she bounded on with the exaltation of triumph. For a quarter of an hour she went on at a slapping pace, clearing the bushes with

bound after bound, flying over the fallen logs, pausing neither for brook nor ravine. The baying of the hounds grew fainter behind.

After running at high speed perhaps half a mile farther, it occurred to her that it would be safe now to turn 5 to the west, and, by a wide circuit, seek her fawn. But at the moment she heard a sound that chilled her heart. It was the cry of a hound to the west of her. There was nothing to do but to keep on, and on she went, with the noise of the pack behind her. 10

In five minutes more she had passed into a hillside clearing. She heard a tinkle of bells. Below her, down the mountain slope were other clearings broken by patches of woods. A mile or two down lay the valley and the farmhouses. That way also her enemies were. Not a 15 merciful heart in all that lovely valley. She hesitated; it was only for an instant.

She must cross the Slide Brook valley, if possible, and gain the mountain opposite. She bounded on; she stopped. What was that? From the valley ahead came the cry of 20 a searching hound. Every way was closed but one, and that led straight down the mountain to the cluster of houses. The hunted doe went down "the open," clearing the fences, flying along the stony path.

As she approached Slide Brook, she saw a boy standing 25 by a tree with a raised rifle. The dogs were not in sight, but she could hear them coming down the hill. There

was no time for hesitation. With a tremendous burst of speed she cleared the stream, and as she touched the bank heard the "ping" of a rifle bullet in the air above her. The cruel sound gave wings to the poor thing.

5 In a moment more she leaped into the traveled road. Women and children ran to the doors and windows; men snatched their rifles. There were twenty people who were just going to shoot her, when the doe leaped the road fence, and went away across a marsh toward the
10 foothills.

By this time the dogs, panting and lolling out their tongues, came swinging along, keeping the trail, like stupids, and consequently losing ground when the deer doubled. But when the doe had got into the timber,
15 she heard the savage brutes howling across the meadow. (It is well enough, perhaps, to say that nobody offered to shoot the dogs.)

The courage of the panting fugitive was not gone, but the fearful pace at which she had been going told on her.
20 Her legs trembled, and her heart beat like a trip hammer. She slowed her speed, but still fled up the right bank of the stream. The dogs were gaining again, and she crossed the broad, deep brook. The fording of the river threw the hounds off for a time. She used the little respite
25 to push on until the baying was faint in her ears.

Late in the afternoon she staggered down the shoulder of Bartlett, and stood upon the shore of the lake. If she

could put that piece of water between her and her pursuers, she would be safe. Had she strength to swim it?

At her first step into the water she saw a sight that sent her back with a bound. There was a boat mid-lake; two men were in it. One was rowing; the other had a gun in his hand. What should she do? With only a moment's hesitation she plunged into the lake. Her tired legs could not propel the tired body rapidly.

The doe saw the boat nearing her. She turned to the shore whence she came; the dogs were lapping the water and howling there. She turned again to the center of the lake. The brave, pretty creature was quite exhausted now. In a moment more the boat was on her and the man at the oars had leaned over and caught her.

“Knock her on the head with that paddle!” he shouted to the gentleman in the stern. The gentleman *was* a gentleman, with a kind face. He took the paddle in his hand. Just then the doe turned her head and looked at him with her great appealing eyes.

“I can’t do it! I can’t do it!” and he dropped the paddle. “Oh, let her go!”

But the guide slung the deer round, whipped out his hunting knife, and made a pass that severed her jugular.

And the gentleman ate that night of the venison.

Abridged.

Bartlett: a mountain in the Adirondacks. — **ju’gular:** one of the large veins which return the blood from the head to the heart.

SEPTEMBER

While summer days grew brown and old,
A wizard delved in mines of gold;
No idler he—by night, by day,
He smiled and sang and worked away.
And, scorning thrift, with lavish hand
He cast his gold across the land.

Still smiling, o'er the trees he wound
Long russet scarfs with crimson bound;
He drew a veil of purple haze
O'er distant hills where cattle graze;
He bathed the sun in amber mist,
And steeped the sky in amethyst.

Low in the east, for crowning boon,
He hung the golden harvest moon;
And donned his coat of frosty white
As twilight deepened into night.
Then to the roll call of the year
September answered, “I am here!”

AUTUMN COLORS

HENRY WARD BEECHER

HENRY WARD BEECHER (1813–1887) was a popular American preacher and writer. He was noted for his active interest in reform work.

. . . This is one of the mysterious and bewitching days. Surely it is not that the summer is ended, the green year passing, the winter coming, that gives such 5 peculiar influence to the days. Something has been poured out into the air from the land of magic. It has been steeped with atmospheric wine, and we drink by breathing a subtile and invigorating elixir.

The blue is tender and pale. The skies are full of 10 clouds: this one opening, shutting, melting, re-forming, and so through all the changes; this one making haste, as if called to some distant battle, and fiercely driving on in heat to the rendezvous; or if milder thoughts prevail, then they seem like mighty flocks of fleecy 15 birds, gathered from the summer hatching-haunts of the north, and borne southward by the annual impulse of migration.

But such is the depth, the beauty, and the mystic influence of the heavens, that to look up long into its cope affects 20 you with giddiness, such as men feel who look down from great heights. And then, too, the color of all things is changing,—not changed, but only hinting color.

We must except the maple trees. Some of them are changed to a straw color. Yonder is one very green except one branch, which stretches up from the bottom nearly to the top, and that is of vivid scarlet. It looks
5 like a tree with a great bouquet of flowers in its bosom.

But along the fences are crimson leaves; the autumn yellows predominate. The corn is cut up, and stands out on the hills around here in shocks to dry. The emerald grass was never more tender in its green.

10 The orchard is waiting to be relieved of its burden. All summer long it has eased itself by throwing down a part of its fruits, worm-picked or storm-gathered; and now those apples that remain, full-grown, plump, ripe, look wistfully at you, as if asking your care for winter.

15 And the birds,— how they do behave! What is the matter with them? No one of them frolics. They have lost all their gamesome ways. They collect in mown fields for seeds, they hover about orchards, exchanging remarks among themselves in low tones, like well-bred
20 people, but none of them boisterous, frisky, or songful.

Bluebirds, robins, and such sorts, abound; sometimes scores flock about, then trios and fours. It is plain that they are done with summer. They have no nests now. Their children are all grown up. The birds all belong to
25 the old folks' party.

Abridged.

sub'tile: delicate. Distinguish between this and *subtle*. — **elix'ir:** an invigorating drink. — **cope:** anything extended over the head, as a roof or the sky.

DYING IN HARNESS

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY was born in Ireland in 1844. His life was full of incident and interest. In 1869 he came to America and became known as a writer and editor. He died in Massachusetts in 1890.

Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road,
Stretched in the broken shafts and crushed by the heavy 5
load ;

Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes
Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the beast to rise.

Hold ! for his toil is over — no more labor for him ;
See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow
dim ;

See on the friendly stones now peacefully rests the head — 10
Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead ;
After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load — waiting only
to die.

Watchers, he died in harness — died in the shafts and
straps —

Fell, and the burden killed him : one of the day's 15
mishaps —

One of the passing wonders marking the city road —
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile,
What is the symbol? Only death? why should we cease
to smile

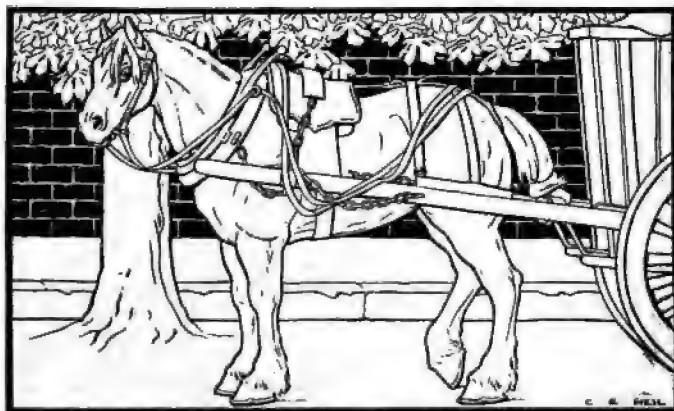
At death for a beast of burden? On, through the busy
street

That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet.

5 What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will?
Does He who taught in parables speak in parables still?
The seed on the rock is wasted—on heedless hearts of men,
That gather and sow and grasp and lose—labor and
sleep—and then—

Then for the prize!—A crowd in the street of ever-echoing
tread—

10 The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his
harness—dead.



THOUGHTS ON GARDENING

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

NOTE.—These selections are taken from “My Summer in a Garden.”

I

I was hoeing my corn this morning for the first time,—it is not well usually to hoe corn until about the 18th of May,—when Polly came out to look at the Lima beans. She seemed to think the poles had come up beautifully. I thought they did look well; they are a fine set of poles, large and well grown, and stand straight.

Polly noticed that the beans had not themselves come up in any proper sense, but that the dirt had got off from them, leaving them uncovered. She thought it would be well to sprinkle a slight layer of dirt over them; and I indulgently consented. It occurred to me, when she had gone, that beans always come up that way,—wrong end first; and that what they wanted was light, and not dirt.

II

“Eternal gardening is the price of liberty” is a motto that I should put over the gateway of my garden, if I had a gate. And yet it is not wholly true; for there is no liberty in gardening. The man who undertakes a garden has planted a seed that will keep him awake nights, drive

rest from his bones, and sleep from his pillow. Hardly is the garden planted when he must begin to hoe it. The weeds have sprung up all over it in a night. They shine and wave in redundant life. And the weeds are not all.

5 I awake in the morning (and a thriving garden will wake a person up two hours before he ought to be out of bed) and think of the tomato plants,—the leaves like fine lace work, owing to black bugs that skip around and can't be caught. Somebody ought to get up before the dew is off

10 and sprinkle soot on the leaves. I wonder if it is I. Soot is so much blacker than the bugs that they are disgusted and go away. You can't get up too early if you have a garden. I think that, on the whole, it would be best to sit up all night and sleep daytimes. Things appear to go

15 on in the night in the garden uncommonly. It would be less trouble to stay up than it is to get up so early.

III

I had begun to nurse a good deal of pride in presiding over a table whereon was the fruit of my honest industry. I thought I had something to do with those vegetables.

20 But when I saw Polly seated at her side of the table, presiding over the new and susceptible vegetables, flanked by the squash and the beans, and smiling upon the green corn and the new potatoes, as cool as the cucumbers which lay sliced in ice before her, and when she began to dispense the fresh dishes, I saw at once that the day of my

destiny was over. You would have thought that she owned all the vegetables, and had raised them all from their earliest years. Such quiet, vegetable airs! Such gracious appropriation! At length I said:

“Polly, do you know who planted that squash, or those 5 squashes?”

“James, I suppose.”

“Well, yes; perhaps James did plant them to a certain extent. But who hoed them?”

“We did.”

16

“*We did!*” I said in the most sarcastic manner. “And I suppose *we* put on the sackcloth and ashes when the striped bug came at four o’clock A.M., and *we* watched the tender leaves, and watered night and morning the feeble plants. I tell you, Polly,” said I, uncorking the 15 vinegar, “there is not a pea here that does not represent a drop of moisture wrung from my brow, nor a beet that does not stand for a back-ache, nor a squash that has not caused me untold anxiety; and I did hope—but I will say no more.”

20

Observation. — In this sort of family discussion, “I will say no more” is the most effective thing you can close up with.

Abridged.

Eternal gardening is the price of liberty: the original quotation is, “Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.” Its authorship is unknown.

TO THE DANDELION

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

LOWELL, Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and Holmes belong to the group known as the New England poets. Lowell stands high among them. He was a great critic as well as a great poet, and he was deeply interested in American politics. During the Mexican War, and again during the Civil War, he wrote a series of poems called "The Biglow Papers." These represented the views of an up-country farmer, whose sound good sense and rough dialect went straight to the point. It is hard to fight a laugh, and these verses had undoubtedly influence in political questions.

James Russell Lowell's name is one long to be remembered in American literature. One of his best known poems is "The Vision of Sir Launfal." Lowell was at one time United States minister to Spain, and later to England. He died in 1891 at the age of seventy-two.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and full of pride uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer blooms may be.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,

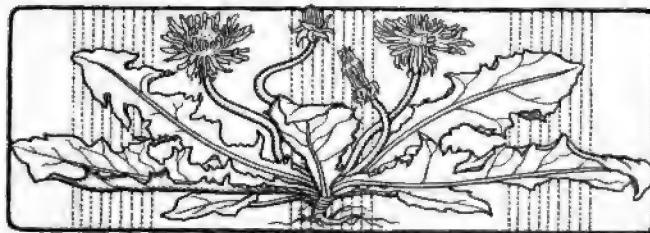
And I, secure in childish piety,
 Listened as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from heaven, which he could bring
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears
 When birds and flowers and I were happy peers. 5

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!

Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam 10
 Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
 Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
 On all these living pages of God's book.

Abridged.

buccaneers: pirates.—**Eldorā'do:** a name given by the Spanish to an imaginary country in South America, said to abound in gold and jewels.—**peers:** equals; those of the same rank.—**prod'igal:** one who spends his money too freely.



THE WARNING

MARY JOHNSTON

Miss MARY JOHNSTON is a young author from Virginia, whose novels show remarkable descriptive and dramatic ability.

NOTE. — This selection is taken from "To Have and To Hold," a story of early colonial life in Virginia. Captain Percy has escaped from the
5 Indians, and is on his way back to Jamestown to warn the colony of an attack that the savages are planning.

At last the dawn came and I could press on more rapidly. For two days and two nights I had not slept; for a day and a night I had not tasted food. As the sun
10 climbed the heavens, a thousand black spots, like summer gnats, danced between his face and my weary eyes. The forest laid stumbling-blocks before me, and drove me back, and made me wind in and out when I would have had my path straighter than an arrow. When the ground allowed
15 I ran; when I must break my way, panting, through undergrowth so dense and stubborn that it seemed some enchanted thicket, where each twig snapped but to be on the instant stiff in place again, I broke it with what patience I might; when I must turn aside for this or that
20 obstacle I made the detour, though my heart cried out at the necessity. Once I saw reason to believe that two or more Indians were upon my trail, and lost time in outwitting them; and once I must go a mile out of my way to avoid an Indian village.

As the day wore on I began to go as in a dream. It had come to seem the gigantic wood of some fantastic tale through which I was traveling. The fallen trees ranged themselves into an abatis hard to surmount ; the thickets withstood one like iron ; the streamlets were like rivers, 5 the marshes leagues wide, the tree tops miles away. Little things — twisted roots, trailing vines, dead and rotten wood — made me stumble. A wind was blowing that had blown just so since time began, and the forest was filled with the sound of the sea. 10

Afternoon came and the shadows began to lengthen. They were lines of black paint split in a thousand places and stealing swiftly and surely across the brightness of the land. Torn and bleeding and breathless, I hastened on ; for it was drawing toward night, and I should have been 15 at Jamestown hours before. My head pained me, and as I ran I saw men and women stealing in and out among the trees before me : Pocahontas with her wistful eyes and braided hair, and finger on her lips ; Nautauquas, Dale, the knight-marshall, and Argall with his fierce, unscrupulous face ; my cousin, George Percy, and my mother with her stately figure, her embroidery in her hands. I knew that they were but phantoms of my brain, but their presence confused and troubled me. 20

The shadows ran together and the sunshine died out of 25 the forest. Stumbling on I saw through the thinning trees a long gleam of red, and thought it was blood, but

presently knew that it was the river, crimson from the sunset. A minute more and I stood upon the shore of the mighty stream, between the two brightnesses of flood and heavens. There was a silver crescent in the sky
5 with one white star above it, and fair in sight, down the James, with lights springing up through the twilight, was the town,—the English town that we had built and named for our King, and had held in the teeth of Spain, in the teeth of the wilderness and its terrors. It was not
10 a mile away,—a little longer and I could rest with my tidings told.

The torches were lighted, and the folk were indoors, for the night was cold. One or two figures that I met or passed would have accosted me, not knowing who I was,
15 but I brushed by them and hastened on.

The Governor's door was open, and in the hall serving men were moving to and fro. I passed them without a word and went on to the Governor's great room. The door was ajar, and I pushed it open and stood for a minute upon the threshold, unobserved by the occupants of the room.

After the darkness outside the lights dazzled me; the room, too, seemed crowded with men, though when I counted them there were not so many, after all. Supper
25 had been put upon the table, but they were not eating. Before the fire, his head thoughtfully bent, and his fingers

tapping against the arm of his chair, sat the Governor.
. . . And Rolfe was there, walking up and down with hasty steps, and a flushed and haggard face. His suit of buff was torn and stained, and his great-boots were spattered with mud.

5

The Governor let his fingers rest upon the arm of his chair, and raised his head.



"He is dead, Master Rolfe," he said. "There can be no other conclusion. We mourn with you, sir." . . .

I came forward to the table, and leaned my weight 10 upon it, for all the waves of the sea were roaring in my ears, and the lights were going up and down.

"Are you man or spirit?" cried Rolfe through white lips. "Are you Ralph Percy?"

“Yes, I am Percy,” I said. “I have not well understood what quest you would go upon, Rolfe, but you cannot go to-night. And those parties that Your Honor talked of, that have gone with Indians to guide them to look for some lost person,— I think that you will never see them again.”

With an effort I drew myself erect, and standing so told my tidings, quietly and with circumstance, so as to leave no room for doubt as to their verity or as to the sanity of him who brought them. They listened, as the warder had listened, with shaking limbs and gasping breath; for this was the fall and wiping out of a people of which I brought warning.

When all was told, and they stood there before me, white and shaken, seeking in their minds the thing to do or say first, I thought to ask a question myself; but before my tongue could frame it, the roaring of the sea became so loud that I could hear naught else, and the lights all ran together in a wheel of fire. Then in a moment all sounds ceased, and to the lights succeeded the blackness of outer darkness.

Abridged.

detour: a roundabout way.—**ab'atis**: a defense formed by felled trees.—**Pocahon'tas**: an Indian girl who was of great assistance to the early settlers in Virginia.—**Nautau'quas**: a chief of the Powhatans and brother of Pocahontas.—**Rolfe**: an English gentleman who married Pocahontas. She died in England previous to the opening of this story.—**buff**: yellow leather.

WALTER RALEIGH

DONALD G. MITCHELL

There are only too many at the king's elbow who are jealous of the grave and courtly gentleman, now just turned of fifty, who has packed into those years so much of high adventure ; who has written brave poems ; who has fought gallantly and on many fields ; who has voyaged widely in 5 southern and western seas ; who was a favorite of the great queen ; and whose fine speech, and lordly bearing, and princely dress made him envied everywhere and hated by less successful courtiers. Possibly, too, Raleigh had made unsafe speeches about the chances of other succession 10 to the throne. Surely he who wore his heart upon his sleeve, and loved brave deeds, could have no admiration for the poltroon of a king who had gone a-hunting when the stains upon the scaffold on which his mother suffered were hardly dry.

15

So it happened that Sir Walter Raleigh was accused of conspiring for the dethronement of the new king and was brought to trial. The street people jeered at him as he passed, for he was not popular ; he had borne himself so proudly with his exploits, and gold, and his eagle eye. But 20 he made so noble a defense,—so full, so clear, so eloquent, so impassioned,—that the same street people cheered him as he passed out of court—but not to freedom. The

sentence was death; the king, however, feared to put it to immediate execution. Raleigh went to the Tower, where for thirteen years he lay a prisoner.

At the end of that time, the king's exchequer being low
5 (as it nearly always was), and there being rumors afloat of possible gold findings in Guiana, the old knight, now in his sixty-seventh year, felt the spirit of adventure stirred in him by the west wind that crept through the gratings of his prison, bringing tropical odors; and he volunteered
10 to equip a fleet in company with friends, and with the king's permission to go in quest of mines, to which he believed, or professed to believe, he had the clew. The permission was reluctantly granted; and poor Lady Raleigh sold her estate as well as their beloved country home, to
15 vest in the new enterprise.

But the fates were against it: winds blew the ships astray; tempests beat upon them; mutinies threatened; and in Guiana, at last, there came disastrous fights with the Spaniards. Raleigh's own son is sacrificed, and the
20 crippled squadron sets out homeward, with no gold, and shattered ships, and maddened crews. Storm overtakes them; there is mutiny; there is wreck; only a few forlorn and battered hulks bring back this disheartened knight.

He lands in his old home of Devon, is warned to flee
25 the wrath that will fall upon him in London; but as of old he lifts his gray head proudly and pushes for the capital to meet his accusers. He is seized, imprisoned, and

in virtue of his old sentence—the cold-hearted Bacon making the law for it—is brought to the block.

His life seems to me a great Elizabethan epic, with all its fires, its mated couples of rhythmic sentiment, its poetic splendors, its shortened beat and broken pauses and blind 5 turns, and its noble climax in a death that is without shame and full of the largest pathos.

Adapted.

the king: James I of England, son of Mary Queen of Scots.—**the great queen:** Elizabeth.—**the Tower:** the Tower of London, where state prisoners were lodged.—**Guiaña:** a region of South America.—**Bacon:** a famous English philosopher. See note on page 286.

A LOST CHORD

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER (1825–1864) was an English poet whose verse is full of piety and gentle sentiment. She was the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter, who wrote under the name of Barry Cornwall.

10

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;

15

But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

5

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

10

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexèd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loath to cease.

15

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

20

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

THE SURRENDER OF FORT WILLIAM HENRY

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER (1789–1851) was the founder of American romance, and for this reason is often called the American Scott. His stories of the Indians were widely read, though they are far from being accurate studies of Indian character.

NOTE.—The most popular of Cooper's tales is “The Last of the Mohicans,” from which this selection is taken. Fort William Henry is defended by the Scotch veteran, Munro, whose daughters have reached him after a perilous journey. Their escort, Duncan Heyward, has just returned from an interview with General Montcalm, who is besieging the fort. The French officer has asked for a conference with the commandant 10 of the fort.

There was something so commanding in the distress of the old man that Heyward did not dare to venture a syllable of consolation. Munro sat utterly unconscious of the other's presence, his features exposed and working 15 with the anguish of his regrets, while heavy tears fell from his eyes and rolled unheeded from his cheeks to the floor. At length he moved, as if suddenly recovering his recollection; then he arose and, taking a single turn across the room, he approached his companion with an air 20 of military grandeur and demanded:

“Have you not, Major Heyward, some communication that I should hear, from the Marquis de Montcalm?”

Duncan started, in his turn, and immediately commenced, in an embarrassed voice, the half-forgotten message. As Munro listened to the detail of Duncan, the 25

excited feelings of the father gradually gave way before the obligations of his station, and when the other was done he saw before him nothing but the veteran, swelling with the wounded feelings of a soldier.

5 "You have said enough, Major Heyward!" exclaimed the angry old man; "enough to make a volume of commentary on French civility. Here has this gentleman invited me to a conference, and when I send him a capable substitute, for you're all that, Duncan, he
10 answers me with a riddle. I will meet the Frenchman, and that without fear or delay; promptly, sir, as becomes a servant of my royal master. Go, Major Heyward, and give them a flourish of the music; send out a messenger to let them know who is coming. We will follow with a
15 small guard, for such respect is due to one who holds the honor of his king in keeping."

A very few minutes only were necessary to parade a few files, and to dispatch an orderly with a flag to announce the approach of the commandant of the fort. As soon
20 as the usual ceremonials of a military departure were observed, the veteran and his more youthful companion left the fortress, attended by the escort.

They had proceeded only a hundred yards from the works when the little array which attended the French
25 general to the conference was seen issuing from the hollow way, which formed the bed of a brook that ran between the batteries of the besiegers and the fort. From



the moment that Munro left his own works to appear in front of his enemies, his air had been grand, and his step and countenance highly military. The instant he caught a glimpse of the white plume that waved in the hat of 5 Montcalm his eye lighted, and age no longer appeared to possess any influence over his vast and still muscular person.

If the air of Munro was more commanding and manly, it wanted both the ease and insinuating polish of that of 10 the Frenchman. Neither spoke for a few moments, each regarding the other with curious and interested eyes. Then, as became his superior rank and the nature of the interview, Montcalm broke the silence. After uttering the usual words of greeting, he turned to Duncan and 15 continued, with a smile of recognition, speaking always in French :

“I am rejoiced, sir, that you have given us the pleasure of your company on this occasion. There will be no necessity to employ an ordinary interpreter; for in your 20 hands I feel the same security as if I spoke your language myself. . . . I have solicited this interview from your superior because I believe he will allow himself to be persuaded that he has already done everything which is necessary for the honor of his prince, and will now listen 25 to the admonitions of humanity. I will forever bear testimony that his resistance has been gallant and was continued as long as there was hope.”

When this opening was translated to Munro he answered with dignity, but with sufficient courtesy:

“However I may prize such testimony, it will be more valuable when it shall be better merited.” . . .

After a short pause Montcalm said:

5

“These hills afford us every opportunity of reconnoitering your works, sirs, and I am possibly as well acquainted with their weak condition as you can be yourselves.”

“Ask the French general if his glasses can reach to the Hudson,” said Munro proudly; “and if he knows when 10 and where to expect the army of Webb.”

“Let General Webb be his own interpreter,” returned the politic Montcalm, suddenly extending an open letter toward Munro as he spoke; “you will there learn that his movements are not likely to prove embarrassing to 15 my army.”

The veteran seized the offered paper without waiting for Duncan to translate the speech. As his eye passed hastily over the words, his countenance changed from its look of military pride to one of deep chagrin; his lip 20 began to quiver; and, suffering the paper to fall from his hand, his head dropped upon his chest, like that of a man whose hopes were withered at a single blow.

Duncan caught the letter from the ground, and without apology for the liberty he took, he read at a glance 25 its cruel purport. Their common superior, so far from encouraging them to resist, advised a speedy surrender,

urging in the plainest language, as a reason, the utter impossibility of his sending a single man to their rescue.

“Here is no deception!” said Duncan, examining the billet both inside and out; “this is the signature of Webb.”

5 “The man has betrayed me!” Munro at length bitterly exclaimed; “he has brought dishonor to my door and shame has he heaped heavily on my gray hairs.”

“Say not so,” cried Duncan; “we are yet masters of the fort and of our honor. Let us sell our lives at such a rate
10 as shall make our enemies believe the purchase too dear.”

“Boy, I thank thee,” exclaimed the old man, rousing himself from his stupor; “you have, for once, reminded Munro of his duty. We will go back and dig our graves behind those ramparts.”

15 “Gentlemen,” said Montcalm, advancing toward them a step, in generous interest, “listen to my terms before you leave me.”

“What says the Frenchman?” demanded the veteran sternly; “does he make a merit of having captured a
20 scout with a note from headquarters? Sir, he had better raise this siege, to go and sit down before Edward, if he wishes to frighten his enemy with words. . . .”

Duncan explained the other’s meaning. “To retain the fort is now impossible,” said the liberal enemy; “it
25 is necessary to the interests of my master that it should be destroyed; but as for yourselves, and your brave comrades, there is no privilege dear to a soldier that shall be denied.”

"Our colors?" demanded Heyward.

"Carry them to England, and show them to your king."

"Our arms?"

"Keep them; none can use them better."

"Our march; the surrender of the place?"

5

"Shall all be done in a way most honorable to yourselves."

Duncan now turned to explain these proposals to his commander, who heard him with amazement and a sensibility that was deeply touched by so unusual and unexpected generosity.

"Go you, Duncan," he said; "go with this marquess, as indeed marquess he should be; go to his marquee, and arrange it all. I have lived to see two things, in my old age, that never did I expect to behold: an Englishman 15 afraid to support a friend, and a Frenchman too honest to profit by his advantage."

So saying, the veteran again dropped his head to his chest, and returned slowly towards the fort, exhibiting, by the dejection of his air, to the anxious garrison a harbinger of evil tidings.

Abridged.

my royal master: George II, king of England. **Edward:** Fort Edward, where General Webb was stationed.—**my master:** Louis XV, king of France.—**marquee** (mar-ké'): an officer's field tent.—**har'binge:** a fore-runner. This was a name once given to an officer of the English court whose business it was to precede the royal family when they traveled and to engage lodgings for them.

NEW THINGS AND OLD

WENDELL PHILLIPS

WENDELL PHILLIPS (1811-1884) was a New England reformer and orator. He was famous for his hatred of any kind of oppression, and for his courage in expressing his convictions.

You may glance around the furniture of the palaces in Europe, and you may gather all these utensils of art or use; and when you have fixed the shape and forms in your mind, I will take you into the museum of Naples, which gathers all the remains of the domestic life of the Romans, and you shall not find a single one of these modern forms of art or beauty or use that was not anticipated there. We have hardly added one single line or sweep of beauty to the antique.

Take the stories of Shakespeare, who has written his forty odd plays. Some are historical. The rest, two thirds of them, he did not stop to invent, but he found them. These he clutched, ready made to his hand, from the Italian novelists, who had taken them before from the East. Cinderella is older than all history, like half a dozen other baby legends. The annals of the world do not go back far enough to tell us from where they first came.

All the boys' plays, like everything that amuses the child in the open air, are Asiatic. Rawlinson will show you that they came from the banks of the Ganges or

the suburbs of Damascus. Bulwer borrowed the incidents of his Roman stories from legends of a thousand years before.

Indeed, Dunlop, who has grouped the history of the novels of all Europe into one essay, says that in the 5 nations of modern Europe there have been two hundred and fifty or three hundred distinct stories. He says at least two hundred of these may be traced, before Christianity, to the other side of the Black Sea. . . .

Why, all the Irish bulls are Greek,—every one of 10 them. Take the Irishman who carried around a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell; take the Irishman who shut his eyes and looked into the glass to see how he would look when he was dead; take the Irishman who bought a crow, alleging that crows were reported to live 15 two hundred years, and he meant to set out and try it; take the Irishman who met a friend and said to him, “Why, sir, I heard you were dead.” “Well,” says the man, “I suppose you see I’m not.” “Oh, no!” says he; “I would believe the man who told me a good deal 20 quicker than I would you.” Well, those are all Greek. A score or more of them, of a parallel character, come from Athens.

Abridged.

Rawlinson: an English historian and student of Eastern literature.—**Gan'ges:** a river of India.—**Damas'cus:** the capital of Syria and one of the oldest cities in the world.—**Bul'wer:** an English novelist. See page 261.—**Dunlop:** a British author who wrote a history of fiction.—**bull:** an absurdity which has for the moment a reasonable sound.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800–1859) was an English author who was famous as historian, poet, essayist, and statesman. His style is said to possess every excellence,— strength, brilliancy, clearness, melody, and elegance.

5 NOTE.—The people of Rome, having driven out their wicked king, Tarquin, decided to be ruled by kings no more. Tarquin marched with a large force against the city and captured the hill Janiculum. The story goes on from this point.

10 Out spake the Consul roundly :
 "The bridge must straight go down ;
 For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Naught else can save the town."

.

15 Then out spake brave Horatius,
 The Captain of the gate :
 "To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late.
 And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers,
 20 And the temples of his gods ?

“ Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
 With all the speed ye may ;



I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

5

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:

"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius,—

Of Titian blood was he:

5 "I will abide on thy left side,

And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,

"As thou say'st, so let it be."

And straight against that great array

10 Forth went the dauntless Three.

Now while the Three were tightening

Their harness on their backs,

The Consul was the foremost man

To take in hand an ax;

15 And Fathers mixed with Commons

Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,

And smote upon the planks above,

And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,

20 Right glorious to behold,

Came flashing back the noonday light,

Rank behind rank, like surges bright

Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose ;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array ;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

• • • • •
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
“Come back, come back, Horatius!”
Loud cried the Fathers all.
“Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!”

20
Back darted Spurius Lartius,
Herminius darted back ;

And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
5 Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
10 Lay right athwart the stream.
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

• • • •
15 Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him!” cried false Sextus,
20 With a smile on his pale face.
“Now yield thee!” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;

Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:
5

“ O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray!
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day!”
10
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
20
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.
• • • • •

“Curse on him!” quoth false Sextus;
 “Will not the villain drown?
 But for this stay, ere close of day
 We should have sacked the town!”
 5 “Heaven help him!” quoth Lars Porsena,
 “And bring him safe to shore;
 For such a gallant feat of arms
 Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom;
 Now on dry earth he stands;
 10 Now round him throng the Fathers,
 To press his gory hands;
 And now, with shouts and clapping,
 And noise of weeping loud,
 15 He enters through the River Gate,
 Borne by the joyous crowd.

Consul: the chief magistrate of Rome.—**Janic'ulum**: a high hill west of the Tiber, commanding the city of Rome.—**the gate**: Rome was a walled city with numerous gates. This was the so-called River Gate.—**strait**: narrow. Horatius proposed to stand at the farther end of the bridge while it was being hewn down.—**Ram'nian**: one of the three original tribes of Rome; hence a patrician or aristocrat.—**Ti'tian**: another of the three tribes. Horatius was a representative of the third. This battle is supposed to have taken place about 500 B.C., or more than two hundred and fifty years after the founding of the city.—**the Fathers**: senators or “city fathers.”—**Sex'tus**: Tarquin’s son.—**Lars Por'sena**: the chief of the king’s helpers; a king in his own right.—**Palati'nus**: one of the seven hills of Rome.—**ranks of Tus'cany**: these were under the leadership of Porsena.

THE RHODORA

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

On being asked, Whence is the flower?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, born in Boston in 1803, was a famous lecturer and writer. For the greater part of his life his home was in Concord, Mass., where he died in 1882. Emerson taught the world many lessons; one of them, which had been put into words by Wordsworth, was that plain living and high thinking go well together.

5

NOTE.—The rhodora is a low shrub with rose-pink flowers, found in early spring in New England woods. It is similar to the azalea.

In May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there brought you.

10

15

20

ANEMONE

EDITH M. THOMAS

EDITH M. THOMAS is an American poet whose work has strength, delicacy, and charm.

“Thou faintly blushing, dawn-like bloom
That springest on the April path,
Set round with shivering, leafy gloom
5 'Mong thy companions frail and rath,
Why spurnest thou the golden sun,
Whom all with still delight receive?
Some unknown love thy heart hath won,
10 And whispers thee at morn and eve!
How may this be, how may this be,
O rare Anemone?”

“The wind my sunshine is; the wind,
That many a trembling flower affrays,
15 Alone my sweetness can unbind,
Alone my drooping eye upraise.
And when my thread of life shall break,
And when I cast my raiment white,
Me gently will the rough wind take
20 And bear along his boundless flight.
He calleth me,—‘Be free, be free,
My own Anemone!’”

anem'one: wind-flower.—rath: early.—affrays: frightens.

THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS is an American author, editor, and poet. His novels illustrate his belief that what is called "realism" in literature is preferable to romance.

NOTE.—This extract is from "Their Wedding Journey." The capture of Quebec took place in the year 1759, during the French and Indian War. The English forces were under General Wolfe, the French under General Montcalm. 5

The fashionable suburban cottages and places of Quebec are on the St. Louis Road leading northward to the old battle ground and beyond it; but these face chiefly 10 toward the rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles, and lofty hedges and shrubbery hide them in an English seclusion from the highway; so that the visitor, as he rides along, may uninterruptedly meditate whatever emotion he will for the scene of Wolfe's death. 15

His loftiest emotion will want the noble height of that heroic soul, who must always stand forth in history a figure of beautiful and singular distinction, admirable alike for the sensibility and daring, the poetic pensiveness, and the martial ardor that mingled in him and taxed his 20 feeble frame with tasks greater than it could bear.

The whole story of the capture of Quebec is full of romantic splendor and pathos. Her fall was a triumph for all the English-speaking race, and to us Americans,

long scourged by the cruel Indian wars plotted within her walls or sustained by her strength, such a blessing as was hailed with ringing bells and blazing bonfires throughout the colonies; yet now we cannot think without pity of
5 the hopes extinguished and the labors brought to naught in her overthrow.

That strange colony of priests and soldiers, of martyrs and heroes, of which she was the capital, willing to perish for an allegiance to which the mother country was indifferent, and fighting against the armies with which England was prepared to outnumber the whole Canadian population, is a magnificent spectacle; and Montcalm laying down his life to lose Quebec is not less affecting than Wolfe dying to win her.

15 The heart opens toward the soldier who recited, on the eve of his costly victory, the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," which he would "rather have written than beat the French to-morrow"; but it aches for the defeated general, who, hurt to death, answered, when told how
20 brief his time was, "So much the better; then I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

In the city for which they perished their fame has never been divided. The English have shown themselves very generous victors; perhaps nothing could be alleged
25 against them but that they were victors.

A shaft common to Wolfe and Montcalm celebrates them both in the Governor's Garden; and in the chapel



of the Ursuline Convent a tablet is placed, where Montcalm died, by the same conquerors who raised to Wolfe's memory the column on the battle field.

A dismal prison covers the ground where the hero fell, and the monument stands on the spot where Wolfe ⁵ breathed his last, on ground lower than the rest of the field ; the friendly hollow that sheltered him from the

fire of the French troops dwarfs his monument ; yet it is sufficient, and the simple inscription, "Here died Wolfe victorious," gives it a dignity which many cubits of added stature could not bestow. . . .

5 I have heard men who fought in many battles say that the recollection was like a dream to them ; and what can the merely civilian imagination do on the Plains of Abraham, with the fact that there, more than a century ago, certain thousands of Frenchmen marched out, on a bright
10 September morning, to kill and maim as many Englishmen?

This ground, so green and soft with grass beneath the feet, was it once torn with shot and soaked with the blood of men ? Did they lie here in ranks and heaps, the miserable slain, for whom tender hearts away yonder over
15 the sea were to ache and break ? Did the wretches that fell wounded stretch themselves here, and writhe beneath the feet of friend and foe, or crawl away for shelter into little hollows and behind bushes and fallen trees ? Did he whose soul was so full of noble and sublime impulses
20 die here, shot through like some ravening beast ?

The loathsome carnage, the shrieks, the din of arms, the cries of victory, — I vainly strive to conjure up some image of it all ; and, God be thanked, horrible specter ! that, fill the world with sorrow as thou wilt, thou still
25 remainest incredible in its moments of sanity and peace.

Adapted.

"**Elegy written in a Country Churchyard**" : by Gray, an English poet. See page 452. — **Plains of Abraham** : the scene of the battle in which Wolfe fell.

THE WATER LILY

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE (1847-) is a Boston journalist of Irish birth. He is the author of several stirring ballads.

In the slimy bed of a sluggish mere
Its root had humble birth,
And the slender stem that upward grew 5
Was coarse of fiber and dull of hue,
With naught of grace or worth.

The gelid fish that floated near
Saw only the vulgar stem.
The clumsy turtle paddling by,
The water snake with his lidless eye,— 10
It was only a weed to them.

But the butterfly and the honeybee,
The sun and sky and air,
They marked its heart of virgin gold 15
In the satin leaves of spotless fold,
And its odor rich and rare.

So the fragrant soul in its purity,
To sordid life tied down,
May bloom to heaven, and no man know, 20
Seeing the coarse, vile stem below,
How God hath seen the crown.

A TALK TO SCHOOL CHILDREN

WENDELL PHILLIPS

NOTE.—This speech was delivered July 23, 1865, in Music Hall, Boston.

Boys, you will not be moved to action by starvation and want. Where will you get the motive power? You will have the spur of ambition to be worthy of the fathers who
5 have given you these opportunities. Remember, boys, what fame it is that you bear up,—this old name of Boston! A certain well-known poet says it is the hub of the universe. Well, this is a gentle and generous satire.

10 In Revolutionary days they talked of the Boston Revolution. When Samuel Johnson wrote his work against the American colonies, it was Boston he ridiculed. When the king could not sleep overnight, he got up and muttered “Boston.” When the proclamation of pardon was
15 issued, the only two excepted were the two Boston fanatics,—John Hancock and Sam Adams.

But what did Boston do? She sent Hancock to Philadelphia to write his name on the Declaration of Independence in letters large enough, almost, for the king
20 to read on the other side of the ocean.

Now, boys, this is my lesson to you to-day. You cannot be as good as your fathers, unless you are better.

You have your fathers' example,—the opportunities and advantages they have accumulated,—and to be only as good is not enough. You must be better. You must copy only the spirit of your fathers, and not their imperfections.

5

There was an old Boston merchant, years ago, who wanted a set of china made in Peking. You know that Boston men sixty years ago looked at both sides of a cent before they spent it, and if they earned twelve cents they would save eleven. He could not spare a whole 10 plate, so he sent a cracked one, and when he received the set there was a crack in every piece. The Chinese had imitated the pattern exactly.

Now, boys, do not imitate us. Be better than we are or there will be a great many cracks. We have invented 15 a telegraph, but what of that? I expect, if I live forty years, to see a telegraph that will send messages without wire, both ways at the same time. You are bound to go ahead of us. The old London physician said the way to be well was to live on sixpence, and earn it. That is 20 education under the law of necessity. We cannot give you that. Underneath you is the ever watchful hand of city culture and wealth. All the motive we can give is the name you bear. Bear it nobly!

A well-known poet: Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. — **The London physician:** Dr. John Abernethy.

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER¹

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

HELEN HUNT JACKSON, who is known to many readers as H. H., was born in Massachusetts in 1831. Much of her life was spent in the West, especially in Colorado. She wrote several short stories and some excellent verse. "Ramona," a story of Indian life, is her best-known book. Mrs. Jackson died in 1885.

- O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather,
- When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And golden-rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant ;
- When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning ;
- When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining ;

¹ Copyright, 1873, 1886, 1892, by Roberts Brothers.

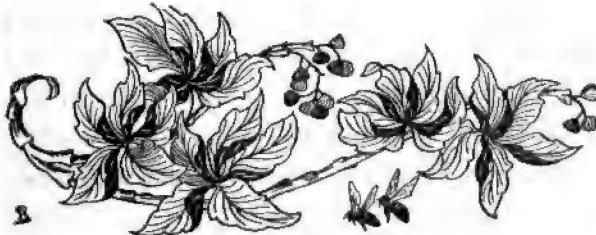
When all the lovely, wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks, 5
In idle, golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and threes together, 10
And count like misers hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year 15
October's bright blue weather.

aftermath: a second crop of grass.



THE OASIS¹

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, an American author and orator, was born in Providence, R.I., in 1824. He came of a long line of brave and independent thinkers, and from his earliest manhood he was never afraid to take the unpopular side. Truth, honor, and courtesy were exemplified in him. Mr. Curtis died in 1892.

There came suddenly a strip of green land.

- It was like a branch of flowers yet fresh, drifting out to a ship at sea. The birds sang clearly in the early morning, high over our heads flashing in the bright air.
- 10 The damp sand was delicately printed with the tracks of birds. The desert lay around us in low hillocks, like the long billows of a retiring ocean. The air blew fresh and sweet from the west;—fresh and sweet, for it was the breath of the Mediterranean.
- 15 And suddenly we came upon green land. The country was like a rolling pasture. Grass and dandelions and a myriad familiar wild flowers lay like wreaths of welcome at our feet. There were clumps of palms and single acacias; the cactus, also, that we call the Indian fig, shapeless,
- 20 prickly, but full of the sun, and fat with promise.

The wind blew, the birds sang, the trees waved. They were the outposts of life, whence it nodded and beckoned

¹ From "The Howadji in Syria." Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

to us, and threw us flowers as we emerged from the death of the desert. They receded, they sank into vapory distance,—the waving trees, the singing birds. Promises and hopes they sing and wave upon the desert, and I greeted them as the mariner at sea greets the South in the bough of blossoms floating by him.

The strip of green land passed, and we entered upon pure Sahara. It was the softest, most powdery sand; tossed by light winds it drew sharp angles, glittering white angles, against the dense blue. The last trace of green vanished as we passed deeper among the ridges. The world was a chaotic ocean of sparkling white sand.

The desert was in that moment utter and hopeless desert, but was never desert again. Bare, and still, and bright, it was soft beyond expression, in the fitful game of shadows played upon it by the sun,—for vapors were gathering overhead.

Suddenly, around one of the sharp angles,—and I could not, until then, tell if it were near or far,—suddenly a band of armed Arabs came riding toward us. They curveted, and dashed, and caracoled upon spirited horses. They came close to us, and greeted our men with endless kissings and salaams. They chatted and called aloud; their weapons flashed and rattled, their robes flowed in the wind,—then suddenly, like a cloud of birds, they wheeled from us, and away they sped over the horizon.

We plodded on. The Armenian's little white mare paced toilingly through the loose sand. It was high noon, and, advancing silently, we passed over the near



horizon of the ridges and came upon a plain of hard
sand. Not far away lay a town of white stone houses,
and the square walls of a fort,—and beyond them all,

the lustrous line of the sea. It was El Harish, on the edge of the desert.

Under the crescent moon the camp was pitched. And under the crescent moon all Arabia was but a seabeach, for unmitigated sand lay from the Mediterranean to the 5 Euphrates. The curious children flocked out of the town, and watched with profound attention the ceremonies of infidel tea making and the dinner of unbelievers. The muezzin called from the minaret, and the children left us to the sky and the sand and the sea. 10

The Mediterranean called to us through the darkness. The moonlight was so vague that the sea and the desert were blent. The world was sunk in mysterious haze. We were encamped, it seemed, on the very horizon, and looked off into blank space. 15

After the silence of the desert, it was strange to hear the voice of the sea. It was Homer's sea, the only sea of romance and fame; over which Helen sailed and the Argonauts; out of which sailed Columbus. . . . Upon its shore stood Carthage, and across its calm the Sirens sang. 20

Adapted.

salaam': an Oriental salutation performed by bowing very low and placing the right palm on the forehead.—**infidel**: to the Mohammedans, of course, all other religious sects are infidels and unbelievers.—**muez'zin**: a Mohammedan crier who calls the faithful to prayer.—**Homer**: a great Greek poet who lived about 1000 B.C.—**Helen**: a beautiful woman for whose sake the Trojan War was fought.—**Argonauts**: a band of Greek heroes.—**Carthage**: one of the most famous of ancient cities.—**the Sirens**: sea nymphs whose singing was said to lure sailors to destruction.

TO A WATER FOWL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878) was one of the great American poets. For many years he was editor of the *New York Evening Post*. His poems show his love of nature and his deep religious feeling.

- Whither, midst falling dew,
5 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?
- Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
10 As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.
- Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
15 On the chafed ocean-side ?
- There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.
- 20 All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,

Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest. 5

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart. 10

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

seen against : the poet originally wrote *painted on*, but as some one objected to it the line was changed.



ACADEMIC OPPORTUNITIES

THOMAS STARR KING

THOMAS STARR KING (1824-1864) was an American preacher and lecturer. His book, "The White Hills," opened the eyes of many people to the beauties of New Hampshire.

The preparatory school and the college lay the basis of
the power and the satisfaction with which in after years
the work of life will be discharged.

Young men do not go to college to complete their
education, but to draw the ground plan of it, and to lay
the under courses of a future building deep and firm. To
use the words of St. Paul in a secular sense, they are then
"laying up for themselves a good foundation against the
time to come."

And the years are profitably used just to the extent
that habits of mental industry are formed, loyalty to
truth confirmed, and the principles which underlie and
support knowledge and culture are laid and cemented
imperishably by the masonry of application.

Nobody can become wise, in the best college on this
planet, between twelve and twenty. But a youth of
capacious powers can do more in those years toward
enlarging the resources and ennobling the proportions of
his mental character and influence than in twice eight
years after he shall have taken up the tasks of life.

It is no time to look to the lower tiers of the edifice after the rafters are up and the roof is on. It is no time to be attending to a crack in the basement or a leaning wall after the builder has moved into the house with his family. The best he can do is to move out of it and buy another, or spend largely to have it put in friendship with mathematics and gravitation.

But a student cannot remove from his mental house in his busy years, although he may see that the ground tier of stone is not based right, and that the walls are not thick enough for the weight they must bear.

And then the misery that comes! To be obliged to apply principles and not to be sure of them! To feel the need of fundamental instruction, which might once have been thoroughly acquired, while the mind must act, and in responsible callings too, as though it felt secure!

To be under the necessity of being student and worker, journeyman and artist, in the same hour, without the satisfactions that belong to either branch of toil, and with the burden of practical duty upon the hands and conscience,—this is a species of refined and exquisite agony which many a professional man in our day experiences, and which is the penalty either of an enforced adoption of the duties of a profession without ample preparation, or of wasted academic hours.

25

Do not be so eager, young men, to advance in knowledge as to become masters of elementary knowledge, so

that it can never slip from your grasp, but becomes incorporated with your mental substance. There is no intellectual wretchedness more keen than conscious inadequacy of the mental furniture to the mental duties,
5 especially in the grasp of primal truths.

And there is no intellectual pleasure more sweet than the assurance, tested in arduous labor, of being grounded in truth, of finding that you have built your house upon a rock,—than the repose that comes when you know some-
10 thing positively and know that you know it, and feel the mastery of a practical field because of that consciousness.

Do not fail, then, to use carefully the months, the days, the hours, in which as yet you are secluded from all cares. Do not be in a hurry to reach responsibility.
15 Strive to be furnished for it. And in every line of inquiry that you open, be eager for the facts that belong to the substructure rather than for those that belong to the finish of culture. The deeper you go now into principles, the higher you will rise in results in the years to
20 come, when the bulk of your powers must be pledged to work, and only the uncertain leisure can be devoted to further acquisition.

THE YELLOW VIOLET

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

NOTE.—This was Bryant's second poem. His first was one of his most famous ones, "Thanatopsis." Compare with this Wordsworth's "To the Small Celandine."

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
· Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

5

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

10

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mold,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow bank's edges cold.

15

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,

20

Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk ;
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May
5 I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried.
I copied them—but I regret
10 That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.

The yellow violet: the flower commonly known as the yellow violet, the dogtooth violet, or the yellow adder's tongue, is not properly a violet, but belongs to the lily family.—**ape:** to mimic, as an ape does.—**painted tribes of light:** the flowers.

PSALM CXLVIII

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars 5
of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that
be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he com-
manded, and they were created. . . .

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all
deep : .

Fire, and hail; snow, and vapour; stormy wind fulfilling
his word :

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars : 15

Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl :

Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all
judges of the earth :

Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children :

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name 20
alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

. . . Praise ye the Lord.



DON QUIXOTE

CERVANTES

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES (1547-1616) was born in Spain and studied at the great Spanish universities. A great English critic has said of his celebrated romance, "Don Quixote," "It is to Spain what Shakespeare is to England,—the one book to which allusion may be made without affectation, but not missed without discredit." It is an interesting coincidence 5 that Cervantes and Shakespeare died on the same day.

NOTE.—These brief selections are taken from J. G. Lockhart's translation, and will serve to introduce the reader to a picture of Spanish life and manners which has never been surpassed.

At a certain village in La Mancha of which I cannot 10 remember the name, there lived not long ago one of those old-fashioned gentlemen who are never without a lance upon a rack, an old target, a lean horse, and a greyhound. His diet consisted more of beef than mutton; and with minced meat on most nights, lentils on Fridays, grieves and 15 groans on Saturdays, and a pigeon extraordinary on Sundays, he consumed three quarters of his revenue; the rest was laid out in a plush coat, velvet breeches with slippers of the same for holidays, and a suit of the very best homespun cloth, which he bestowed on himself 20 for working days. His whole family was a housekeeper something turned of forty, a niece not twenty, and a man that served him in the house and in the field, and could saddle a horse and handle the pruning hook. The master

himself was nigh fifty years of age, of a hale and strong complexion, lean-bodied and thin-faced, an early riser, and a lover of hunting.

You must know, then, that when our gentleman had
5 nothing to do (which was almost all the year round), he passed his time in reading books of knight-errantry, which he did with such application and delight that at last he in a manner wholly left off his country sports, and even the care of his estate.

10 In fine, he gave himself up so wholly to the reading of romances that a-nights he would pore on until it was day, and a-days he would read on until it was night ; and thus by sleeping little and reading much, the moisture of his brain was exhausted to that degree that at last he lost
15 the use of his reason. A world of disorderly notions, picked out of his books, crowded into his imagination ; and now his head was full of nothing but enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, complaints, and abundance of stuff and impossibilities, insomuch that all
20 the fables and fantastical tales which he had read seemed to him now as true as the most authentic histories.

Having thus lost his understanding, he unluckily stumbled upon the oddest fancy that ever entered into a madman's brain ; for now he thought it convenient and
25 necessary, as well for the increase of his own honor as for the service of the public, to turn knight-errant and roam through the whole world, armed cap-a-pie and mounted

on his steed, in quest of adventure; that thus imitating those knights-errant of whom he had read, and following their course of life, redressing all manner of grievances, and exposing himself to danger on all occasions, at last, after a happy conclusion of his enterprises, he might 5 purchase everlasting honor and renown.

The first thing he did was to scour a suit of armor that had belonged to his great-grandfather and had lain time out of mind carelessly rusting in a corner; but when he had cleaned and repaired it as well as he could, he perceived 10 there was a material piece wanting; for instead of a complete helmet there was only a single headpiece. However, his industry supplied that defect; for with some pasteboard he made a kind of half-beaver or visor, which, being fitted to the headpiece, made it look like an entire 15 helmet. Then, to know whether it were cutlass proof, he drew his sword and tried its edge upon the pasteboard visor; but with the very first stroke he unluckily undid in a moment what he had been a whole week a-doing. He did not like its being broken with so much ease, and 20 therefore, to secure it from the like accident, he made it anew and fenced it with thin plates of iron, which he fixed on the inside of it so artificially that at last he had reason to be satisfied with the solidity of the work; and so, without any further experiment, he resolved it should 25 pass to all intents and purposes for a full and sufficient helmet.

He next went to view his horse, whose bones stuck out like the corners of a Spanish real; however, his master thought that neither Alexander's Bucephalus nor the Cid's Babieca could be compared with him. He was four days considering what name to give him; for, as he argued with himself, there was no reason that a horse bestrid by so famous a knight and withal so excellent in himself, should not be distinguished by a particular name; and therefore he studied to give him such a one as should demonstrate as well what kind of horse he had been before his master was a knight-errant, as what he was now; thinking it but just, since the owner changed his profession, that the horse should also change his title, and be dignified with another: a good, big word, such a one as should fill the mouth, and seem consonant with the quality and profession of his master. And thus, after many names which he devised, rejected, changed, liked, disliked, and pitched upon again, he concluded to call him Rozinante,—a name, in his opinion, lofty, sounding, and significant of what he had been before, and also of what he was now; in a word, a horse before, or above, all the vulgar breed of horses in the world.

When he had thus given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he thought of choosing one for himself; and having seriously pondered on the matter eight whole days more, at last he determined to call himself Don Quixote de la Mancha.

SANCHO PANZA

This done, Don Quixote earnestly sought out one of his neighbors, a country laborer and a good, honest fellow, though poor in purse and poor in brains. In short, the knight talked so long to him, plied him with so many arguments, and made him so many fair promises, that at last the poor, silly clown consented to go along with him and become his squire. Among other inducements to entice him to do it willingly, Don Quixote forgot not to tell him that it was likely such an adventure would present itself as might secure him the conquest of some island in the time that he might be picking up a straw or two, and then the squire might promise himself to be made governor of the place. Allured with these large promises, Sancho Panza (for that was the name of the fellow) forsook his wife and children to be his neighbor's squire.

15

Sancho Panza, without bidding either his wife or children good-by, and Don Quixote, without taking any more notice of his housekeeper or of his niece, stole out of the village one night, not so much as suspected by anybody, and made such haste that by break of day they thought themselves out of reach, should they happen to be pursued. As for Sancho Panza, he rode like a patriarch, with canvas knapsack, or wallet, and his leathern bottle, having a huge desire to see himself governor of the island which his master had promised him.

25

THE ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS

. . . As they were thus discoursing, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills that are in that plain; and as soon as the knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished; look yonder, friend Sancho! there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter."

"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza. "Those whom thou see'st yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long, extended arms." "Pray look better, sir," quoth 10 Sancho; "those things yonder are no giants, but windmills, and the arms you fancy are their sails, which being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go." "'T is a sign," cried Don Quixote, "thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore, if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for 15 I am resolved to engage in a dreadful unequal combat against them all."

This said, he clapt spurs to his horse Rozinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to 20 him, and assured him that they were windmills and no giants. "Stand, cowards," cried he as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight, who dares encounter you all." At 25 the same time, the wind rising, the mill sails began to move, which, when Don Quixote spied, "Base miscreants,"

cried he, “though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance.” Covering himself with his shield, and couching his lance, he rushed with Rozinante’s utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at, and running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with such swiftness that the rapidity of the motion presently broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field. Sancho Panza ran as fast as he could to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow he and Rozinante had received. “Mercy o’ me!” cried Sancho; “did I not give your worship fair warning? did I not tell you they were windmills, and nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?” 15

Abridged.

Don Quix’ote: the Spanish pronunciation is *dōn kēho’tā*. **La Man’cha:** a small territory, partly in Aragon and partly in Castile.—**rack:** the lance rack of the Middle Ages was as much a part of hall furniture as is the umbrella stand of to-day.—**griefs and groans:** this dish has puzzled the critics. Some say it was ham and eggs, but it is quite possible that it means a dinner of nothing at all; in other words, a fast.—**knight-er’rantry:** the adventurous wanderings of knights.—**cap-a-pie** (*cap-a-pē’*): from head to foot.—**artificially:** artfully.—**Spanish real:** a square silver coin.—**Buceph’alus:** the famous horse of Alexander the Great.—**the Cid:** a hero of Castile who lived in the eleventh century. He is to the student of Spanish literature what King Arthur is to us.—**Babie’ca:** this wonderful horse was almost as famous as his master. Babieca was buried before the monastery gates at Valencia, and two elm trees were planted to mark the spot.—**Rozinan’te:** *ante*, before; *rozin*, an ordinary horse.—**vulgar:** common.—**Sancho Panza:** *san’ko pan’za*. **Bria’reus:** a giant with a hundred arms.

THE BELL OF ATRI

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born at Portland, Me., in 1807. He was graduated from Bowdoin (bō'd'n) College, and at the age of twenty-one became professor of modern languages in the same college. Afterwards he held a similar position at Harvard. His poetry is justly popular, not only in America, but in Europe. Most English-speaking boys and girls know "The Children's Hour," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Skeleton in Armor," and "Hiawatha." Longfellow died in 1882.



At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may," —

The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.

5

Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation that whenever wrong
Was done to any man he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,

10

Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.

Suffice it that, as all things must decay,

15

The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unraveled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one who noted this in passing by
Mended the rope with braids of bryony,

20

So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A Knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved his hounds and horses and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts;—

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“Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
 But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
 Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
 Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!

- 5 These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
 They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
 What fair renown, what honor, what repute
 Can come to you from starving this poor brute?

“He who serves well and speaks not merits more
 10 Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
 Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
 Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
 To comfort his old age, and to provide
 Shelter in stall, and food and field beside.”

- 15 The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
 Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
 The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
 And cried aloud: “Right well it pleaseth me!
 Church bells at best but ring us to the door,
 20 But go not in to mass; my bell doth more:
 It cometh into court and pleads the cause
 Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
 And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
 The Bell of Atri famous for all time.”

Abruzzo (äbrootsö): a country of Italy.—**Re Giovan'ni**: King John, in English.—**Syn'dic**: a magistrate.—**bry'ony**: a common European plant.

MY THREE COMPANIONS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894), the poet and wit of Boston, was also a noted physician, professor, and prose writer. He was the author of a series of delightful books, beginning with the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," and ending with "Over the Teacups."

I have lived on the shores of the great ocean, where its 5 waves broke wildest and its voice rose loudest. I have passed whole seasons on the banks of mighty and famous rivers. I have dwelt on the margin of a tranquil lake, and floated through many a long, long summer day on its clear waters.

10

I have learned the "various language" of Nature, of which poetry has spoken, — at least I have learned some words and phrases of it. I will translate some of these as best I may into common speech.

The Ocean says to the dweller on its shores: "You 15 are neither welcome nor unwelcome. I do not trouble myself with the living tribes that come down to my waters. I have my own people, of an older race than yours, that grow to mightier dimensions than your mastodons and elephants; more numerous than all the 20 swarms that fill the air or move over the thin crust of the earth.

"Who are you that build your gay palaces on my margin? I see your white faces as I saw the dark faces

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of the tribes that came before you, as I shall look upon the unknown family of mankind that will come after you. And what is your whole human family but a parenthesis in a single page of my history ? The raindrops stereotyped themselves on my beaches before a single living creature left his footprints there.

“ What feeling have I for you ? Not scorn,—not hatred,—not love,—not loathing. No!—indifference,—blank indifference to you and your affairs ; that is my feeling, 10 say rather absence of feeling, as regards you. Oh, yes ; I will lap at your feet, I will cool you in the hot summer days, I will bear you up in my strong arms, I will rock you on my rolling undulations, like a babe in his cradle.

“ Am I not gentle ? Am I not kind ? Am I not harmless ? But hark ! The wind is rising, and the wind and I are rough playmates ! What do you say to my voice now ? Do you see my foaming lips ? Do you feel the rocks tremble as my huge billows crash against them ? Is not my anger terrible as I dash your argosy, your 20 thunder-bearing frigate, into fragments, as you would crack an eggshell ?

“ No, not anger ; deaf, blind, unheeding indifference,—that is all. Out of me all things arose ; sooner or later, into me all things subside. All changes around me ; I 25 change not. I look not at you, vain man, and your frail transitory concerns, save in momentary glimpses. . . .

“ Ye whose thoughts are of eternity, come dwell at my side. Continents and islands grow old, and waste and disappear. The hardest rock crumbles; vegetable and animal kingdoms come into being, wax great, decline, and perish, to give way to others, even as human dynasties and nations and races come and go.



“ Look on me! ‘time writes no wrinkle’ on my forehead. Listen to me! All tongues are spoken on my shores, but I have only one language: the winds taught me their vowels, the crags and the sands schooled me in my rough or smooth consonants. Few words are mine, but I have whispered them and sung them and shouted them to men of all tribes from the time when the first wild wanderer strayed into my awful presence.

“Have you a grief that gnaws at your heartstrings ? Come with it to my shore, as of old the priest of fardarting Apollo carried his rage and anguish to the margin of the loud-roaring sea. There, if anywhere, you will for-
5 get your private and short-lived woe, for my voice speaks to the infinite and the eternal in your consciousness.”

To him who loves the pages of human history, who listens to the voices of the world about him, who frequents the market and the thoroughfare, who lives in the
10 study of time and its accidents, rather than in the deeper emotions, in abstract speculation and spiritual contemplation, the River addresses itself as his natural companion :

“Come live with me. I am active, cheerful, communicative, a natural talker and story-teller. I am not noisy
15 like the ocean, except occasionally when I am rudely interrupted, or when I stumble and get a fall. When I am silent you can still have pleasure in watching my changing features. My idlest babble, when I am toying with the trifles that fall in my way, if not very full of
20 meaning, is at least musical.

“I am not a dangerous friend like the ocean ; no highway is absolutely safe, but my nature is harmless, and the storms that strew the beaches with wrecks cast no ruins upon my flowery borders. Abide with me, and you shall
25 not die of thirst, like the forlorn wretches left to the mercies of the pitiless salt waves. Trust yourself to me, and

I will carry you far on your journey, if we are traveling to the same point of the compass.

"If I sometimes run riot and overflow your meadows, I leave fertility behind me when I withdraw to my natural channel. Walk by my side toward the place of my destination. I will keep pace with you, and you shall feel my presence with you as that of a self-conscious being like yourself. You will find it hard to be miserable in my company; I drain you of ill-conditioned thoughts as I carry away the refuse of your dwelling and its grounds."¹⁰

But to him whom the ocean chills and crushes with its sullen indifference, and the river disturbs with its never-pausing and never-ending story, the silent Lake shall be a refuge and a place of rest for his soul.

"Vex not yourself with thoughts too vast for your limited faculties," it says; "yield not yourself to the babble of the running stream. Leave the ocean which cares nothing for you or any living thing that walks the solid earth; leave the river, too busy with its own errand, too talkative about its own affairs, and find peace with me,¹⁵ whose smile will cheer you, whose whisper will soothe you. Come to me when the morning sun blazes across my bosom like a golden baldric; come to me in the still midnight, when I hold the inverted firmament like a cup brimming with jewels, nor spill one star of all the constellations that float in my ebon goblet.²⁰

“Do you know the charm of melancholy? Where will you find a sympathy like mine in your hours of sadness? Does the ocean share your grief? Does the river listen to your sighs? The salt wave, that called to you from 5 under last month’s full moon, to-day is dashing on the rocks of Labrador; the stream, that ran by you pure and sparkling, has swallowed the poisonous refuse of a great city, and is creeping to its grave in the wide cemetery that buries all things in its tomb of liquid crystal.

10 “It is true that my waters exhale and are renewed from one season to another; but are your features the same, absolutely the same, from year to year? We both change, but we know each other through all changes. Am I not mirrored in those eyes of yours? And does not Nature 15 plant me as an eye to behold her beauties while she is dressed in the glories of leaf and flower?”

various language:

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.—*Bryant's "Thanatopsis."*

—**ar'gosy**: a large ship; originally a vessel of Ragusa (rä-goo'sä), a city on the Adriatic Sea.—**thunder-bearing frigate**: a war vessel carrying guns.—**time writes no wrinkle**: see Byron's “Childe Harold,” Canto iv, stanza 182.—**priest of Apollo**: Apollo was the sun god of the Greeks. For this allusion see the opening lines of the first book of Homer's “Iliad.”—**bal'dric**: a broad belt worn over one shoulder.

LITTLE GIFFEN

FRANCIS O. TICKNOR

DR. FRANCIS O. TICKNOR (1822-1874) was a physician who lived near Columbus, Ga.

NOTE.—Prof. Barrett Wendell, in his "Literary History of America," mentions this simple ballad with warm appreciation.

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)
Specter! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee!

5

10

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said;
Little the doctor can help the dead!
So we took him; and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed —
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

15

And we watched the war with abated breath,—
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that would n't die,

20

- And did n't. Nay, more, in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.
"Dear mother," at first, of course, and then
"Dear captain," inquiring about the men.
5 Captain's answer: "Of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnston pressed at the front, they say
Little Giffen was up and away;
10 A tear — his first — as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight;
But none of Giffen. He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
15 Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
20 For "little Giffen" of Tennessee.

focal: relating to a focus or the place where the shots centered. — Lazarus: the beggar, "full of sores," in the parable told in St. Luke xvi. 19-31. — Johnston [A. S.]: a Confederate general of noble and heroic nature, who was mortally wounded at Pittsburg Landing. He sent his surgeon to the assistance of some Union prisoners, and while he was gone Johnston bled to death.

A WINTER EVENING.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892), the Quaker poet of New England, was well known for his liberal spirit and for the high moral character of his poems.

NOTE. — “Snow-Bound,” from which this selection is taken, is a memory of the poet’s boyhood.

五

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick ;
The knotty fore-stick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush ; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,

And through the bare-boughed lilac tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed ;
5 While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme, "*Under the tree,*
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

10 The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full ; the hill range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
15 Took shadow, or the somber green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
20 Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.
Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
25 In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat

The frost line back with tropic heat;
 And ever, when a louder blast
 Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
 The merrier up its roaring draught
 The great throat of the chimney laughed; 5
 The house dog on his paws outspread
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
 The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
 A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
 And, for the winter fireside meet, 10
 Between the andirons' straddling feet,
 The mug of cider simmered slow,
 The apples sputtered in a row,
 And, close at hand, the basket stood
 With nuts from brown October's wood. 15

What matter how the night behaved?
 What matter how the north wind raved?
 Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
 Could quench our hearth fire's ruddy glow.

crane: an iron arm fastened to the side or back of the fireplace to hold a kettle over the fire. — **tram'mels**: iron hooks.



TONGUES AND TUBES

MARGARET W. MORLEY

MARGARET W. MORLEY is an American author and teacher. This selection is taken from "Flowers and their Friends."

A flower tube is a safe place to keep stamens and nectar. It is often protected by scales or hairs or a sticky juice,
5 so that ants and other small insects are given a gentle but convincing hint to keep out. Some flowers like crawling insects, and these have wide-spreading corollas where the nectar is easily reached; but a long tube is a warning signpost to many a tiny visitor.

10 If, however, there comes along a large insect with a long tongue, he will be sure to find a welcome in many a flower with a tube. If he is faithful and industrious in his work of collecting honey, he will soon find that the flower whose nectar he likes best has a tube which is
15 just the same shape and size as his tongue; and, what is more, it is in the most convenient position for him to reach it.

It seems to be his flower, and no doubt it is, for flowers have a way of making their tubes to fit the tongues of
20 those that love them best. Not that they do all the fitting, for no doubt the tongues also grow to fit the flowers.

Of course other insects with similar tongues can also get the honey, and a good many whose tongues are quite

different can reach more or less of it; but the bulk of the honey is for the favorite visitor. He can reach clear to the bottom of the nectary, and in some cases, where the favorite insect has a very long and very slender tongue, the spur or tube will be so long and slender that none ⁵ but that particular kind of insect can get the honey at all.



The white azalea, often called swamp honeysuckle, and the large night-flying moths are great friends. The azalea has provided honey for her guests, and protects it, too, against other visitors, except the bees and humming birds. ¹⁰ The humming birds are welcome, and the bees have a way of coming whether they are welcome or not.

If you go just at dark to where the azaleas are blooming, you will not see the moths, but you will hear them. The chief sounds in the woods are the rustling of twigs ¹⁵

and leaves in the breeze, the calling of frogs from the ponds, the noises of insects, and the voices of the night-flying birds. Then all at once there comes another sound, — a steady *buzz-z-z* that draws nearer and nearer until it
5 seems to be close to your ear. This is the moth come to visit the honeysuckle.

And no doubt the honeysuckle is glad to feel the breeze of these fanning wings and to feel the long tongue enter the tube, for the moth touches the out-reaching stigma and
10 leaves there pollen from some other flower whose honey it has enjoyed. From the stamens it detaches pollen grains to carry to another flower ; and this too, no doubt, gives happiness to the azalea, for it makes its pollen not for its own use, but for the sake of its friends.

15 The azalea has long, upturned filaments that reach far out of the tube, and the style is yet longer, so that only a large insect or a humming bird, collecting honey while on the wing, can really give pollen to the stigma.

Bees alight back of the anthers and take the honey.
20 If they want pollen they collect it from the stamens without touching the stigma, except once in a while by accident, as it were. So, however much the majority of flowers may love and respect the bee, our azalea has no liking for her. Besides, the bee has a bad habit of biting a hole
25 in the flower tube and getting the honey that way. This would be a disreputable performance on the part of any insect, and if bees are not ashamed of it they ought to be.

The azalea does several things for the moth it loves. It may be that its beautiful white color is for his sake; certainly, if the flower were not white the moth would not be likely to find it, since he flies abroad in the evening, when it is dark in the damp thickets where the honeysuckle likes to grow. Azalea has a sweet white corolla with a long slender tube containing nectar for moth or humming bird, but not for the bees.⁵

Watch a bee try to reach it some time. If the flower is between you and the light, you can see the bee's brown tongue through the flower tube; she appears to be standing on her toes and reaching in as far as she can; she darts out her tongue to its full length, and you can see it wriggling and straining to get to the abundant honey low down in the flower tube. But it is of no use to try; the tongue is too short and the tube too long. The honeysuckle tube was not made to fit the bee's tongue, and the bee can get only the outer rim of the honey. Perhaps this is why the bee so often breaks in the back way.

Besides being white, the azalea flowers grow in clusters,²⁰ which makes them yet more visible in the dusk. They exhale, too, a delicious and far-reaching perfume, and this is a note of invitation to the moths.

Instead of writing a note on a sheet of perfumed paper, the honeysuckle sends the perfume without the paper.²⁵ The moth understands the message, and knowing that the white azalea "requests the pleasure" of his company that

evening, puts on his best manners, since he cannot change his clothes, and goes.

The white azalea is so sweet and so pretty, it would not be strange if other uninvited guests than bees were to visit it. No doubt the ants and bugs and gnats and flies would be glad to, but the azalea has a very inhospitable way of receiving such would-be guests.

Over the outside of the lower part of the white tube and running in a line to the very tips of the petals are tiny white hairs with black tips. These are the azalea's bodyguard. Each tip exudes a drop of sticky liquid.

Fine, sticky hairs cover the stems and the leaves too; and the unfortunate insect that tries to crawl up to the flower is sure to get wings and legs hopelessly entangled and stuck together.

Only large fellows, like bees, who are strong enough to pull themselves free, are able to defy this bodyguard. You will sometimes meet our sweet azalea covered on the outside with little marauders who wanted to steal her honey but could not, because the bodyguard caught them and held them fast.

Not all flowers with tubes succeed so well as the azalea in keeping their honey for the visitors who can do them the most good. Look at the morning-glory, for instance; it has hairs at the entrance to the nectaries which the ants cannot readily pass, but which the bees can push aside. The openings to the nectary are large enough to

admit readily the tongue of the bee, and the distance into the nectar is about the length of a bee's tongue; there are no sticky guards to preserve the honey, and so the bees and small beetles and other tiny insects often crawl into the tube, eat the honey, and even devour the flower itself. 5

Tropæolum has a fine large tube full of rich honey for bees and humming birds. This tube no doubt corresponds to some tongue or bird bill in her own South America; but in our country the bees are her guests. The bumblebee is fond of Tropæolum honey, and fertilizes the flower, 10 while an occasional rubythroat may be seen taking a sip.

Jewelweed's horn is a humming-bird tube and a bee tube too. The flowers are so delicately balanced on tiny stalks that wingless insects would not find an easy entrance.

Pelargonium also has a tube suited to some long slim- 15 tongued visitor. In her own native land in far-away Africa she probably loves the butterflies that live there, and so they have grown tongue and tube to fit each other. For the flower is not the only one to change: the insect changes to suit the flower at the same time that the flower 20 changes to suit the insect. Even a delicate butterfly has its work to do, and the world is changed, though ever so little, because it has lived.

Adapted.

Tropæolum: nasturtium, a native of Peru.—**Pelargo'niu'm:** the commonly cultivated geranium, a native of South Africa.

COLUMBUS¹

JOAQUIN MILLER

JOAQUIN MILLER (1841-) is an American poet who has written mainly of the West. His real name is Cincinnatus Hiner Miller.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the Gates of Hercules,
5 Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone;
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
10 "Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day,
My men grow ghastly wan, and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
15 "What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you may say, at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
20 Until at last the blanched mate said:

¹ By permission of the Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco, Publishers of the Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller.

“Why, now not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead.
 These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas is gone.
 Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say” — 5
 He said, “Sail on! sail on! and on!”

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
 “This mad sea shows his teeth to-night;
 He curls his lips, he lies in wait
 With lifted teeth as if to bite; 10
 Brave Admiral, say but one good word,
 What shall we do when hope is gone?”
 The words leaped like a leaping sword,
 “Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!”

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck, 15
 And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
 Of all dark nights! and then a speck,
 “A light! A light! A light! A light!”
 It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
 It grew to be Time’s burst of dawn. 20
 He gained a world; he gave that world
 Its grandest lesson: “On! sail on!”

Azores’: islands west of Spain. — **the Gates of Hercules**: Gibraltar and the opposite cliffs. These were once supposed to mark the end of the world, and to have been split apart by the Greek hero Hercules.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

LORD BYRON

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (1788–1824) was one of the great English poets. His best work may be ranked with what is most worthy of admiration in English literature, though many of his poems are lacking in moral quality.

- 5 NOTE.—Sennacherib was a king of Assyria who invaded Judea during the reign of Hezekiah. According to the Bible story, the Jewish king and his prophet Isaiah implored divine favor to save them from coming under the Assyrian yoke. The “angel of the Lord” smote the invading army so that one hundred and eighty-five thousand died in a single night.
10 Sennacherib himself returned to his home in safety, but was killed by his sons 681 b.c. See 2 Kings xviii., xix., and Isaiah xxxvii.

Byron's poem is said to be the finest sacred lyric in the English language. Its strength and simplicity are remarkable.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
15 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
20 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
25 And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.



And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

Ash'ur: Assyria. — **Bā'al:** the chief god of the idolaters. — **Gen'tile:** foreigner. To the Jews all other races were Gentiles.

ROBERT BURNS

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

NOTE.—This address was given in Boston in 1859, on the occasion of the Burns centenary.

At the first announcement, from I know not whence, that the 25th of January was the hundredth anniversary
5 of the birth of Robert Burns, a sudden consent warmed the great English race, in all its kingdoms, colonies, and states, all over the world, to keep the festival.

We are here to hold our parliament with love and poesy, as men were wont to do in the Middle Ages. Those famous
10 parliaments might or might not have had more stateliness and better singers than we,—though that is yet to be known,—but they could not have had better reason.

I can only explain this singular unanimity in a race which rarely acts together, but rather after their watch-word,
15 “Each for himself,” by the fact that Robert Burns, the poet of the middle class, represents in the minds of men to-day that great uprising of the middle class against the armed and privileged minorities, that uprising which worked politically in the American and French revolutions,
20 and which, not in governments so much as in education and social order, has changed the face of the world.

In order for this destiny, his birth, breeding, and fortunes were low. His organic sentiment was absolute

independence, and resting as it should on a life of labor. No man existed who could look down on him. They that looked into his eyes saw that they might look down the sky as easily. His muse and teaching was common sense, joyful, aggressive, irresistible. . . .

5

The Declaration of Independence, the French Rights of Man, and "The Marseillaise" are not more weighty documents in the history of freedom than the songs of Burns. His satire has lost none of its edge. His musical arrows yet sing through the air. He is so substantially a reformer 10 that I find his grand, plain sense in close chain with the greatest masters,—Rabelais, Shakespeare in comedy, Cervantes, Butler, and Burns. If I should add another name, I find it only in a living countryman of Burns.

He is an exceptional genius. The people who care 15 nothing for literature and poetry care for Burns. It was indifferent—they thought who saw him—whether he wrote verse or not: he could have done anything else as well. Yet how true a poet is he! And the poet, too, of poor men, of gray hodden and the guernsey coat and the 20 blouse.

He has given voice to all the experiences of common life; he has endeared the farmhouse and cottage, patches and poverty, beans and barley; hardship; the fear of debt; the dear society of weans and wife, of brothers and 25 sisters, proud of each other, knowing so few, and finding amends for want and obscurity in books and thoughts.

What a love of nature, and, shall I say it? of middle-class nature! Not like Goethe, in the stars, or like Byron, in the ocean, or Moore, in the luxurious East, but in the homely landscape which the poor see around them,—
5 bleak leagues of pasture and stubble, ice and sleet and rain and snow-choked brooks; birds, hares, field mice, thistles and heather, which he daily knew. How many “Bonny Doons” and “John Anderson my Jo’s” and “Auld Lang Synes” all around the earth have his verses
10 been applied to! The farmwork, the country holiday, the fishing cobble, are still his debtors to-day.

And as he was thus the poet of poor, anxious, cheerful, working humanity, so had he the language of low life. He grew up in a rural district, speaking a *patois* unintelligible to all but natives, and he has made the Lowland Scotch a Doric dialect of fame. It is the only example in history of a language made classic by the genius of a single man. But more than this. He had that secret of genius to draw from the bottom of society the strength of
20 its speech, and astonish the ears of the polite with these artless words, better than art, and filtered of all offense through his beauty.

The memory of Burns,—I am afraid heaven and earth have taken too good care of it to leave us anything to say.
25 The west winds are murmuring it. Open the windows behind you, and hearken for the incoming tide, what the

waves say of it. The doves perching always on the eaves of the Stone Chapel opposite may know something about it.

Every name in broad Scotland keeps his fame bright. The memory of Burns,—every man's, every boy's and girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and they say ⁵ them by heart, and, what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth.

The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them, nay, the music boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play ¹⁰ them ; the hand organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them ; and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind.

Abridged.

Rights of Man: a declaration, similar to the Declaration of Independence, adopted by the French National Assembly in 1789.—**The Marseillaise**: the national song of the French.—**Rabelais** (rä-blä'): a French philosopher (1495-1553).—**Cervantes**: a Spanish novelist, the author of "Don Quixote."—**Butler**: an English poet, the author of "Hudibras."—**a living countryman**: Thomas Carlyle.—**gray hoddens**: the coarse gray cloth formerly worn by the Scotch peasantry.—**the guernsey coat**: a garment like the modern sweater, worn by sailors and fishermen.—**blouse** (blowz): in France a blue linen blouse is worn by all workingmen.—**weans**: young children.—**Goethe** (gö'teh): a great German author (1749-1832).—**Byron and Moore**: British poets.—**fishing cobble**: fishing boat.—**patois** (pa-twä'): a country dialect.—**Doric dialect**: the speech of ancient Greece, now classic. In its rough, hard sounds it was like the Scotch.—**Stone Chapel**: King's Chapel, on Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.—**Savoyards**: inhabitants of Savoy, in southeastern France.

ROBERT BURNS

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



I see amid the fields of Ayr
A plowman, who, in foul and fair,
Sings at his task
So clear, we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear, or his,
Nor care to ask.
5

For him the plowing of those fields
A more ethereal harvest yields
Than sheaves of grain;

Songs flush with purple bloom the rye,
The plover's call, the curlew's cry,
 Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
 Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass
And heather, where his footsteps pass,
 The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumines
The darkness of lone cottage rooms;
 He feels the force,
The treacherous undertow and stress
Of wayward passions, and no less
 The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate,
His voice is harsh, but not with hate;
 The brushwood, hung
Above the tavern door, lets fall
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall
 Upon his tongue.

But still the music of his song
Rises o'er all, elate and strong;
 Its master chords .

Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood,
 Its discords but an interlude
 Between the words.

5 And then to die so young and leave
 Unfinished what he might achieve !

 Yet better sure
 Is this, than wandering up and down,
 An old man in a country town,
 Infirm and poor.

10 For now he haunts his native land
 As an immortal youth ; his hand
 Guides every plow ;
 He sits beside each ingle nook,
 His voice is in each rushing brook,
 15 Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,
 A form of mingled mist and light
 From that far coast.

20 Welcome beneath this roof of mine !
 Welcome ! this vacant chair is thine,
 Dear guest and ghost !

Ayr (är) : the home of Burns, a seaport town of Scotland.—**laverock** (lä'ver-ök) : the lark.—**gorse** : a thorny shrub, bearing a yellow flower, common on the hills of Great Britain.—**brushwood** : it was customary in the old days to hang a branch for a sign over a tavern door. Hence the proverb, “Good wine needs no bush.”—**ingle nook** : chimney corner.

OLD SCROOGE

CHARLES DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870) was one of the great English novelists. His books are full of interest and humor, and helped to bring about better laws and conditions for the poor. Among his best known books are "David Copperfield," "Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Oliver Twist."

NOTE.—"A Christmas Carol," from which this selection is taken, is the best known of Dickens's short stories. It tells how a hard, miserly old man was changed to a generous and kindly one. This is the beginning of the story.

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt 10 whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to.

15

Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole 20 residuary legatee, his sole friend, his sole mourner.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name, however. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door,—Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as

Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge and sometimes Marley. He answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

Oh, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone,
5 was Scrooge ! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping,
clutching, covetous old sinner! External heat and cold
had little influence on him. No warmth could warm,
no cold could chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer
than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its pur-
10 pose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather
did n't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and
snow, and hail, and sleet could boast of the advantage
over him in only one respect,— they often “came down”
handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

15 Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with
gladsome looks, “My dear Scrooge, how are you ? When
will you come to see me ?” No beggars implored him
to bestow a trifle ; no children asked him what it was
o'clock ; no man or woman ever once in all his life
20 inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge.
Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him ; and
when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners
into doorways and up courts ; and then would wag their
tails as though they said, “No eye at all is better than
25 an evil eye, dark master !”

But what did Scrooge care ! It was the very thing he
liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life,



warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, upon a Christmas eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting house. It was cold, bleak, biting, foggy weather; and the city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already—it had not been light all day—and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air.
10 The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without that although the court was of the narrowest the houses opposite were mere phantoms.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little
15 cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he could n't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal box in his own room ; and so surely as the clerk came in with the
20 shovel the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter and tried to warm himself at the candle, in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a
25 cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation Scrooge had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge; "humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug, uncle? You don't mean that, I am sure."

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gayly. "What right have you to be dismal? You're rich enough."

Scrooge having no better answer ready, said "Bah!" again and followed it up with "Humbug!"

10

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in them through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I had my will, every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!"

"Nephew, keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it! But you don't keep it."

25

"Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

“There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round—
5 apart from the veneration due to its sacred origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their
10 shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-travelers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done
15 me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!”

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded.

“Let me hear another sound from *you*,” said Scrooge, “and you’ll keep your Christmas by losing your situation!”

’Change: the Exchange, or business headquarters.—**exec’utor**: one who carries out another’s will.—**as’sign**: one to whom property is transferred.—**resid’uary legatee**: the person who receives the personal property of an estate after other claims are settled.—**nuts**: this is a bit of slang which is of classic origin. In the old days of Roman greatness the children were sometimes told to put away their “nuts”; in other words, to leave off their childish pleasures.—**pal’pable**: capable of being felt or touched.

MY TRIUMPH

JOHN G. WHITTIER

O living friends who love me!
O dear ones gone above me!
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praises,
Save it from evil phrases:
Why, when dear lips that spake it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?

Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

Sweeter than any sung.
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,—
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

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Abridged.

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EDUCATION

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

It was while Macaulay was a member of the House of Commons that his speech on Education was delivered, April 19, 1847.

I say, therefore, that the education of the people is not only a means, but the best means, of attaining that which
5 all allow to be a chief end of government; and, if this be so, it passes my faculties to understand how any man can gravely contend that Government has nothing to do with the education of the people.

My confidence in my opinion is strengthened when I
10 recollect that I hold that opinion in common with all the greatest lawgivers, statesmen, and political philosophers of all nations and ages, and with all the most illustrious champions of civil and spiritual freedom. . . . I might cite many of the most venerable names of the Old World;
15 but I would rather cite the example of that country which the supporters of the Voluntary system here are always recommending to us as a pattern.

Go back to the days when the little society which has expanded into the opulent and enlightened commonwealth
20 of Massachusetts began to exist. Our modern Dissenters will scarcely, I think, venture to speak contumeliously of those Puritans whose spirit Laud and his High Commission Court could not subdue, of those Puritans who were

willing to leave home and kindred, and the comforts and refinements of civilized life, to cross the ocean, to fix their abode in forests among wild beasts and wild men, rather than commit the sin of performing, in the house of God, one gesture which they believed to be displeasing to him. 5

Did those brave exiles think it inconsistent with civil or religious freedom that the state should take charge of the education of the people? No, sir; one of the earliest laws enacted by the Puritan colonists was that every township, as soon as the Lord had increased it to the number of fifty 10 houses, should appoint one to teach all children to write and read, and that every township of a hundred houses should set up a grammar school. Nor have the descendants of those who made this law ever ceased to hold that the public authorities were bound to provide the means 15 of public instruction.

Nor is this doctrine confined to New England. "Educate the people" was the first admonition addressed by Penn to the colony which he founded. "Educate the people" was the legacy of Washington to the nation which he had 20 saved. "Educate the people" was the unceasing exhortation of Jefferson; and I quote Jefferson with peculiar pleasure, because, of all the eminent men that have ever lived, . . . Jefferson was the one who most abhorred everything like meddling on the part of governments. 25 Yet the chief business of his later years was to establish a good system of state education in Virginia.

And against such authority as this, what have you who take the other side to show? Can you mention a single great philosopher, a single man distinguished by his zeal for liberty, humanity, and truth, who, from the beginning 5 of the world down to the time of this present Parliament, ever held your doctrines? You can oppose to the unanimous voice of all the wise and good, of all ages, and of both hemispheres, nothing but a clamor which was first heard a few months ago,—a clamor in which you cannot 10 join without condemning not only all whose memory you profess to hold in reverence, but even your former selves.

This, sir, is my defense. From the clamor of our accusers I appeal with confidence to the country to which we must, in no long time, render an account of our stewardship. I appeal with still more confidence to future 15 generations, which, while enjoying all the blessings of an impartial and efficient system of public instruction, will find it difficult to believe that the authors of that system should have had to struggle with a vehement and pertinacious opposition, and still more difficult to believe 20 that such an opposition was offered in the name of civil and religious freedom.

Abridged.

Voluntary system: the system by which parents educate their children or let them grow up without schooling, as they please.—**Dissenters:** those who do not agree with the doctrines of the Church of England. The Puritans were Dissenters.—**Laud:** an English archbishop who took part in the persecution of the Puritans.—**Parliament:** the lawmaking body of England. It is like our Congress.

THE FLIGHT OF AENEAS

A Selection from Virgil's "Æneid"; translated by Christopher P. Cranch.

VIRGIL (70-19 b.c.) was the most famous of Latin poets. He was well educated, though his family were of the common people. He is considered the superior of all the other ancient poets in the beauty of his verse.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH (1813-1892) was an American artist and poet.

NOTE.—When Troy, after long years of siege, falls at last into the 5 hands of the Greeks, Æneas escapes from the tumult and comes to his father's house, begging the old man to flee with him. At first Anchises refuses, having no wish to live now that Troy has fallen, and Æneas, seeing that he cannot change this decision, calls for his armor that he may make one more effort, however useless, to avenge his country's wrongs. 10

Forthwith I gird myself anew in steel,
And, my left hand inserting in my shield,
Began to put it on, and forth was going.
But lo ! upon the threshold stood my wife,
And hung upon me, and embraced my feet, 15
And held the young Iulus to his sire.
“If forth thou goest, resolved to die,” she said,
“Take us along with thee, to share all fates.
But if, from trial, thou hast hope in arms,
Protect this household first. To whom dost thou 20
Abandon little Iulus, and thy sire,
Or her whom once thou call’dst thy wife ?”

So she
Complaining filled the house ; when suddenly

- A prodigy most wonderful appeared.
For in the midst of our embracing arms,
And faces of his sorrowing parents, lo !
Upon Iulus' head a luminous flame
5 With lambent flashes shone, and played about
His soft hair with a harmless touch, and round
His temples hovered. We with trembling fear
Sought to brush off the blaze, and ran to quench
The sacred fire with water from the fount.
10 But Father Anchises lifted to the stars
His eyes with joy, and raised his hands to heaven,
Exclaiming, "Jupiter, omnipotent !
If thou wilt yield to any prayer of ours,
Look upon us, this once ; and if we aught
15 Deserve by any piety, give help,
O Father, and these omens now confirm !"
- Scarce had my aged father said these words,
When, with a sudden peal, upon the left
It thundered, and down gliding from the skies
20 A star, that drew a fiery train behind,
Streamed through the darkness with resplendent light.
We saw it glide above the highest roofs,
And plunge into the Idæan woods, and mark
Our course. The shining furrow all along
25 Its track gave light, and sulphurous fumes around.

And now, convinced, my father lifts himself;
 Speaks to the gods,—adores the sacred star.
 “Now, now,” he cries, “for us no more delay!



I follow; and wherever ye may lead,
 Gods of my country, I will go! Guard ye 5
 My family, my little grandson guard.
 This augury is yours; and yours the power
 That watches Troy. And now, my son, I yield,
 Nor will refuse to go along with thee.”
 And now through all the city we can hear 10
 The roaring flames, which nearer roll their heat.

“Come then, dear father! On my shoulders I
Will bear thee, nor will think the task severe.
Whatever lot awaits us, there shall be
One danger and one safety for us both.

- 5 Little Iulus my companion be;
And at a distance let my wife observe
Our footsteps. You, my servants, take good heed
Of what I say. Beyond the city stands
Upon a rising ground a temple old
10 Of the deserted Ceres, and near by
An ancient cypress tree, for many years
By the religion of our sires preserved.
To this, by different ways, we all will come
Together. And do thou, my father, here
15 Take in thy hands our country’s guardian gods
And our Penates; I, who have just come forth
From war and recent slaughter, may not touch
Such sacred things, till in some flowing stream
I wash.” This said, a tawny lion’s skin
20 On my broad shoulders and my stooping neck
I throw, and take my burden. At my side
Little Iulus links his hand in mine,
Following his father with unequal steps.
Behind us steps my wife. Through paths obscure
25 We wend; and I, who but a moment since
Dreaded no flying weapons of the Greeks,
Nor dense battalions of the adverse hosts,

Now start in terror at each rustling breeze,
And every common sound, held in suspense
With equal fears for those attending me
And for the burden that I bear along.

Iulus (i-ü'lus). — **lam'bent**: touching lightly (literally, "licking"). — **Anchises** (an-ki'ses). — **Idæ'an woods**: the pine woods on Mt. Ida, south of Troy. The meteor marked the destination of the fugitives. — **au'gury**: omen. The ancients were convinced that all important events were foretold by some marvel or portent. Anchises felt sure that a new Troy would spring from the ashes of the old, through the efforts of his descendants. — **I will bear thee**: Anchises was not only old, but he had been crippled by a lightning stroke. — **Ce'res**: the goddess of agriculture. — **cy'press tree**: see note on **sacred groves** (page 478). — **guardian gods**: the sacred symbols of the city, which had been brought to Æneas for safe keeping. — **Peña'tes**: the gods of a man's own household.

SEVEN YEARS OLD

A. C. SWINBURNE

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837—) is an English poet whose work is admired for its melody and its perfection of form. His poems to children are notable. 5

As a poor man hungering stands with insatiate
eyes and hands
Void of bread
Right in sight of men that feast while his
famine with no least
Crumb is fed,

Here across the garden wall can I hear strange
children call,

Watch them play,
From the windowed seat above, whence the
goodlier child I love
Is away.

5 Here the sights we saw together moved his
fancy like a feather

To and fro,

Now to wander, and thereafter to the sunny
storm of laughter

Loud and low —

Sights engraven on storied pages where man's
tale of seven swift ages

All was told —

Seen of eyes yet bright from heaven — for the
lips that laughed were seven

Sweet years old.



CHARACTER AND REPUTATION

HENRY WARD BEECHER

There are few who do not know the difference between character and reputation, though there are few who have analyzed and defined their own ideas. A man's real inward habits and mental condition form his character. This will work out to the surface in some degree, and 5 in some persons much more than in others.

But the appearance which a man presents to the world, the outward exhibition, gives him his reputation. A man's character is his reality. It is the acting and moving force of his being. Reputation is the impression 10 which he has made upon other men; it is their thought of him. Our character is always in ourselves, but our reputation is in others.

It is true that, ordinarily, among honest men, the two go together. A man who lives out of doors among 15 men, and who gives his fellows a fair chance to see his conduct, will find that he is accurately measured and correctly judged.

But it sometimes happens that men are much better than they have credit for being, and as often men are 20 much worse than they appear to be; that is, men may have a reputation either better or worse than their character. Thus, there are many men who are reputed to

be hard, severe, stern, who at heart are full of all kindness, and would go farther and fare harder to serve a friend or to relieve a real case of trouble than anybody else around them. On the other hand, some people are thought
5 to be very gentle, very sweet in manners, all smiles, promises, and politeness ; but at heart they are cold and selfish. Character is bad and reputation good in such cases.

It is quite easy for a man to get himself a reputation. He has only to practice upon the imagination and credulity of the public. If he takes pleasure in being thought better than he is, if he chooses to live in a vain show, if he wears a mask and his life is occupied in covering up his real feelings by feigned and false ones, he may have a measure of success.

15 But the same amount of labor and care which gives him but a flimsy credit, and which would fall before the least scrutiny or severity of test, would give him a substantial reality. He labors as hard for a sham as would suffice to give him a truth.

20 Indeed, it is easier to build a character than to sustain a false reputation. Once let a man's habits be laid, and solidly laid, in truth, honor, and virtue, and the more the man is tried the more he profits by it. Such men are revealed to the world by misfortunes. The troubles which
25 threaten them only end in letting people know how strong and real and good they are.

But when a man has learned to live upon a mere show,

practicing upon others with decent appearances, he will find that his reputation, good in fair weather, will be good for nothing in storms and trials. And then, when he needs most sympathy and respect, he will have the least. If it is a little harder to build up character than reputation, it is so only in the beginning. For reputation, like a poorly built house, will cost as much for patching and repairs as would have made it thorough at first.

Besides, an honorable soul ought to be ashamed of credit which he does not deserve. One hardly knows how to interpret a nature that can deliberately take praise for things which he knows does not belong to him. This is particularly true of *young* men. . . . What shall we think of a man who begins life on a lie? who deliberately sets out to build up a reputation without caring for his character?

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

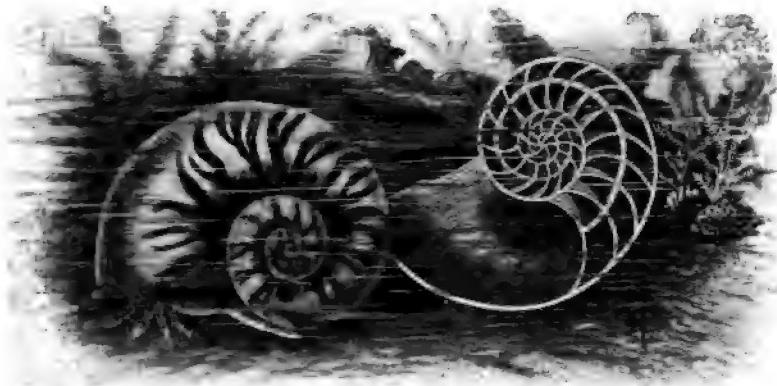
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

NOTE.—One variety of nautilus has a shell which is divided into many chambers, cut off from one another by curved plates of pearl. The animal always lives in the outer and larger chamber, walling it up and making a still larger one as his body grows.

20

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings

On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.



5 Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
10 Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
15 *He left the past year's dwelling for the new,*



Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
 more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea, 5
 Cast from her lap, forlorn !
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !
 While on mine ears it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that 10
 sings :

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll !
 Leave thy low-vaulted past !
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast, 15
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

poets feign: it is only a pretty fancy that the nautilus sails over the waves.—**siren:** see note on “The Oasis,” page 93.—**irised:** colored like the rainbow. Iris was the goddess of the rainbow.—**Triton:** the son of the sea god Neptune. He was represented in Greek art and poetry as a fish with a human head. When the ocean roared Triton was said to be blowing his shell, or horn.

Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.—*Wordsworth.*

wreathèd horn: the spiral conch shell, often used as a horn or trumpet.

THE HAUNT OF A BIRD LOVER

MAURICE THOMPSON

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON (1844-1901) was an American author whose novels and poems deal with the life of the South and West.

Without preliminary negotiations or special preparations of any kind I took possession of an old building which once had been a ginhause. Now bear in mind that I do not mean gin mill when I write *ginhouse*, for the words are far from synonymous.

My new abode was picturesquely dilapidated, and stood in the midst of a dense growth of young pine trees. From a window I had a view, through a rift in the foliage, of a small blue lake and a wide stretch of green, rush-covered marsh. An ancient peach and pear orchard was close at hand, the venerable, old, neglected trees standing knee-deep in a mass of scrubby scions.

This ginhause, instead of having once been a place where intoxicating drinks were concocted and sold, was simply the wreck of an old plantation cotton-ginning establishment; indeed, here was an abandoned and overgrown estate which formerly had been the pride of a Southern planter of great wealth and social and political power.

The stately mansion had disappeared, saving the ruins of some brick columns and the rubbish suggestive of chimneys and foundation pillars; nor was there much left to

remind one of the agricultural wealth, formerly the largest of this broad area, now given over to a thrifty growth of strong young trees and to a wild, musical mob of birds.

A considerable marsh, once drained by a rude windmill and cultivated in sea-island cotton, had been reclaimed by 5 the tide water (which now crept in rhythmically through many breaks in the little dike) and had become a home of the herons and bitterns. Remnants, more pathetic than picturesque, of the tall shaft and pumping apparatus belonging to the mill lay in a moldering and rusting heap 10 beside the water.

My ginhouse was a poor shelter if it should rain, but I could supplement it with my waterproof blanket ; and then the climate was very kind at worst. How, indeed, could a climate be more tender in its concessions to one's prefer- 15 ences ? A breeze from the gulf, salty and exhilarating, or a waft from the pine woods, fragrantly heavy with terebinth and balm, was blowing day and night, and the medley of bird songs was accompanied with the effective counter-point of the distant sea moan. 20

On one side a fresh-water lakelet, on the other side the gulf of Mexico,—great marsh meadows and reaches of sand bar—dense forests, thickets, old fields given over to nature, orchards left to the will of the mocking birds and their friends and foes,—everything, indeed, to favor my 25 quest was in view, with the romance and the beauty thrown in for good measure.

So, swinging my hammock from the heavy beams of the loft, I abandoned myself to the study in hand, feeling that for once many elements had joined themselves together to enhance my physical and spiritual comfort.



5 Here on the latest fringe of nature's geological formation, with all the newest discoveries of natural science at hand in the shape of books and memoranda, and with fishes, birds, reptiles, and mammals, water of sea, stream, and lake, woods, marshes, and swamps, with all the range
10 of plants growing in them, what more could I wish ?

Abridged.

sea-island cotton: a superior cotton of long fiber, grown on the islands along the coast of Georgia and South Carolina.—**terebinth**: turpentine.—**counterpoint**: melodious accompaniment.

THE MOCKING BIRD

SIDNEY LANIER

SIDNEY LANIER (la-neer') was an American poet whose work has a wonderful charm. In addition to his exquisite verse he wrote "The Boy's Froissart" and other books in prose. He was born in 1842 and died in 1881.

NOTE.—In this beautiful sonnet is compressed a wealth of meaning 5 and suggestion. Note the third line and all that it contains. The poet calls the bird a Shakespeare, and the reason for it is given in the eighth line of the poem.

Superb and sole, upon a plumèd spray
That o'er the general leafage boldly grew, 10
He summed the woods in song; or typic drew
The watch of hungry hawks, the lone dismay
Of languid doves when long their lovers stray,
And all birds' passion-plays that sprinkle dew
At morn in brake or bosky avenue. 15
Whate'er birds did or dreamed, this bird could say.
Then down he shot, bounced airily along
The sward, twitched in a grasshopper, made song
Midflight, perched, prinked, and to his art again.
Sweet Science, this large riddle read me plain: 20
How may the death of that dull insect be
The life of yon trim Shakespeare on the tree?

typ'ic: representing something by a single instance or model.—**bosk'y:** woody or bushy.—**to his art again:** went back to his singing again.—**read me plain:** explain to me.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

LEIGH HUNT

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT (1784–1859) was an English poet and man of letters, who had great personal charm. Both his poetry and his prose are easy and graceful.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)

- 5 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
10 And to the Presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?”—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
15 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still ; and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
20 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo ! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

THE CONTENTED MAN

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

NOTE.—The following selection is from "Back-Log Studies."

I made his acquaintance last summer in the country, and I have not in a long time been so well pleased with any of our species. He was a man past middle life, with a large family. He had always been from boyhood of a contented 5 and placid mind, slow in his movements, slow in his speech. I think he never cherished a hard feeling toward anybody, nor envied any one, least of all the rich and prosperous, about whom he liked to talk. Indeed, his talk was a good deal about wealth, especially about his 10 cousin who had been down South and "got forehanded" within a few years.

He was genuinely pleased at his relation's good luck, and pointed him out to me with some pride. But he had no envy of him, and he evinced no desire to imitate him. 15 I inferred from all his conversation about "piling it up" (of which he spoke with a gleam of enthusiasm in his eye) that there were moments when he would like to be rich himself; but it was evident that he would never make the least effort to be so, and I doubt if he could even 20 overcome that delicious inertia of mind and body called laziness sufficiently to inherit.

Wealth seemed to have a far and peculiar fascination for him, and I suspect he was a visionary in the midst of his poverty. Yet I suppose he had hardly the personal property which the law exempts from execution. He
5 had lived in a great many towns, moving from one to another with his growing family, by easy stages, and was always the poorest man in the town, and lived on the most niggardly of its rocky and bramble-grown farms, the productiveness of which he reduced to zero in a
10 couple of seasons by his careful neglect of culture.

The fences of his hired domain always fell into ruins under him, perhaps because he sat on them so much, and the hovels he occupied rotted down during his placid residence in them. He moved from desolation to desolation,
15 but carried always with him the equal mind of a philosopher. Not even the occasional tart remarks of his wife, about their nomadic life and his serenity in the midst of discomfort, could ruffle his smooth spirit.

He was a most worthy man, truthful, honest, temperate, and, I need not say, frugal; and he had no bad habits,—perhaps he never had energy enough to acquire any. Nor did he lack the knack of the Yankee race. He could make a shoe, or build a house, or doctor a cow;
25 but it never seemed to him, in this brief existence, worth while to do any of these things.

He was an excellent angler, but he rarely fished; partly because of the shortness of days, partly on account of

the uncertainty of bites, but principally because the trout brooks were all arranged lengthwise and ran over so much ground.

But no man liked to look at a string of trout better than he did, and he was willing to sit down in a sunny place and talk about trout-fishing half a day at a time; and he would talk pleasantly and well too, though his wife might be continually interrupting him by a call for firewood.

I should not do justice to his own idea of himself if I did not add that he was most respectably connected, and that he had a justifiable though feeble pride in his family. It helped his self-respect, which no ignoble circumstances could destroy.

He was, as must appear by this time, a most intelligent man, and he was a well-informed man ; that is to say, he read the weekly newspapers when he could get them, and he had the average country information about Beecher and Greeley and the Prussian war, and the general prospect of the election campaigns. Indeed, he was warmly, or rather lukewarmly, interested in politics.

He liked to talk about the inflated currency, and it seemed plain to him that his condition would somehow be improved if we could get to a specie basis. He was, in fact, a little troubled by the national debt; it seemed to press on him somehow, while his own never did. He exhibited more animation over the affairs of the

government than he did over his own,—an evidence at once of his disinterestedness and his patriotism.

I never saw a person with more correct notions on such a variety of subjects. He was perfectly willing that 5 churches (being himself a member) and Sunday schools and missionary enterprises should go on; in fact, I do not believe he ever opposed anything in his life. No one was more willing to vote town taxes and road repairs and schoolhouses than he. If you could call him spirited 10 at all, he was public-spirited.

And with all this he was never very well; he had, from boyhood, "enjoyed poor health." You would say he was not a man who would ever catch anything, not even an epidemic; but he was a person whom diseases would be 15 likely to overtake, even the slowest of slow fevers. And he was n't a man to shake off anything. And yet sickness seemed to trouble him no more than poverty. He was not discontented; he never grumbled. I am not sure but he relished a "spell of sickness" in haying time.

20 I have never seen a man with less envy, or more cheerfulness, or so contented with as little reason for being so. The only drawback to his future is that rest beyond the grave will not be much change for him, and he has no works to follow him.

Abridged.

inflated currency: money not worth its face value.—**works to follow him:** see Revelation xiv. 13.

SWORD AND SCIMITER

SIR WALTER SCOTT

NOTE.—“The Talisman,” one of the most interesting of Scott’s novels, deals with the period of the crusades. Richard I, King of England, had gone to Palestine in company with other European leaders and a great army, to rescue Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulcher from the Eastern tribes. Here he met Saladin, the conqueror of Syria, and the two monarchs exchanged civilities, as enemies often do in times of truce. The king was the guest of Saladin in a tent near the lists, where friendly combats were to be held; he wore his great two-handed sword, a broad, straight blade which stretched well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of its wearer. He was accompanied by his devoted friend, the English baron De Vaux.

10

“Had I not,” said Saladin, “seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the Melech Ric strike one blow with it in peace, and in pure trial of strength?”

15

“Willingly, noble Saladin,” answered Richard; and, looking around for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mace held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal and about an inch and a half in diameter. This he placed on a block of wood.

The anxiety of De Vaux for his master’s honor led him to whisper in English: “For the blessed Virgin’s sake, beware what you attempt, my liege! Your full strength is not yet returned—give no triumph to the infidel.”

25

"Peace, fool!" said Richard, standing firm on his ground and casting a fierce glance around; "thinkest thou that I can fail in *his* presence?"

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands,
5 rose aloft to the king's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces, as a woodsman would sever a sapling with a hedging bill.

"By the head of the Prophet, a most wonderful blow!"
10 said the soldan, critically examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder. "Something I would fain attempt; each land hath its exercises, and this may be new to the Melech Ric." So saying, he took from the floor a cushion of silk and down, and placed it upright on one end.
15 "Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion?" he said to King Richard.

"No, surely," replied the king; "no sword on earth, were it the Excalibur of King Arthur, can cut that which opposes no steady resistance to the blow."

20 "Mark, then," said Saladin; and, tucking up the sleeve of his gown, showed his arm, thin, indeed, and spare, but a mass of bone, brawn, and sinew. He unsheathed his scimiter, a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the swords of the Franks, but was, on the contrary,
25 of a dull blue color, marked with ten millions of meandering lines, which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armorer.



Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared with that of Richard, the soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced; he balanced himself a little as if to steady his aim, then 5 stepping at once forward, drew the scimiter so dexterously that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

“It is a juggler’s trick,” said De Vaux, darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been 10 cut off, as if to assure himself of the reality of the feat.

The soldan seemed to comprehend him, for he undid the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of his saber, extended the weapon edge-ways in the air, and, drawing it suddenly through the 15 veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also into two parts, which floated to different sides of the tent, displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon and the exquisite dexterity of him who used it.

“Now in good faith, my brother,” said Richard, “thou 20 art even matchless at the trick of the sword, and right perilous it were to meet thee! Still, however, I put some faith in a downright English blow, and what we cannot do by sleight we eke out by strength.”

brand: sword. This was a favorite word with Scott.—**Melech Ric**: the Eastern name for Richard.—**the Prophet**: Mohammed, the head of the Arabic Church.—**hedg’ing bill**: a heavy knife used in pruning hedges.—**soldan**: sultan.—**Excal’ibur**: the magic sword of King Arthur.—**Franks**: the inhabitants of western Europe.—**temper**: the condition of metal as regards hardness and elasticity.—**ex’quisite**: accurate, nice.

A CELLAR IN SIBERIA

GEORGE KENNAN

GEORGE KENNAN (1845—) is an American author, traveler, and lecturer. His fearless articles on Russia have attracted much attention.

The unexpected discovery late at night of a party of countrymen, when we had just given up all hope of shelter, and almost of life, was a godsend to our disheartened spirits, and I hardly knew in my excitement what I did. I remember now walking hastily back and forth in front of the snowdrift, repeating softly to myself at every step, “Thank God! thank God!” but at the time I was not conscious of anything except the great fact of our safety. . . .

There was no sound of life in the lonely snowdrift before us, and the inmates, if it had any, were evidently asleep. Seeing no sign anywhere of a door, I walked up on the drift, and shouted down through the stovepipe in tremendous tones, “Halloo the house!” A startled voice from under my feet demanded, “Who’s there?”

“Come out and see! Where’s the door?”

My voice seemed to the astounded Americans inside to come out of the stove,—a phenomenon which was utterly unparalleled in all their previous experience; but they reasoned very correctly that any stove which could ask in good English for the door, in the middle of the night, had

an indubitable right to be answered; and they replied in a hesitating and half-frightened tone that the door was "on the southeast corner."

This left us about as wise as before. In the first place, 5 we did not know which way southeast was, and in the second, a snowdrift could not properly be described as having a corner. I started around the stovepipe, however, in a circle, with the hope of finding some sort of an entrance. The inmates had dug a deep ditch or trench 10 about thirty feet in length for a doorway, and had covered it over with sticks and reindeer skins to keep out the drifting snow.

Stepping inadvertently upon this frail roof, I fell through, just as one of the startled men was coming out, holding 15 a candle above his head, and peering through the darkness of the tunnel to see who would enter. The sudden descent through the roof of such an apparition as I knew myself to be, was not calculated to restore the steadiness of startled nerves.

20 I was dressed in heavy furs, which swelled out my figure to gigantic proportions; two thick reindeer-skin hoods with long, frosty fringes of black bearskin were pulled up over my head, a squirrel-skin mask frozen into a sheet of ice concealed my face, and nothing but the 25 eyes peering out through tangled masses of frosty hair showed that the furs contained a human being.

The man took two or three frightened steps backward

and nearly dropped his candle. I came in such a "questionable shape" that he might well demand whether my intents were wicked or charitable! As I recognized his face, however, and addressed him again in English, he stopped; and tearing off my mask and fur hoods I spoke 5 my name.

Never was there such rejoicing as that which then took place in that little underground cellar, as I recognized in the exiled party two of my old comrades and friends, to whom eight months before I had bade good-by, as the 10 "Olga" sailed out of the Golden Gate of San Francisco.

I little thought, when I shook hands with Harder and Robinson then, that I should next meet them at night, in a little snow-covered cellar, on the great lonely steppes of the lower Anadir. 15

As soon as we had taken off our heavy furs and seated ourselves beside a warm fire, we began to feel the sudden reaction which necessarily followed twenty-four hours of such exposure, suffering, and anxiety. Our overstrained nerves gave way all at once, and in ten minutes I could 20 hardly raise a cup of coffee to my lips.

Ashamed of such weakness, I tried to conceal it from the Americans, and I presume they do not know to this day that I nearly fainted several times within the first twenty minutes, from the suddenness of the change from 25 fifty degrees below zero to seventy degrees above, and the nervous exhaustion produced by anxiety and lack of sleep.

This weakness, however, soon passed away, and we proceeded to relate to each other our respective histories and adventures, while our drivers huddled together in a mass at one end of the little hut and refreshed themselves 5 with hot tea.

"**questionable shape**": see "Hamlet," Act I, Scene IV, lines 42 and 43.—**the Golden Gate**: the harbor of San Francisco.—**Anadir**: a river of Siberia.

THE RICHES OF THE COMMONWEALTH

JOHN G. WHITTIER

The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

10 For well she keeps her ancient stock,
The stubborn strength of Pilgrim Rock;
And still maintains, with milder laws
And clearer light, the Good Old Cause!

15 Nor heeds the skeptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church spire stands the school.

Abridged.

MARCO BOZZARIS

HALLECK

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK (1790-1867) was an American poet. His beautiful lines to the memory of Burns won high praise from William Cullen Bryant.

NOTE.—The heroic Greek chief, Marco Bozzaris, fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi in 1823. He died at the moment of victory, 5 and his last words were, "To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain." This poem has been called the finest martial lyric in the English language.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent, 10
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring, 15
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts and gay of wing
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades, 20
Heroes in heart and hand.

There had the Persian thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day:
And now there breathed that haunted air
5 The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.



An hour passed on — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
10 He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”
He woke — to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,

And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band :
“ Strike — till the last armed foe expires, 5
Strike — for your altars and your fires,
Strike — for the green graves of your sires,
God — and your native land ! ”

They fought — like brave men, long and well ;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain ; 10
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won ; 15
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night’s repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
Come to the mother’s, when she feels 20
For the first time her first-born’s breath ;
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
Come in consumption’s ghastly form, 25

The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet song, and dance, and wine,
 And thou art terrible: the tear,
 5 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 10 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Bozzaris! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 15 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.

.

We tell thy doom without a sigh;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 20 That were not born to die.

Su'liote band: men from Suli in Albania. Bozzar'is was born at Suli.
 — Platæa's day: Laspi was on the site of the ancient Platæ'a where the
 Persians were defeated, 479 B.C.—Mos'lem: followers of Mohammed;
 Mussulmans.—storied brave: heroes celebrated in story.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE (1795–1820) was an American poet. He formed a literary partnership with his friend Fitz-Greene Halleck, and the clever verses of the two young men were the delight of New York society. It is said that the last four lines of the following poem were written by Halleck.

5

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

10

15

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,

20

And rolls the thunder drum of heaven,
Child of the sun ! to thee 't is given

To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
5 To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
10 The sign of hope and triumph high !
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
15 Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon-mouthing loud,
20 Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowring foes shall shrink beneath
25 Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

5

10

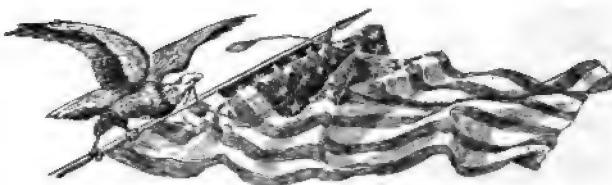
Flag of the free heart's hope and home!

By angel hands to valor given;
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!

15

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

baldric: see note on page 120.—**harbinger:** see note on page 69.



THE YOUNG SAILOR

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR. (1815-1882), was an American lawyer. His book, "Two Years before the Mast," was written from his own experience, and this one step in the path of literature was enough to make him famous. It was among the most popular books of the time.

- 5 The 14th of August was the day fixed upon for the sailing of the brig "Pilgrim" on her voyage from Boston, round Cape Horn, to the western coast of North America. As she was to get under way early in the afternoon, I made my appearance on board at twelve o'clock, in full
10 sea rig, with my chest, containing an outfit for the two or three years' voyage which I had undertaken from a determination to cure, if possible, by an entire change of life, a weakness of the eyes which no medical aid seemed likely to remedy.
- 15 The change from the tight frock coat, silk cap, and kid gloves of an undergraduate at Harvard, to the loose trousers, checked shirt, and tarpaulin hat of a sailor, though somewhat of a transformation, was soon made; and I supposed that I should pass very well for a Jack
20 Tar. But it is impossible to deceive the practiced eye in these matters; and while I thought myself to be looking as salt as Neptune himself, I was, no doubt, known for a landsman by every one on board as soon as I hove in sight.

A sailor has a peculiar cut to his clothes, and a way of wearing them which a green hand can never get. The trousers, tight round the hips, and thence hanging long and loose round the feet, a low-crowned, well-varnished black hat, worn
on the back of the
head, with half a
fathom of black
ribbon hanging
over the left eye,
and a slip tie to
the black silk
neckerchief, with
sundry other
minutiæ, are
signs, the want
of which betrays
the beginner at
once. Besides the
points in my dress
which were out of
the way, doubt-
less my complexion and hands were quite enough to dis-
tinguish me from the regular salt, who, with a sunburnt
cheek, wide step, and rolling gait, swings his bronzed 25
and toughened hands athwartships, half opened, as though
just ready to grasp a rope.



"With all my imperfections on my head," I joined the crew, and we hauled out into the stream, and came to anchor for the night. The next day we were employed in preparation for sea, reeving studding-sail gear and taking on board our powder. On the following night I stood my first watch.

I remained awake nearly all the first part of the night from fear that I might not hear when I was called; and when I went on deck so great were my ideas of the importance of my trust that I walked regularly fore and aft the whole length of the vessel, looking out over the bows and taffrail at each turn, and was not a little surprised at the coolness of the old seaman whom I called to take my place, in stowing himself snugly away under the long boat for a nap. That was a sufficient lookout, he thought, for a fine night, at anchor in a safe harbor.

The next morning was Saturday, and, a breeze having sprung up from the southward, we took a pilot on board, hove up our anchor, and began beating down the bay. As we drew down into the lower harbor we found the wind ahead in the bay, and were obliged to come to anchor in the roads. We remained there through the day and a part of the night.

My watch began at eleven o'clock, and I received orders to call the captain if the wind came out from the westward. About midnight the wind became fair, and, having summoned the captain, I was ordered to call all

hands. How I accomplished this I do not know, but I am quite sure that I did not give the true, hoarse boatswain call of "A-a-ll ha-a-a-n'ds! up anchor, a-ho-oy!" In a short time every one was in motion, the sails were loosed, the yards braced, and we began to heave up the anchor, which 5 was our last hold upon Yankee land. I could take but small part in these preparations. My little knowledge of a vessel was all at fault. Unintelligible orders were so rapidly given, and so immediately executed; there was such a hurrying about, and such an intermingling of 10 strange cries and stranger actions, that I was completely bewildered. There is not so helpless and pitiable an object in the world as a landsman beginning a sailor's life.

At length those peculiar, long-drawn sounds which denote that the crew are heaving at the windlass began, 15 and in a few minutes we were under way. The noise of the water thrown from the bows was heard, the vessel leaned over from the damp night breeze, and rolled with the heavy ground swell, and we had actually begun our long, long journey. This was literally bidding good night 20 to my native land.

"With all my imperfections on my head": see "Hamlet," Act I, Scene V, line 79.—reeving: slipping a rope through or around.—studding sail: a light extra sail, set outside a square sail.—fore and aft: a nautical phrase meaning lengthwise of a vessel.—in the roads: a place at some distance from the shore where vessels may ride at anchor.

THE VOICE OF THE SEA

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

THOMAS NELSON PAGE (1853—) is an American author and poet. His studies of the South have much literary merit.

NOTE.—This extract from a recent poem is full of power and significance and demands careful expression as well as study. Note the frequent ellipsis of words which would be necessary in prose.

- Thus spake to Man the thousand-throated Sea :
Words which the stealing winds caught from its lips :
Thou thinkest thee and thine, God's topmost crown.
But hearken unto me and humbly learn
10 How infinite thine insignificance.
Thou boastest of thine age — thy works — thyself :
Thine oldest monuments of which thou prat'st
Were built but yesterday when measured by
Yon snow-domed mountains of eternal rock :
15 The Earth, thy mother, from whose breast thou draw'st
The sweat-stained living which she wills to give,
And in whose dust thine own must melt again,
Was agèd cycles ere thine earliest dawn ;—
But they to me are young : I gave them birth.
20 Climb up those heaven-tipt peaks thy dizziest height,
Thou there shalt read, graved deep, my name and age ;
Dig down thy deepest depth, shalt read them still.
Before the mountains sprang, before the Earth,

Thy cradle and thy tomb, was made, I was :
God called them forth from me, as thee from Earth.
Thou burrow'st through a mountain, here and there,
Work'st all thine engines, cutting off a speck;
I wash their rock-foundations under; tear 5
Turret from turret, toppling thundering down,
And crush their mightiest fragments into sand :
Thou gravest with thy records slab and spar,
And callest them memorials of thy Might ;—
Lo! not a stone exists, from that black cliff 10
To that small pebble at thy foot, but bears
My signature graved there when Earth was young,
To teach the mighty wonders of the Deep.



HARK TO THE SHOUTING WIND

HENRY TIMROD

HENRY TIMROD (1829-1867) was an American poet. He was a native of South Carolina and is perhaps the finest interpreter of the heroism and devotion of the South.

5 Hark to the shouting Wind!
 Hark to the flying Rain!
And I care not though I never see
 A bright blue sky again.

10 There are thoughts in my breast to-day
 That are not for human speech ;
But I hear them in the driving storm,
 And the roar upon the beach.

15 And oh, to be with that ship
 That I watch through the blinding brine !
O Wind ! for thy sweep of land and sea !
 O Sea ! for a voice like thine !

Shout on, thou pitiless Wind,
 To the frightened and flying Rain !
I care not though I never see
 A calm blue sky again.

THE SETTLERS OF NEW ENGLAND

JOHN FISKE

JOHN FISKE (1842-1901) was an American historian, famous not only for his learning but for the courage and vigor of his thought.

In these times, when great steamers sail every day from European ports, bringing immigrants to a country not less advanced in material civilization than the country which they leave, the daily arrival of a thousand new citizens has come to be a commonplace event. 5

But in the seventeenth century the transfer of more than twenty thousand well-to-do people within twenty years from their comfortable homes in England to the American wilderness was by no means a commonplace event. It reminds one of the migrations of ancient peoples, and in the quaint thought of our forefathers it was aptly likened to the exodus of Israel from the Egyptian house of bondage. 15

In this migration a principle of selection was at work which insured an extraordinary uniformity of character and of purpose among the settlers. To this uniformity of purpose, combined with complete homogeneity of race, is due the preponderance early acquired by New England 20 in the history of the American people.

In view of this, it is worth while to inquire what were the real aims of the settlers of New England. What was

the common purpose which brought these men together in their resolve to create for themselves new homes in the wilderness?

This is a point concerning which there has been a great deal of popular misapprehension, and there has been no end of nonsense talked about it. It has been customary first to assume that the Puritan migration was undertaken in the interests of religious liberty, and then to upbraid the Puritans for forgetting all about religious liberty as soon as people came among them who disagreed with their opinions. But this view of the case is not supported by history.

It is quite true that the Puritans were chargeable with gross intolerance; but it is not true that in this they were guilty of inconsistency. The notion that they came to New England for the purpose of establishing religious liberty, in any sense in which we should understand such a phrase, is entirely incorrect. It is neither more nor less than a bit of popular legend.

If we mean by the phrase "religious liberty" a state of things in which opposite or contradictory opinions on questions of religion shall exist side by side in the same community, and in which everybody shall decide for himself how far he will conform to the customary religious observances, nothing could have been further from their thoughts. There is nothing they would have regarded with more genuine abhorrence. If they could have been

forewarned by a prophetic voice of the general freedom—or, as they would have termed it, license—of thought and behavior which prevails in this country to-day, they would very likely have abandoned their enterprise in despair.

The philosophic student of history often has occasion 5 to see how God is wiser than man. In other words, he is often brought to realize how fortunate it is that the leaders in great historic events cannot foresee the remote results of the labors to which they have zealously consecrated their lives.

10

It is part of the irony of human destiny that the end we really accomplish by striving with might and main is apt to be something quite different from the end we dreamed of as we started on our arduous labor.

So it was with the Puritan settlers of New England. 15 The religious liberty that we enjoy to-day is largely the consequence of their work; but it is a consequence that was unforeseen, while the direct and conscious aim of their labors was something that has never been realized, and probably never will be.

20

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU

WALTER SCOTT

NOTE.—This selection is taken from "The Lady of the Lake," which is perhaps the most popular of Scott's poems. The poet says that he took unusual pains to verify each local circumstance of the story.

THE MEETING

The shades of eve come slowly down,
5 The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
 The owl awakens from her dell,
 The fox is heard upon the fell;
 Enough remains of glimmering light
 To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
10 Yet not enough from far to show
 His figure to the watchful foe.
 With cautious step and ear awake,
 He climbs the crag and threads the brake ;
 And not the summer solstice there
15 Tempered the midnight mountain air,
 But every breeze that swept the wold
 Benumbed his drenchèd limbs with cold.
 In dread, in danger, and alone,
 Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
20 Tangled and steep, he journeyed on ;
 Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
 A watch fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers red and clear,
 Basked in his plaid a mountaineer;
 And up he sprung with sword in hand,—
 “Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!”
 “A stranger.” “What dost thou require?”
 “Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
 My life’s beset, my path is lost,
 The gale has chilled my limbs with frost.”

5



“Art thou a friend to Roderick?” “No.”
 “Thou dar’st not call thyself a foe?”
 “I dare! to him and all the band
 He brings to aid his murderous hand.”
 “Bold words!—but, though the beast of game
 The privilege of chase may claim,
 Though space and law the stag we lend,

10

»

Ere hound we slip or bow we bend,
Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
5 Who say thou cam'st a secret spy!"—
"They do, by heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest."
10 "If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
"Then by these tokens may'st thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."
"Enough, enough; sit down and share
15 A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
20 He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed:—
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke
25 Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more, upon thy fate, 't is said,

A mighty augury is laid.

It rests with me to wind my horn,—

Thou art with numbers overborne;

It rests with me, here, brand to brand,

Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:

5

But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,

Will I depart from honor's laws;

To assail a wearied man were shame,

And stranger is a holy name;

Guidance and rest, and food and fire,

10

In vain he never must require.

Then rest thee here till dawn of day;

Myself will guide thee on the way,

O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,

Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,

15

As far as Coilantogle's ford;

From thence thy warrant is thy sword."

"I take thy courtesy, by heaven,

As freely as 't is nobly given!"

"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry

20

Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."

With that he shook the gathered heath,

And spread his plaid upon the wreath;

And the brave foemen, side by side,

Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,

25

And slept until the dawning beam

Purpled the mountain and the stream.

RODERICK DHU

- Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
5 And lights the fearful path on mountain side;—
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow
of War.
- 10 That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
15 Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
20 And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path!—they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,

The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky ;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance. 5

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose ;
Ever the hollow path twined on, 10
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone ;
A hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.

The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak, 15
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.

But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill ;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrent down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand. 20

So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,

Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
He sought these wilds, traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

- 5 “Brave Gael, my pass in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell,” the Saxon said,
“I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
10 Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
15 Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
Though deep perchance the villain lied.”
“Yet why a second venture try?”
“A warrior thou, and ask me why!—
Moves our free course by such fixed cause
20 As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A Knight’s free footsteps far and wide,—
25 A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,

The danger's self is lure alone."

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"

5

"No, by my word;—of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,

Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."

10

"Free be they flung! for we were loath
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.

15

But, stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"

"Warrior, but yester-morn I knew
Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed, desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,

20

Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

25

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
5 Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What recked the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
10 If it were in the court of heaven."
"Still was it outrage;—yet, 't is true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
While Albany with feeble hand
Held borrowed truncheon of command,
15 The young King, mewed in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!—
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
20 His herds and harvest reared in vain,—
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile:
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
25 I marked thee send delighted eye



Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between;
5 These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell
10 Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread
For fattened steer or household bread,
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply,—
15 'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'
Pent in this fortress of the North,
20 Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain,
25 While of ten thousand herds there strays
But one along yon river's maze,—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,



As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For lovelorn swain in lady's bower
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
5 This rebel Chieftain and his band!"

"Have then thy wish!" — He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill ;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
10 Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows ;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe ;
From shingles gray their lances start,
15 The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow wand
Are bristling into ax and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
20 That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
25 All silent there they stood, and still.
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass

Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
 As if an infant's touch could urge
 Their headlong passage down the verge,
 With step and weapon forward flung,
 Upon the mountain side they hung.
 The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
 Along Benledi's living side,
 Then fixed his eye and sable brow
 Full on Fitz-James : "How say'st thou now ?
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true ;
 And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

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Fitz-James was brave :—though to his heart
 The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
 He manned himself with dauntless air,
 Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
 His back against a rock he bore,
 And firmly placed his foot before :—
 "Come one, come all ! This rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I."
 Sir Roderick marked,—and in his eyes
 Respect was mingled with surprise,
 And the stern joy which warriors feel
 In foeman worthy of their steel.
 Short space he stood — then waved his hand :
 Down sunk the disappearing band ;
 Each warrior vanished where he stood,

In broom or bracken, heath or wood ;
 Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
 In osiers pale and copses low ;
 It seemed as if their mother Earth
 5 Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
 The wind's last breath had tossed in air
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
 The next but swept a lone hillside,
 Where heath and fern were waving wide ;
 10 The sun's last glance was glinted back
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
 The next, all unreflected, shone
 On bracken green and cold gray stone.

fell: a rocky hill. — **summer solstice**: the heat of midsummer. — **plaid**: the Scotch pronunciation is *played*, as will be seen elsewhere by the rhyme. — **slip**: let slip from the noose in which a hunting dog is held. — **a mighty au'gury**: this refers to the prophecy of the Taghairm, Canto IV, line 60. — **Roderick Dhu**: Roderick the Black. — **brand**: a sword. — **Clan-Alpine**: the family or race of Alpine. — **sheen**: shining. — **the Gael**: the Gaul. The Highlanders call themselves Gauls, and term the Lowlanders Saxons. — **wildering**: bewildering. — **Forth and Teith**: two Scotch rivers. — **Stirling**: the royal castle. — **Ven'nachar**: this “Lake of the Fair Valley” is about five miles long. — **Benledi** (*benla'dy*): a mountain nearly three thousand feet high. — **sooth**: truth. — **Mar**: the Earl of Mar. — **Doune**: an old castle on the Teith. — **pine**: Roderick's banner bore a pine. — **Vich-Al'pine**: one of Roderick's names, meaning the descendant of Alpine. — **the Regent**: the Duke of Albany, a cousin of the king. — **Holy-Rood**: the palace of Holyrood. — **mewed**: shut up. — **reft**: took away. — **shingles**: gravel and pebbles. — **target and claymore**: a leather-covered shield and a large sword. — **meed**: reward. — **bonnets**: Scotch caps. — **warlike birth**: this refers to the story of Cadmus. See “The Dragon's Teeth” in Hawthorne's “Tanglewood Tales.” — **glaive**: a broad sword. — **targe**: target or shield. — **jack**: a leather jacket with iron plates.

WALKING IN THE OPEN AIR

JOHN BURROUGHS

JOHN BURROUGHS, an American writer, was born in 1837. He is a careful observer of out-of-door life, and his books are full of interest to those who share his tastes.

The human body is a steed that goes freest and longest under a light rider, and the lightest of all riders is a cheerful heart. Your sad, or morose, or embittered, or preoccupied heart settles heavily into the saddle, and the poor beast, the body, breaks down the first mile.

Next to that, the most burdensome to the walker is a heart not in perfect sympathy and accord with the body, — a reluctant or unwilling heart. The horse and rider must not only both be willing to go the same way, but the rider must lead the way and infuse his own lightness and eagerness into the steed. Herein is no doubt our trouble, and one reason of the decay of the noble art in this country. We are unwilling walkers. We are not innocent and simple-hearted enough to enjoy a walk.

It cannot be said that as a people we are so positively sad, or morose, or melancholic, as that we are vacant of that sportiveness and surplusage of animal spirits that characterized our ancestors, and that spring from full and harmonious life,—a sound heart in accord with a sound body. A man must invest himself near at hand

and in common things, and be content with a steady and moderate return, if he would know the blessedness of a cheerful heart and the sweetness of a walk over the round earth. We crave the astonishing, the exciting, the far 5 away, and do not know the highways of the gods when we see them,—always a sign of the decay of the faith and simplicity of man.

Your pedestrian is always cheerful, alert, refreshed, with his heart in his hand and his hand free to all. He looks 10 down upon nobody; he is on the common level. His pores are all open, his circulation is active, his digestion is good. His heart is not cold, nor his faculties asleep. He is the only real traveler; he alone tastes the “gay, fresh sentiment of the road.” He is not isolated, but one 15 with things, with the farms and industries on either hand.

The vital, universal currents play through him. He knows the ground is alive; he feels the pulses of the wind, and reads the mute language of things. His sympathies are all aroused; his senses are continually reporting 20 messages to his mind. Wind, frost, rain, heat, cold are something to him. He is not merely a spectator of the panorama of nature, but a participator in it. He experiences the country he passes through,—tastes it, feels it, absorbs it; the traveler in his fine carriage sees 25 it, merely.

This gives the fresh charm to that class of books that *may* be called “Views Afoot,” and to the narratives of

hunters, naturalists, exploring parties, etc. The walker does not need a large territory. When you get into a railway car you want a continent; the man in his carriage requires a township; but a walker like Thoreau finds as much and more along the shores of Walden Pond. The former, as it were, has merely time to glance at the



headings of the chapters, while the latter need not miss a line, and Thoreau reads between the lines.

Then the walker has the privilege of the fields, the woods, the hills, the byways. The apples by the roadside are for him, and the berries, and the spring of water, and the friendly shelter; and if the weather is cold, he eats the frost grapes and the persimmons, or even the

white-meated turnip, snatched from the field he passed through, with incredible relish.

Afoot and in the open road, one has a fair start in life at last. There is no hindrance now. Let him put his
5 best foot forward. He is on the broadest human plane. This is on the level of all the great laws and heroic deeds. From this platform he is eligible to any good fortune. He was sighing for the golden age; let him walk to it. Every step brings him nearer. The youth of the
10 world is but a few days' journey distant.

Indeed, I know persons who think they have walked back to that fresh aforetime of a single bright Sunday in autumn or early spring. Before noon they felt its airs upon their cheeks, and by nightfall, on the banks of
15 some quiet stream, or along some path in the wood, or on some hilltop, they aver they have heard the voices and felt the wonder and the mystery that so enchanted the early races of men.

I do not think I exaggerate the importance or the
20 charms of pedestrianism, or our need as a people to cultivate the art. I think it would tend to soften the national manners, to teach us the meaning of leisure, to acquaint us with the charms of the open air, to strengthen and foster the tie between the race and the land. No one
25 else looks out upon the world so kindly and charitably as the pedestrian; no one else gives and takes so much from the country he passes through. Next to the laborer

in the fields, the walker holds the closest relation to the soil ; and he holds a closer and more vital relation to nature because he is freer and his mind more at leisure.

Man takes root at his feet, and at best he is no more than a potted plant in his house or carriage till he has 5 established communication with the soil by the loving and magnetic touch of his soles to it. Then the tie of association is born; then spring those invisible fibers and rootlets through which character comes to smack of the soil, and which make a man kindred to the spot of earth 10 he inhabits.

The roads and paths you have walked along in summer and winter weather, the fields and hills you have looked upon in lightness and gladness of heart, where fresh thoughts have come into your mind, or some noble prospect has opened before you, and especially the quiet ways where you have walked in sweet converse with your friend, pausing under the trees, drinking at the spring,—henceforth they are not the same; a new charm is added; these thoughts spring there perennial, your friend walks 20 there forever.

“*gay, fresh sentiment of the road*”: from Whitman’s poem on “The Open Road.” — Thoreau: a great lover of nature who lived for a while on the shores of Walden Pond in the woods of Concord, Mass. He was one of Emerson’s friends. — persimmons: fruit like plums, found in many sections of this country. — golden age: a fabled period of simple happiness in the early history of the world. — smack of: show association with. — *con'verse*: familiar talk. In this, as in many similar cases, the noun takes the accent on the first syllable, while in the verb the accent is thrown upon the last.

THE BURIAL OF GRANT

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

RICHARD WATSON GILDER is an American poet who has had a keen interest in artistic, literary, and social progress. He has been for many years editor of the *Century Magazine*.

NOTE.—This poem was written on the occasion of General Grant's funeral, August 8, 1885. His burial place is at Riverside Park, New York City, on the banks of the Hudson River.

- Ye living soldiers of the mighty war,
Once more from roaring cannon, and the drums,
And bugles blown at morn the summons comes ;
10 Forget the halting limb, each wound and scar :
Once more your Captain calls to you ;
Come to his last review !
- And come ye, too, bright spirits of the dead,
Ye who flamed heavenward from the embattled field ;
15 And ye whose harder fate it was to yield
Life from the loathful prison or anguished bed ;
Dear ghosts ! come join your comrades here
Beside this sacred bier.
- Nor be ye absent, ye immortal band, —
20 Warriors of ages past, and our own age, —
Who drew the sword for right, and not in rage,
Made war that peace might live in all the land,

Nor ever struck one vengeful blow,
But helped the fallen foe.

And fail not ye,— but, ah, ye falter not
To join his army of the dead and living,—
Ye who once felt his might, and his forgiving; 5
Brothers, whom more in love than hate he smote.
For all his countrymen make room
By our great hero's tomb !

Come soldiers,— not to battle as of yore,
But come to weep ; ay, shed your noblest tears ; 10
For lo, the stubborn chief, who knew not fears,
Lies cold at last, ye shall not see him more.
How long grim Death he fought and well,
That poor, lean frame doth tell.

All's over now ; here let our Captain rest, 15
Silent amid the blare of praise and blame ;
Here let him rest, while never rests his fame ;
Here in the city's heart he loved the best,
And where our sons his tomb may see
To make them brave as he ; — 20

As brave as he — he on whose iron arm
Our Greatest leaned, our gentlest and most wise ;
Leaned when all other help seemed mocking lies,
While this one soldier checked the tide of harm,
And they together saved the state, 25
And made it free and great.

WATERLOO

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863) was born in India. He became one of the greatest of English novelists. He studied law in London and afterwards went to Paris and studied art, but finally chose literature as his profession. Among his famous novels are "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," "Vanity Fair," and "Henry Esmond." An American critic, on being asked which of these he liked best, replied, "The one I read last." Thackeray also wrote some verse.

NOTE.—The battle of Waterloo, in Belgium, was fought on the 18th of June, 1815, between Napoleon's French troops on one side and the 10 English and Prussians on the other. Napoleon was conquered. Afterwards he was banished to the island of St. Helena.

We of peaceful London City have never beheld — and please God shall never witness — such a scene of hurry and alarm as that which Brussels presented. All that day, 15 from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth; and you and I, who were children when the great battle was 20 won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action.

Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day.

They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part,

should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we 5 Frenchmen and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the devil's code of honor.

All day long, whilst the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were 10 receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were plowing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Toward evening the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its 15 fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset.

It came at last; the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had 20 maintained all day and spite of all; unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line, the dark, rolling column pressed on and up the hill.

It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began 25 to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then, at last, the English troops rushed from the

post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels,—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field
5 and city.

the Imperial Guard: a body of soldiers chosen by Napoleon as his body-guard.—Saint Jean (sän zhän): the name given by the French to this battle. The English called it Waterloo, from a village four miles away, where Wellington wrote of his victory. See note on Wellington, page 226.

THE NIGHT BEFORE WATERLOO

LORD BYRON

NOTE.—“There never was,” says Thackeray, “since the days of Darius, such a brilliant train of camp followers as hung round the train of the Duke of Wellington’s army in the Low Countries, in 1815; and led it, dancing and feasting, as it were, up to the very brink of battle. A 10 certain ball which a noble duchess gave at Brussels on the 15th of June in the above-named year is historical.” The battle which followed the next day is known as that of Quatre Bras; it occurred forty-eight hours before the battle of Waterloo. On the 16th also was fought the battle of Ligny, Napoleon’s last victory.

- 15 There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium’s capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o’er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
20 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,

Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!



Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
5 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm ! arm ! it is— it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
10 That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
15 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell ;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
20 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
25 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war:
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar; 5
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, “The foe! They come!
they come!”

And wild and high the “Cameron’s Gathering” rose! 10
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn’s hills
Have heard; and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers 15
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan’s, Donald’s fame rings in each clansman’s ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature’s tear-drops, as they pass, 20
Grieving, if aught inanimate e’er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,— alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, now beneath them, but above shall grow

In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
5 Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife;
The morn, the marshaling in arms; the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunderclouds close o'er it, which when rent
10 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent!

Duke of Wellington: a famous English general, who with the aid of the Prussian general, Blücher, conquered Napoleon at Waterloo. While one division of the French army was fighting the English at Quatre Bras, the other, under Napoleon, defeated the Prussians at Ligny; but the union of the English and Prussian forces at Waterloo proved too powerful for Napoleon's army.—**car:** a small vehicle on two wheels. What is now called a car in America was then, of course, unknown. At the present time the word is not used in England to designate a railway conveyance.—**Brunswick's fated chieftain:** Friedrich Wilhelm, Duke of Brunswick, who was killed in the battle of Quatre Bras, was the son of Duke Ferdinand, who was killed by the French at Jená in 1806.—“**Cameron's Gathering:**” the thrilling call to arms of the Highland soldiery. Donald Cameron of Lochiel, known as the “gentle Lochiel,” was a famous Scottish chieftain. See Campbell's spirited poem, “Lochiel's Warning.”—**Albyn:** the poetical form of the word Albion, the ancient name for northern Scotland.—**pibroch** (pē'brok): a martial air, usually played upon the bagpipes. The Scottish piper played a pibroch before the troops went into battle.—**Evan's fame:** Evan Cameron was another Lochiel, known as the “Ulysses of the Highlands.”—**Ardennes** (är-dēn'): the forest of Ardennes. See note on Arden (page 231, “In the Forest”).

THE MORAL RIGHTS OF ANIMALS

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM GRAY

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM GRAY (1830–1901) was an American writer and editor.

The evidences that the lower animals are thinkers, that they are endowed with intellectual faculties, are too many and too obvious to require argument. Do they possess 5 moral natures? The phenomena of moral existence are love, benevolence, gratitude, fidelity; with their opposites, —hatred, revenge, cruelty, malice, and such complex passions as grief, remorse, shame, hope, and despair. Most of these phenomena are as obvious to the casual observer 10 in the lower animals as they are in man; while all are perceived by those who are more interested in the study of the habits and characters of our humble friends.

Suffice it to refer, in a general way, to the unmistakable indications of a sense of guilt and shame; of forbearance 15 and magnanimity; of chivalrous defense of the weak; of generosity to each other and to man; of integrity in the discharge of their trusts; to their long remembrance of and disposition to avenge ill-treatment which they have received, and to reward kindness by confidence, affection, 20 and service; their grief over the loss of human friends, so poignant as in some instances to result in death; their pride, love of admiration, delight at approbation from

each other and from man; their clear ideas of a right of property in their homes.

The moral faculties of the lower animals voice themselves in language and tones as nearly identified with the language and tones of man as the physical conformation of the organs of speech will permit. Anger, defiance, alarm, fear, affection, sorrow, pain, joy, exultation, triumph, derision are heard in all their modulations in the voices and modes of expression of birds and quadrupeds,— language well understood by man, and better understood among the several tribes, each of which speaks an idiom of its own.

Most of the passions and emotions named are also expressed in the soft beaming or the flash of the eye, the pose of the body, the exhibition of weapons, the tremors of the muscles, the lofty, suppliant, or shamed carriage of the head.

When we see a dog, himself hungry, carry food safely to his master, or die bravely in the master's defense, how shall we escape the conviction that noble moral qualities are present in the phenomena? Indeed, the companionship and mutual esteem between man, on the one side, and the dog, horse, or elephant on the other, can only be accounted for by the fact of the presence of a moral nature in each in sympathy with that of the other.

• • • • •

Recognition of the facts in regard to the minds and sensibilities of the lower animals is necessary to enlightened morality, even if we take only the selfish view of its effects upon men's conduct in dealing with each other. The old apothegm that a merciful man is merciful to his beast is a principle of general application. It applies to the whole code. The teaching of metaphysical theorists and dogmaticians is responsible for no end of cruelty to beings which are subject not only to physical pain but to all the varieties of mental suffering of which man is capable. 10 They die of homesickness. They experience depression and despair. They find exit from an intolerable life by suicide. They have a keen sense of wrong done to them, and some of them seek satisfaction in revenge. They are possessed of domestic virtues, and of affection for one 15 another and for their young.

“Farewell, farewell, but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest;
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

20

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear Lord, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

Abridged.

Farewell, etc.: The lines quoted are from Coleridge's “Ancient Mariner.”



IN THE FOREST

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, one of the greatest dramatic poets that ever lived, was born at Stratford, England, in 1564. He was an actor as well as a writer of plays. Many of his stories were frankly taken from other writers, but the beauty and power of his plays are all his own. A great German critic said of him, "Never was there such a wide talent for the drawing of character as Shakespeare's." This king of poets died in 1616. Among his greatest plays are "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Julius Cæsar," and "Romeo and Juliet."

NOTE.—This selection is taken from one of the most charming of Shakespeare's plays, "As You Like It." The scene is laid in France in 10 the forest of Arden (Ardennes), but undoubtedly Shakespeare describes the English forest of Arden, which was near his own home.

A duke whose rights have been usurped by his brother, is living in exile in the forest of Arden. With him are two lords, Amiens and Jaques, and a few other noblemen.

15

[Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and other LORDS, in the
dress of foresters.]

Duke Senior. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say

20

“ This is no flattery : these are counselors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.”
Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
5 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
10 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
15 Should in their own confines with forkèd heads,
Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
20 To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
25 That from the hunter’s aim had ta’en a hurt,

Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
5
 In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much markèd of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques ?
 Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

10

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
 First, for his weeping into the needless stream ;
 "Poor deer," quoth he, "thou makest a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much :" then, being there alone, 15
 Left and abandoned of his velvet friends,
 "Tis right," quoth he ; "thus misery doth part
 The flux of company :" anon a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
 And never stays to greet him ; "Ay," quoth Jaques, 20
 "Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
 'T is just the fashion : wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?"
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court, 25
 Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we

Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up,
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

5 *Second Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

Jaques (jäc'wes): two syllables are demanded by the meter.—**a precious jewel**: it was believed for a long time that the toad carried in his head a stone possessed of magical power.—**kill us venison**: kill venison for ourselves.—**irks**: vexes.—**burglers**: citizens.—**Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out**: notice how Shakespeare in a single line describes an oak of many centuries' growth.—**th' needless stream**: the stream which needed no more.—**testament**: will.—**left and abandoned of**: in Shakespeare's time *of* was sometimes used for *by*.—**velvet**: delicate. *Velvet* is the name given to the outer covering of the horns of a stag in the early stages of their growth.—**cope him**: encounter him.—**matter**: good sense.
straight: straightway, immediately. See Act III, Scene V, line 142, of this same play, "I'll write it straight"; and also "Hamlet," Act V, Scene I, line 4, "therefore make her grave straight."

THE FIRST FOURTH-OF-JULY CELEBRATION¹

JOHN BACH McMASTER

JOHN BACH McMASTER (1852—) is an American historian.

Philadelphia was the first large city to receive the news [of the adoption of the Constitution], and there the popular rejoicings put on a more impressive form. It was instantly determined that the coming 4th of July should be made the occasion for a great display of Federal spirit. . . .

Not a moment was wasted, and by the night of the 3d all was ready. The pavements had been swept, the trees had been lopped. Ten ships had been procured, dressed in bunting and anchored in the Delaware, one at the foot of every street from North Liberties to South Street. They were typical of the ten ratifying states.

As the first rays of the morning sun came over the eastern bank of the Delaware, the ship Rising Sun, which lay at the foot of Market Street, fired a national salute, the bells of Christ Church rang out, and each of the ten vessels on the river ran up to her masthead a broad white flag which, spread by a stiff breeze from the south, displayed the name of the commonwealth for which she stood. 20

¹ From "A History of the People of the United States." Copyright, 1883, by D. Appleton & Co.

Meanwhile the procession was fast forming in the city, but the sun had been four hours up before it began to move. Every trade, every business, every occupation of life was represented. There were saddlers and gunsmiths, stone cutters; tanners, brewers, merchants, doctors, shipwrights, and stocking makers.

The cordwainers sent a miniature shop. The rope makers marched each with a bunch of hemp and a piece of rope in his hand. The Manufacturers' Society delighted the crowd with the spectacle of a huge wagon drawn by ten horses and neatly covered with cotton cloth of their own make. On the wagon were a lace loom, a printing mill, a carding and a spinning jenny of eighty spindles.

Compared with the cunningly and exquisitely wrought machines now to be found in the mills and factories of New England, they would seem rude and ill-formed. But they were among the newest inventions of the age, and were looked on by our ancestors as marvels of mechanical ingenuity. There, too, were represented in succession, Independence, the French Alliance, the Definitive Treaty, the Convention of the States, and the Federal Roof,—a huge dome supported by thirteen Corinthian columns.

But the cheering was never so loud as when the Federal ship Union came in sight. She had, it was whispered among the crowd, been built in four days. Her bottom was the barge of the ship Alliance, and was the same that had once belonged to the Serapis, and had been taken in

the memorable fight by Paul Jones. She mounted twenty guns, and had upon her deck four small boys, who performed all the duties of a crew, set sail, took a pilot on board, trimmed the sheets to suit the breeze, threw out



the lead, cast anchor at Union Green, and sent off 5
dispatches to the President of the United States.

When the end of the procession had passed Union Green, Wilson gave the address. Hopkinson wrote the ode, which, printed in English and German, was scattered among the people and sent off on the wings of carrier 10 pigeons to the ten ratifying states. That night the

streets of the city were bright with bonfires and noisy with the shouts of revelers.

But the rejoicings did not end with the day. For months afterward the newspapers gave unmistakable evidence of the pleasure with which the great mass of the people contemplated the new plan. The word "Federal" became more popular than ever. It was given by town committees as names to streets in numberless towns, and was used as a catchword by tradesmen and shopkeepers.

- 10 In the shipping news appeared notices that the sloop Anarchy, when last heard from, was ashore on Union Rocks; that the scow Old Confederation—Imbecility, master—had gone to sea; and that on the same day the stanch ship Federal Constitution, with Public Credit,
15 Commercial Prosperity, and National Energy on board, had reached her haven in safety.

Abridged.

Federal: those who upheld the constitution were known as Federalists. Others among the patriotic leaders were afraid of centralizing the power of the new government.—**cordwainers**: workers in cordovan leather; shoemakers.—**jenny**: a machine used in manufactures.—**the Definitive Treaty**: a treaty between Great Britain and the United States, signed at Paris, September 3, 1783. The Revolution was virtually ended in 1781.—**Corinthian**: a form of Greek architecture having much ornament.—**the "Alliance"**: an American frigate, commanded by a Frenchman during the battle with the "Serapis." Instead of aiding Paul Jones, the "Alliance" fired indiscriminately. When the battle was over Jones took command of her and returned to France.—**the "Serapis"**: a British frigate, captured off the English coast in 1779, by Paul Jones.—**the lead**: used to take soundings.—**trimmed the sheets**: adjusted the ropes.—**Wilson**: James Wilson of Pennsylvania, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.—**Hopkinson**: an American author and patriot. His son, years later, wrote "Hail Columbia."

CAROLINA

HENRY TIMROD

Through lands which look one sea of billowy gold
Broad rivers wind their devious ways ;
A hundred isles in their embraces fold
A hundred luminous bays ;
And through yon purple haze 5
Vast mountains lift their plumèd peaks cloud-crowned ;
And, save where up their sides the plowman creeps,
An unhewn forest girds them grandly round,
In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps !
Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with me gaze 10
Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth !
Thou Sun, that kindlest all thy gentlest rays
Above it, as to light a favorite hearth !
Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the west
See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers ! 15
And you, ye Winds, that on the ocean's breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers !
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays, 20
Or given a home to man !

From "The Cotton Boll."

CLOUDS

WILSON FLAGG

WILSON FLAGG (1805-1884) was an American author whose books are mainly studies of New England country life.

NOTE. — This selection is taken from "Halcyon Days."

It is not difficult to understand that if the sun rose
5 clearly into the blue heavens without any changes except
from darkness to light, through all the degrees of twilight,
the charms of the morning would be greatly diminished.
But Nature, that all hearts might be enamored of the
morn, has wreathed her temples with dappled crimson,
10 and animated her countenance with those milder glories
that so well become the fair daughter of the dawn and
the gentle mother of dews.

In ancient fable, Aurora is a beautiful nymph who
blushes when she first enters into the presence of Day,
15 and the clouds are the fabric with which she veils her
features at his approach. But a young person of sensi-
bility needs no such allegory to inspire him with a sense
of the incomparable beauty and grandeur of the orient at
break of day. It is associated with some of the happiest
20 moments of his life; and the exhilarated feelings with
which we look upon the dayspring in the east are prob-
ably one cause of the tonic and healthful influence of
early rising.

The forms of clouds are not less beautiful or expressive than their colors. While their outlines are sufficiently definite for picturesque effects, they often assume a great uniformity in their aggregations. The frostwork on our window panes on cold winter mornings exhibits no greater variety of figures than that assumed by the clouds in their distribution over the heavens.

Beginning in the form of vapor that rolls its fleecy masses slowly over the plain, resembling at a distance sometimes a smooth sheet of water, and at other times a 10 drifted snow bank, the cloud divides itself as it ascends, into globular heaps that reflect the sunlight from a thousand silvery domes.

These, after gradually dissolving, reappear in a host of finely mottled images, resembling the scales of a fish, then 15 marshal themselves into undulating rows like the waves of the sea, and are lastly metamorphosed into a thin, gauzy fabric, like crumpled muslin, or in a long drapery of hairlike fringe, overspreading the higher regions of the atmosphere.

As the most delightful views of ocean are attained when a small part of it is seen through a green recess in a wood, for the same cause the blue sky is never so beautiful as when seen through the openings in the clouds. The emotion produced by any scene is the more intense when the 25 greater part of the object that causes it is hidden, leaving room for the entrance of pleasant images into the mind.

Clouds are peculiarly suggestive on account of the ambiguity of their shapes and their constant changes. Nothing, indeed, in nature so closely resembles the mysterious operations of thought, ever ceaseless in their motions
5 and ever varying in their combinations,— now passing from a shapeless heap into a finely marshaled band; then dissolving into the pellucid atmosphere as a series of thoughts will pass away from our memory; then slowly forming themselves again and recombining in a still more
10 beautiful and dazzling congeries in another part of the sky; now gloomy, changeable, and formless, then assuming a definite shape and glowing with light and beauty; lastly fading into darkness when the sun departs, as the mind for a short period is obliterated in sleep.

15 It is remarkable that in the evening, after the hues of sunset have faded to a certain point, the clouds are sometimes reilluminated before darkness comes on. Before the sun declines, the clouds are grayish tipped with silver. As he recedes, the gray portion becomes brown or auburn,
20 and the silvery edges of a yellow or golden hue. While the auburn is resolved into purple, the yellows deepen into vermillion and orange. Every tint is constantly changing into a deeper one, until the sky is decorated with every imaginable tint except green and blue. When
25 these colors have attained their greatest splendor, they gradually fade until the mass of each cloud has turned to a dull iron-gray, and every beautiful tint has vanished.

We might then suppose that all this glory had faded. After a few minutes, however, the clouds begin once more to brighten; the whole scene is gradually reilluminated, and passes through another equally regular gradation of more somber tints, consisting of olive, lilac, and bronze,⁵ and their intermediate shades. The second illumination is neither so bright nor so beautiful as the first. But I have known the light that was shed upon the earth to be sensibly increased for a few moments by this second gradation of hues, without any diminution of the mass of cloud.¹⁰

Men of the world may praise the effects of certain medical excitants that serve, by benumbing the outward senses, to exalt the soul into reveries of bliss and untried exercises of thought. But the only divine exhilaration proceeds from contemplating the beautiful and sublime scenes of nature as beheld on the face of the earth and the sky. It is under this vast canopy of celestial splendors, more than in any other situation, that the faculties may become inspired without madness and exalted without subsequent depression.¹⁵²⁰

The blue heavens are the page whereon nature has revealed some pleasant intimations of the mysteries of a more spiritual existence; and no vision of heaven and immortality ever entered the human soul but the Deity responded to it upon the firmament in letters of gold,²⁵ ruby, and sapphire.

ambigu'ity: uncertainty.—*pellu'cid*: clear.—*cōgrediēs* (*con-je'rī-ēz*): a heap.

CASSIUS TO BRUTUS

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

NOTE.—This selection is from the play “Julius Cæsar.” Cassius is trying to stir the vanity and envy of Brutus so that he may persuade him to join the conspiracy to kill Cæsar. See note on page 358.

Well, honor is the subject of my story.
5 I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
10 We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, “Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
15 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?” Upon the word,
Accoutered as I was, I plungèd in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
20 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, “Help me, Cassius, or I sink!”

I, as *Aeneas*, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,

5



If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world

10

Did lose his luster : I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, " Give me some drink, Titinius,"

5 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. . . .

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
10 Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
15 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar : what should be in that " Cæsar " ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;

20 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !

25 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man ?

When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man ?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say, 5
There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

chafing with: lashing the shore as if angry.—**hearts of controversy**: hearts ready to fight against the strength of the river.—**arrive**: arrive at. In Shakespeare's time the preposition was frequently omitted, as “depart the city.”—**Æne'as**: the son of Anchises. At the burning of Troy Æneas carried off his father upon his shoulders. See the selection, “The Flight of Æneas,” page 153.—**from their color fly**: become white. The allusion is to cowardly soldiers fleeing from their colors.—**his luster**: its luster. The neuter possessive pronoun was rarely used in Shakespeare's day.—**temper**: temperament.—**a Colossus**: the Colossus, at Rhodes, was one of the seven wonders of the world. The story is that the entrance of the harbor of Rhodes was spanned by this huge brass statue, over one hundred feet in height. Hence our word *colossal*, meaning of great size.—**dishonorable**: lacking honor, unnoticed.—**our stars**: the Romans believed that the stars seen in the sky at the time of a man's birth decided what his destiny was to be.—**underlings**: inferiors.—**conjure with 'em**: ancient conjurers pretended to raise the dead by uttering certain names,—“a name to conjure with.”—**the great flood**: Greek mythology has a story similar to that of the Hebrew Scriptures. Deucalion was a king in whose reign occurred a great flood, sent to punish men for their impiety.—**Rome**: pronounced *room* until within a hundred years.—**there was a Brutus once**: Junius Brutus, the first Roman consul, from whom this Brutus claimed descent.—**brooked**: tolerated, endured. This comes from an old Anglo-Saxon word meaning also to digest, which is akin to the evident meaning here, to stomach.

THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE

WENDELL PHILLIPS

This address was delivered in Boston on March 10, 1859.

There was a time when it seemed almost providential that our race should have the keen edge of money-loving. We were to conquer the continent. God set us to subdue 5 the wilderness. We were to dot America with cities and states; we were to marry the oceans with roads. Two generations have almost done it.

That function could be discharged only under the keen stimulus of a love of pecuniary and material gain. God 10 gave it to us for that purpose. I never blushed for the Yankee's love for the "Almighty Dollar"; it was no fault in the age of it.

But now, we may say, we have built our London and our Paris, we have finished our Rome and our Vienna, and 15 the time has come to crowd them with art, to flush them with the hues of painting, and fill them with museums of science, and all to create and feed a keen appetite for intellectual culture and progress among the people.

In our libraries, books wear out in using; and no complaint 20 is made anywhere of want of popular interest in any scientific collection. You know not how the taste grows by the feeding. We sometimes forget how the sight of these stores unfolds a taste which the man himself never

dreamed that he possessed. He gazes, and lo! he too is a thinker and a student, instead of a half-wakened brute, born only, as the Roman says, "to consume the fruits of the earth." He no longer merely digs or cumbers the ground, or hangs a dead weight on some braver soul. 5 He *thinks*—and his spreading pinion lifts his fellows.

The name of Dr. Bowditch, a man eminent in every good work, gives me an illustration pertinent to the occasion. His father was a poor boy, one of those whose early privations and need after-time gathers up with loving and 10 grateful admiration.

It chanced that one of the privateers of Essex County brought in, as a prize, the extensive library of Dr. Kirwan,—a scientific man. It was given to the public by the generosity of the merchants of Salem, and so became 15 open to young Bowditch. He was left to avail himself at will of this magazine of science. The boy grew into a man; wife and children were about him, and moderate wealth in his hands.

Laplace published his sublime work, which it is said 20 only twenty men in the world can read. With patient toil, with a brain which that early devotion had made strong, Bowditch mastered its contents and was the first among the twenty to open that great commentary on the works of God to every man who reads the English language, by 25 translating it into our tongue, and supplying, with adroit and skillful industry, the steps by which the humblest

student in mathematics may follow the giant strides of Laplace.

The expense of publishing a work which so few would buy would take half of his fortune. That life had in part educated, perhaps, his wife to the same high-souled determination which animated him. He said to her, "Shall we give our wealth to this service for posterity? shall we give it to our boys, or spend it in the pleasures of life?" "Publish," was the wife's reply.

- 10 He consecrated half his fortune to the service of the future, and left to his children only an education and example. They stand now around us, eminent in every profession, and equally eminent for the same enthusiastic devotion and the same liberality in every good cause. How
15 proud might the state be, if, by opening similar libraries and museums, she educated a community of Bowditches, fathers of such children in the generations to come!

Abridged.

the "Almighty Dollar": Washington Irving speaks of "the Almighty Dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land."—
the Roman: Horace I, 2, 27.—**Dr. Bowditch:** a famous mathematician. He was born in Salem in 1773, and died in Boston in 1838.—**privateers:** private vessels sent out in war time against the enemy. The ship here spoken of was the "Pilgrim." In 1781 the books were made the foundation of the Philosophical Library of Salem.—**magazine:** a place in which supplies are stored.—**Laplace:** one of the greatest scientists of any age or country. He was the son of a poor French farmer, but worked his way to the front rank as a mathematician and an astronomer. He was a contemporary of Napoleon and had his own dreams of political greatness, but his fame rests entirely upon his scientific work.

THE DOUGLAS

SIR WALTER SCOTT

NOTE. — The Douglas, who has long been exiled by King James, has come unrecognized to take part in the sports of the country people. He has a faint hope that the king may recognize him and renew their old friendship. Instead of this, the cruel treatment of his faithful dog leads Douglas to strike the king's huntsman.

5

Then clamored loud the royal train,
And brandished swords and staves amain,
But stern the Baron's warning :—“ Back !
Back, on your lives, ye menial pack !
Beware the Douglas.—Yes ; behold,
King James ! The Douglas, doomed of old,
And vainly sought for near and far,
A victim to atone the war,
A willing victim, now attends,
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends.”
“ Thus is my clemency repaid ?
Presumptuous lord ! ” the Monarch said ;
“ Of thy misproud ambitious clan,
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
The only man, in whom a foe
My woman-mercy would not know ;
But shall a Monarch’s presence brook
Injurious blow, and haughty look ?—

What ho! the Captain of our Guard!
Give the offender fitting ward.—
Break off the sports!”—for tumult rose,
And yoemen ’gan to bend their bows,—
“Break off the sports!” he said, and frown’d,
“And bid our horsemen clear the ground.”

Then uproar wild and misarray
Marred the fair form of festal day.
At once round Douglas darkly sweep
The royal spears in circle deep,
And slowly scale the pathway steep;
While on the rear in thunder pour
The rabble with disordered roar.
With grief the noble Douglas saw
The Commons rise against the law,
And to the leading soldier said,—
“Sir John of Hyndford! ’t was my blade
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
For that good deed, permit me then
A word with these misguided men.

“Hear, gentle friends! ere yet for me
Ye break the bands of fealty.
My life, my honor, and my cause,
I tender free to Scotland’s laws.
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?

Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
 Is then my selfish rage so strong,
 My sense of public weal so low,
 That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
 Those cords of love I should unbind,
 Which knit my country and my kind?
 O no! Believe in yonder tower
 It will not soothe my captive hour,

5



To know those spears our foes should dread,
 For me in kindred gore are red;
 To know in fruitless brawl begun,
 For me, that mother wails her son;
 For me, that widow's mate expires;
 For me, that orphans weep their sires;
 That patriots mourn insulted laws,
 And curse the Douglas for the cause.

10

15

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 For me, that widow's mate expires;
 For me, that orphans weep their sires;
 That patriots mourn insulted laws,
15
 And curse the Douglas for the cause.

O let your patience ward such ill,
 And keep your right to love me still!"

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
 In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
 5 With lifted hands and eyes, they prayed
 For blessings on his generous head,
 Who for his country felt alone,
 And prized her blood beyond his own.
 Old men upon the verge of life,
 10 Blessed him who stayed the civil strife;
 And mothers held their babes on high,
 The self-devoted chief to spy,
 Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
 To whom the prattlers owed a sire:
 15 Even the rough soldier's heart was moved;
 As if behind some bier beloved,
 With trailing arms and drooping head,
 The Douglas up the hill he led,
 And at the castle's battled verge,
 20 With sighs resigned his honored charge.

From "The Lady of the Lake."

emain': with main, or force. We still say "with might and main." —
misproud: viciously proud. — **ward**: confinement. — **misarray**: disorder. —
Hynd'ford: a village on the Clyde. — **yonder tower**: a tower in Stirling
 Castle. Here another Douglas had been killed. — **ward**: ward off. — **the
 rough soldier**: Sir John. — **verge**: formerly pronounced *varge*. Notice that
 Scott has used it in a previous selection to rhyme with *wrge*.

WHAT A GOOD HISTORY OUGHT TO BE

THOMAS CARLYLE

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881) was a Scotch philosopher and essayist. He was always protesting and denouncing, and his rough style is not easy to read. He was a thorough student of German literature, and his fondness for its idioms is shown in all his work. Personally he had to contend with much illness and anxiety, and though his irritable temper 5 made him "ower hard to live with," he was respected for his great mental strength and for his unflinching honesty. His book "Heroes and Hero Worship" is a favorite with young people.

It is not speaking with exaggeration, but with strict measured sobriety, to say that this Book of Boswell's will 10 give us more real insight into the History of England during those days than twenty other Books, falsely entitled "Histories," which take to themselves that special aim.

What good is it to me though innumerable Smolletts and Belshams keep dinning in my ears that a man named 15 George the Third was born and bred up, and a man named George the Second died; that Walpole, and the Pelhams, and Chatham, and North, with their Coalition or their Separation Ministries, all ousted one another; and vehemently scrambled for "the thing they called the 20 Rudder of Government, but which was in reality the Spigot of Taxation"?

That debates were held, and infinite jarring and jar-goning took place; and road-bills and enclosure-bills, and game-bills and India-bills, and Laws which no man can 25

number, which happily few men needed to trouble their heads with beyond the passing moment, were enacted, and printed by the King's Stationer? That he who sat in Chancery, and rayed out speculation from the Woolsack,
5 was now a man that squinted, now a man that did not squint? To the hungry and thirsty mind all this avails next to nothing. These men and these things, we indeed know, did swim, by strength or by specific levity, as apples on the top of the current: but is it by painfully
10 noting the courses, eddyings, and bobbings hither and thither of such drift-articles that you will unfold to me the nature of the current itself; of that mighty-rolling, loud-roaring Life-current, bottomless as the foundations of the Universe, mysterious as its Author?

15 The thing I want to see is not Redbook Lists, and Court Calendars, and Parliamentary Registers, but the LIFE OF MAN in England: what men did, thought, suffered, enjoyed; the form, especially the spirit, of their terrestrial existence, its outward environment, its inward
20 principle; *how* and *what* it was; whence it proceeded, whither it was tending.

Mournful, in truth, is it to behold what the business called "History," in these so enlightened and illuminated times, still continues to be. Can you gather from it, read
25 till your eyes go out, any dimmest shadow of an answer to that great question: How men lived and had their being; were it but economically, as what wages they got,

and what they bought with these? Unhappily you cannot. History will throw no light on any such matter. At the point where living memory fails, it is all darkness; Mr. Senior and Mr. Sadler must still debate this simplest of all elements in the condition of the past: Whether men 5 were better off in their mere larders and pantries, or were worse off than now! History, as it stands all bound up in gilt volumes, is but a shade more instructive than the wooden volumes of a Backgammon-board. How my Prime Minister was appointed is of less moment to me 10 than how my House-Servant was hired. In these days, ten ordinary histories of Kings and Courtiers were well exchanged against the tenth part of one good history of Booksellers.

For example, I would fain know the History of Scotland; who can tell it me? "Robertson," cry innumerable voices; "Robertson against the world." I open Robertson; and find there, through long ages too confused for narrative, and fit only to be presented in the way of epitome and distilled essence, a cunning answer 20 and hypothesis, not to this question: By whom, and by what means, when and how, was this fair, broad Scotland, with its Arts and Manufactures, Temples, Schools, Institutions, Poetry, Spirit, National Character, created and made arable, verdant, peculiar, great, here as I can see some 25 fair section of it lying, kind and strong (like some Bacchus-tamed Lion), from the Castle-hill of Edinburgh?

— but to this other question : How did the King keep himself alive in those old days ; and restrain so many Butcher-Barons and ravenous Henchmen from utterly extirpating one another, so that killing went on in some sort of moderation ? In the one little Letter of *Æneas Sylvius*, from old Scotland, there is more of History than in all this.

At length, however, we come to a luminous age, interesting enough ; to the age of the Reformation. All Scotland is awakened, convulsed, fermenting, struggling to 10 body itself forth anew. To the herdsman, among his cattle in remote woods ; to the craftsman, in his rude, heath-thatched workshop, among his rude guild-brethren ; to the great and to the little, a new light has arisen ; in town and hamlet groups are gathered, with eloquent looks, 15 and governed or ungovernable tongues ; the great and the little go forth together to do battle for the Lord against the mighty.

We ask, with breathless eagerness : How was it ; how went it on ? Let us understand it, let us see it, and know 20 it ! In reply, is handed us a really graceful and most dainty little Scandalous Chronicle (as for some Journal of Fashion) of two persons : Mary Stuart, a Beauty, but over light-headed ; and Henry Darnley, a Booby who had fine legs. How these first courted, billed and cooed, according to nature ; then pouted, fretted, grew utterly enraged, and blew one another up with gunpowder : this, and not 25 the History of Scotland, is what we good-naturedly read.

Nay, by other hands, something like a horse-load of other Books has been written to prove that it was the Beauty who blew up the Booby, and that it was not she. Who or what it was, the thing once for all being so effectually done, concerns us little. To know Scotland at that great epoch, were a valuable increase of knowledge; to know poor Darnley, and see him with burning candle, from center to skin, were no increase of knowledge at all.—Thus is History written.

Hence, indeed, comes it that History, which should be “the essence of innumerable Biographies,” will tell us, question it as we like, less than one genuine Biography may do, pleasantly and of its own accord! The time is approaching when History will be attempted on quite other principles; when the Court, the Senate, and Battlefield, receding more and more into the background, the Temple, the Workshop and Social Hearth, will advance more and more into the foreground; and History will not content itself with shaping some answer to that question: How were men *taxed* and *kept quiet* then? but will seek to answer this other infinitely wider and higher question: How and what *were men* then?

Not our Government only, or the “*House* wherein our life was led,” but the *Life* itself we led there, will be inquired into. Of which latter it may be found that Government, in any modern sense of the word, is, after all, but a secondary condition: in the mere sense of *Taxation*

and *Keeping quiet*, a small, almost a pitiful one.—Meanwhile let us welcome such Boswells, each in his degree, as bring us any genuine contribution, were it never so inadequate, so inconsiderable.

this Book of Boswell's: a life of Dr. Samuel Johnson. It was a great success as a biography, being full of personal details. Notice Carlyle's excessive use of capitals.—**Smollett** and **Belsham**: two English historians. Smollett was also a novelist.—**Walpole**: Robert Walpole, a great English statesman.—**the Pelhams**: brothers who were opposed to Walpole.—**Chatham**: William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.—**Coalition**: combination. Lord North and his opponent, Fox, were united in what is known as the Coalition Ministry.—**Chancery**: an English high court of justice.—**the Woolsack**: the seat of the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords. It is a square bag of wool, without back or arms. It commemorates the fact that wool was England's chief source of wealth during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.—**Redbook Lists**: the Red Book is a manuscript containing the names of those who held landed property in England before the Norman Conquest in 1066.—**Mr. Senior** and **Mr. Sadler**: two Englishmen who were much interested in economics and the Poor Laws.—**Bacchus**: the Greek god of wine. He was believed to have the power of charming wild animals.—**Butcher-Barons**: the cruel and rapacious nobles of the Middle Ages.—**Aeneas Syl'vius**: a liberally educated Italian who had much literary ability. He became pope (Pius II) in 1458.—**Mary Stuart**: queen of Scotland and the daughter of James V. Darnley's good looks caused Mary to select him as her husband. Her choice proved to be an unfortunate one. He was killed by an explosion of gunpowder, and many believed the queen to be guilty of the crime. Robertson and Froude, two eminent historians, uphold this opinion.

SURRENDER OF GRANADA

BULWER LYTTON

SIR EDWARD GEORGE BULWER LYTTON (1803–1873) was a British novelist and poet. He wrote many novels, among the most popular of which is the “Last Days of Pompeii” (see page 276). This selection is from “Leila.”

NOTE.—When Spain was overrun by the Saracens, early in the eighth century, the Christians took refuge in the mountains and founded a new kingdom. For hundreds of years an incessant warfare went on between them and the Mohammedans, until in the year 1492 Ferdinand and Isabella brought a long siege to a successful termination, and the power of the Saracens in Spain was ended. Compare this account with the 10 selection from Prescott, page 332.

Day dawned upon Granada. The populace had sought their homes, and a profound quiet wrapped the streets, save where, from the fires committed in the late tumult, was yet heard the crash of roofs, or the crackle of the 15 light and fragrant timber employed in those pavilions of the summer. Day dawned, and the beams of the winter sun, smiling away the clouds of the past night, played cheerily on the murmuring waves of the Xenil and the Darro.

20

Alone, upon a balcony commanding that stately landscape, stood the last of the Moorish kings. He had sought to bring to his aid all the lessons of the philosophy he had cultivated. “What are we,” thought the musing prince, “that we should fill the world with ourselves—we kings! 25

Earth resounds with the crash of my falling throne: on the ear of races unborn the echo will live prolonged. But what have I lost?—nothing that was necessary to my happiness, my repose; nothing save the source of all my
5 wretchedness! Shall I less enjoy heaven and earth, or thought or action, or man's more material luxuries of food and sleep,—the common and the cheap desires of all? Arouse thee, then, O heart within me! many and deep emotions of sorrow and of joy are yet left to break the
10 monotony of existence."

He paused; and, at the distance, his eye fell upon the lonely minarets of the distant and deserted palace. He turned away, and his cheek suddenly grew pale, for he heard in the courts below the tread of hoofs, the bustle
15 of preparation: it was the hour for his departure. His philosophy vanished: he groaned aloud, and reentered his chamber just as his vizier and the chief of his guard broke upon his solitude.

The old vizier attempted to speak, but his voice failed
20 him. "It is time, then, to depart," said Boabdil with calmness; "let it be so: render up the palace and the fortress, and join thy friend, no more thy monarch, in his new home."

He stayed not for reply: he hurried on, descended to
25 the court, flung himself upon his barb, and, with a small and saddened train, passed through the gate which we yet survey, by a blackened and crumbling tower, overgrown

with vines and ivy ; thence, amidst gardens, now appertaining to the convent of the victor faith, he took his mournful and unwitnessed way. When he came to the middle of the hill that rises above those gardens, the steel of the Spanish armor gleamed upon him, as the detachment sent to occupy the palace marched over the summit in steady order and profound silence.



Boabdil rode on, without looking to the right or left. The Spaniards also pursued their way. The sun had fairly risen above the mountains when Boabdil and his train 10 beheld, from the eminence on which they were, the whole armament of Spain ; and at the same moment, louder than the tramp of horse or the clash of arms, was heard distinctly the solemn chant of the Te Deum, which

preceded the blaze of the unfurled and lofty standards. Boabdil, himself still silent, heard the groans and exclamations of his train ; he turned to cheer or chide them, and then saw, on his own watchtower, with the sun shining 5 full upon its pure and dazzling surface, the silver cross of Spain. His Alhambra was already in the hands of the foe.

At that sight the king's voice died within him : he gave the rein to his barb, impatient to close the fatal ceremonial, and did not slacken his speed till almost within bowshot 10 of the first ranks of the army. Never had Christian war assumed a more splendid and imposing aspect. Far as the eye could reach extended the glittering and gorgeous lines of that goodly power, bristling with sunlit spears and blazoned banners ; while beside, murmured and glowed and 15 danced the silver and laughing Xenil, careless what lord should possess, for his little day, the banks that bloomed by its everlasting course.

By a small mosque halted the flower of the army. Surrounded by the archpriests of that mighty hierarchy, the 20 peers and princes of a court that rivaled the Rolands of Charlemagne, was seen the kingly form of Ferdinand himself, with Isabel at his right hand, and the high-born dames of Spain ; relieving, with their gay colors and sparkling gems, the sterner splendor of the crested helmet 25 and polished mail.

Within sight of the royal group Boabdil halted, composed his aspect so as best to conceal his soul, and, a

little in advance of his scanty train, but never in mien and majesty more a king, the son of Abdallah met his haughty conqueror. At the sight of his princely countenance and golden hair, his comely and commanding beauty, made more touching by youth, a thrill of compassionate admiration ran through that assembly of the brave and fair. Ferdinand and Isabel slowly advanced to meet their late rival,—their new subject; and, as Boabdil would have dismounted, the Spanish king placed his hand upon his shoulder. “Brother and prince,” said he, “forget thy 10 sorrows; and may our friendship hereafter console thee for reverses against which thou hast contended as a hero and a king, resisting man, but resigned at length to God!”

Boabdil did not affect to return this bitter but unintentional mockery of compliment. He bowed his head and remained a moment silent; then, motioning to his train, four of his officers approached, and kneeling beside Ferdinand, proffered to him, upon a silver buckler, the keys of the city. “O king,” then said Boabdil, “accept the keys 20 of the last hold which has resisted the arms of Spain! The empire of the Moslem is no more. Thine are the city and the people of Granada: yielding to thy prowess, they yet confide in thy mercy.”

“They do well,” said the king; “our promises shall not 25 be broken. But, since we know the gallantry of Moorish cavaliers, not to us, but to gentler hands, shall the keys of

Granada be surrendered.” Thus saying, Ferdinand gave the keys to Isabel, who would have addressed some soothing flatteries to Boabdil; but the emotion and excitement were too much for her compassionate heart, heroine and queen
5 though she was; and when she lifted her eyes upon the pale and calm features of the fallen monarch, the tears gushed from them irresistibly, and her voice died in murmurs. A faint flush overspread the features of Boabdil, and there was a momentary pause of embarrassment, which
10 the Moor was the first to break.

“Fair queen,” said he, with mournful and pathetic dignity, “thou canst read the heart that thy generous sympathy touches and subdues; this is thy last, nor least, glorious conquest. But I detain ye: let not my aspect
15 cloud your triumph. Suffer me to say farewell.” Boabdil smiled bitterly, saluted the royal pair with profound and silent reverence, and rode slowly on, leaving the army below, as he ascended the path that led to his new principality beyond the Alpuxarras.

20 As the trees snatched the Moorish cavalcade from the view of the king, Ferdinand ordered the army to recommence its march; and trumpet and cymbal presently sent their music to the ear of the Moslems.

Boabdil spurred on at full speed, till his panting charger
25 halted at the little village where his mother and his slaves awaited him. Joining these, he proceeded without delay upon his melancholy path.

They ascended that eminence which is the pass into the Alpuxarras. From its height, the vale, the rivers, the spires, the towers of Granada, broke gloriously upon the view of the little band. They halted, mechanically and abruptly: every eye was turned to the beloved scene. The 5 proud shame of baffled warriors, the tender memories of home, of childhood, of fatherland, swelled every heart and gushed from every eye.

Suddenly the distant boom of artillery broke from the citadel and rolled along the sunlit valley and crystal river. 10 A universal wail burst from the exiles: it smote, it over-powered the heart of the ill-starred king, in vain seeking to wrap himself in Eastern pride or stoical philosophy. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he covered his face with his hands. The band wound slowly on through the 15 solitary defiles: and that place where the king wept is still called “The Last Sigh of the Moor.”

Abridged.

Grañáda: a province and city of Spain.—**Xenil** (ha-neel') and **Darro**: rivers of Spain.—**Boabdil'** (dél'): the last Moorish king of Granada.—**barb**: a horse of superior breed, brought from Barbary into Spain by the Moors.—**the Te De'um**: a Latin hymn.—**Alham'b're**: the royal palace and fortress. This was a very wonderful and beautiful example of Moorish art. See Irving's “Alhambra.”—**Ro'land**: a French hero famous for his gallantry and loyalty.—**Charlemagne** (sharl'main): a great ruler who in the eighth century had fought against the Saracens. He was Roland's uncle.—**the Mos'lem**: the followers of Mohammed were called Moslems or Moslem as well as Mohammedans. From the plains of Arabia they had spread through northern Africa, and, entering Spain, had threatened to conquer all Europe.—**Alpuxarras** (al-poo-har'ras): a range of mountains.—**stoical philosophy**: the teaching of the Stoics demanded that they should appear indifferent to suffering.

WEALTH

JOHN RUSKIN

The laws which at present regulate the possession of wealth are unjust, because the motives which provoke to its attainment are impure; but no socialism can effect their abrogation, unless it can abrogate also covetousness
5 and pride, which it by no means yet is in the way of doing. Nor can the change be, in any case, to the extent that has been imagined. Extremes of luxury may be forbidden, and agony of penury relieved; but nature intends, and the utmost efforts of socialism will not hinder the
10 fulfillment of her intention, that a provident person shall always be richer than a spendthrift, and an ingenuous one more comfortable than a fool. But, indeed, the adjustment of the possession of the products of industry depends more on their nature than their quantity, and on
15 wise determination therefore of the aims of industry. A nation which desires true wealth desires it moderately, and can therefore distribute it with kindness and possess it with pleasure; but one which desires false wealth, desires it immoderately, and can neither dispense it with
20 justice nor enjoy it in peace.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

ALFRED TENNYSON

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809–1892) was one of the great poets of the nineteenth century. His poetry is noted for its perfect form and for its melody and sweetness. Among the best known of Tennyson's longer poems are "Idylls of the King," in which he tells the old legends that cluster about King Arthur and his knights. When Tennyson was forty 5 years old he was made poet laureate, and in 1884 he was given a seat in the House of Lords.

NOTE.—This famous charge was made at Balaklava in 1854 during the Crimean War. The Russians were advancing in great strength to intercept the combined Turkish and British forces, when the English commander, Lord Raglan, sent an order to attack. Some mistake, either in the delivery or in the understanding of the message, led to the fatal charge. 10

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred. 15

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered. 20

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

5

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

10

15

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not —
Not the six hundred.

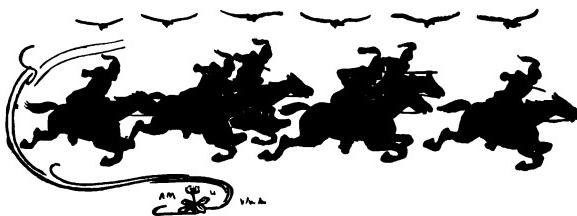
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25

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell, 5
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came through the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of hell,
 All that was left of them, 10
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made ! 15
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

Cos'sack: the Cossacks are wild tribes of the Russian empire.



THE RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS AT BARCELONA

WASHINGTON IRVING

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859) was almost the first American author who gained a wide reputation. Among his works are "The Sketch-Book," a "Life of Columbus," and a humorous history of New York.

NOTE.—Upon the return of Columbus to Spain, after his successful 5 voyage across the Unknown Sea, he was received with great demonstrations as he journeyed from town to town. Barcelona was a seaport city of considerable importance, and special preparations were made to do him honor.

About the middle of April Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him 10 a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favored climate contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony.

As he drew near the place, many of the youthful cour- 15 tiers and hidalgos, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors.

First were paraded the Indians, painted according to 20 their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold. After these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of

precious qualities ; while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions.

After this followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. The streets

5



were almost impassable from the countless multitude ; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair ; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these 10 trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered.

There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence in reward for the piety of the monarchs ; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy generally expected from roving enterprises, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the Prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court.

At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which with his countenance, rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came ; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world.

As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his

knees, he offered to kiss their hands ; but there was some hesitation on their part to permit this act of homage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence ; a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

5

At their request he now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands discovered. He displayed specimens of unknown birds and other animals ; of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtues ; of native gold in dust, in crude 10 masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments ; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest.

All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries yet to be made, which would add realms of 15 incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties.

When he had finished, the sovereigns sank on their knees, and raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, poured forth their thanks to God for so great a providence ; all present 20 followed their example ; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph.

hidal'go : literally, a son of somebody; one of the lesser nobility of Spain.
— **sät'ed** : satisfied.— **Prince Juan** (hwän) : the only son of King Ferdinand. A few years later the young prince died.— **Las Cá'sas** : a Spanish missionary and historian who went with Columbus upon his second voyage.

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII

BULWER LYTTON

NOTE.—In the year A.D. 79 the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed by an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. The following selection is taken from "The Last Days of Pompeii," a novel in which Glaucus, an Athenian, Ione, his betrothed, and the blind slave, Nydia, are among the chief characters.

The cloud which had scattered so deep a murkiness over the day had now settled into a solid and impenetrable mass. It resembled less even the thickest gloom of a night in the open air than the close and blind darkness of some narrow room. But in proportion as the blackness gathered, did the lightnings around Vesuvius increase in their vivid and scorching glare. Nor was their horrible beauty confined to the usual hues of fire; no rainbow ever rivaled their varying and prodigal dyes. Now brightly blue as the most azure depth of a southern sky—now of a livid and snakelike green, darting restlessly to and fro as the folds of an enormous serpent—now of a lurid and intolerable crimson, gushing forth through the columns of smoke far and wide, and lighting up the whole city from arch to arch,—then suddenly dying into a sickly palleness, like the ghost of their own life!

In the pauses of the showers you heard the rumbling of the earth beneath, and the groaning waves of the tortured

sea ; or, lower still, and audible but to the watch of intensest fear, the grinding and hissing murmur of the escaping gases through the chasms of the distant mountain. Sometimes the cloud appeared to break from its solid mass, and by the lightning to assume quaint and vast mimicries of human or of monster shapes, striding across the gloom, hurtling one upon the other, and vanishing swiftly into the turbulent abyss of shade ; so that, to the eyes and fancies of the affrighted wanderers, the unsubstantial vapors were as the bodily forms of gigantic foes, — the agents of terror and of death.

The ashes in many places were already knee-deep ; and the boiling showers which came from the steaming breath of the volcano forced their way into the houses, bearing with them a strong and suffocating vapor. In some places immense fragments of rock, hurled upon the house roofs, bore down along the streets masses of confused ruin, which yet more and more, with every hour, obstructed the way ; and, as the day advanced, the motion of the earth was more sensibly felt,— the footing seemed to slide and creep, — nor could chariot or litter be kept steady even on the most level ground.

Sometimes the huger stones, striking against each other as they fell, broke into countless fragments, emitting sparks of fire, which caught whatever was combustible within their reach ; and along the plains beyond the city the darkness was now terribly relieved, for several houses

and even vineyards had been set in flames, and at various intervals the fires rose sullenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. To add to this partial relief of the darkness, the citizens had, here and there, in the more public places,
5 such as the porticoes of the temples and the entrances to the forum, endeavored to place rows of torches; but these rarely continued long; the showers and the winds extinguished them.

Frequently, by the momentary light of these torches,
10 parties of fugitives encountered each other, some hurrying toward the sea, others flying from the sea back to the land. Wild — haggard — ghastly with supernatural fears, these groups encountered each other, but without the leisure to speak, to consult, to advise. Nothing in all the
15 various and complicated machinery of social life was left save the primal law of self-preservation.

Through this awful scene did Glaucus wend his way, accompanied by Ione and the blind girl. Suddenly a rush of hundreds, in their path to the sea, swept by them.
20 Nydia was torn from the side of Glaucus, who with Ione was borne rapidly onward; and when the crowd (whose forms they saw not, so thick was the gloom) were gone, Nydia was still separated from their side. Glaucus shouted her name. No answer came. They retraced their steps,—
25 in vain: they could not discover her,— it was evident she had been swept along by the human current. Their friend, their preserver, was lost! And hitherto Nydia had been



their guide. Her blindness rendered the scene familiar to her alone. Accustomed, through a perpetual night, to tread the windings of the city, she had led them unerringly toward the seashore, by which they had resolved to hazard an escape. Now, which way could they wend? All was rayless to them — a maze without a clew.

Advancing, as men grope for escape in a dungeon, they continued their uncertain way. At the moments when the volcanic lightnings lingered over the streets, they were enabled, by that awful light, to steer and guide their progress; yet little did the view it presented to them cheer or encourage their path. In parts where the ashes lay dry and uncommixed with the boiling torrents cast upward from the mountain at capricious intervals, the surface of the earth presented a leprous and ghastly white. In other places cinder and rock lay matted in heaps. And ever as the winds swept howling along the street, they bore sharp streams of burning dust, and such sickening and poisonous vapors as took away, for the instant, breath and consciousness.

Meanwhile Nydia, when separated by the throng from Glaucus and Ione, had in vain endeavored to regain them. In vain she raised that plaintive cry so peculiar to the blind; it was lost amidst a thousand shrieks of more selfish terror. Again and again she returned to the spot where they had been divided, to be dashed aside in the impatience of distraction. Who in that hour spared one

thought to his neighbor? At length it occurred to Nydia, that as it had been resolved to seek the seashore for escape, her most probable chance of rejoining her companions would be to persevere in that direction. Guiding her steps, then, by the staff which she always carried, she 5 continued, with incredible dexterity, to avoid the masses of ruin that encumbered the path and to take the nearest direction to the seaside.

The sudden illumination, the bursts of the flood of lava, and the earthquake, which we have already described, 10 chanced when she had just gained the direct path leading from the city to the port; and here she was arrested by an immense crowd, more than half the population of the city. They spread along the fields without the walls, thousands upon thousands, uncertain whither to 15 fly. The sea had retired far from the shore; and they who had fled to it had been so terrified by the agitation and preternatural shrinking of the element, the gasping forms of the uncouth sea things which the waves had left upon the sand, and by the sound of the huge stones cast 20 from the mountain into the deep, that they had returned again to the land, as presenting the less frightful aspect of the two. Thus the two streams of human beings, the one seaward, the other from the sea, had met together, feeling a sad comfort in numbers, arrested in despair and doubt. 25

And now new fugitives arrived, from one of whom Nydia learned that Glaucus was still in the forum. Silently she

glided through those behind her and retraced her steps to the city. She gained the forum — the arch ; she stooped down — she felt around — she called on the name of Glaucus.

5 A weak voice answered, “Who calls on me ?”

“Arise, follow me ! Take my hand ! Glaucus, thou shalt be saved !”

In wonder and sudden hope Glaucus arose — “Nydia still ? Ah ! thou, then, art safe !”

10 The tender joy of his voice pierced the heart of the poor Thessalian, and she blessed him for his thought of her.

Half leading, half carrying Ione, Glaucus followed his guide. After many pauses and incredible perseverance they gained the sea, and joined a group, who, bolder than 15 the rest, resolved to hazard any peril rather than continue in such a scene. In darkness they put forth to sea ; but, as they cleared the land and caught new aspects of the mountain, its channels of molten fire threw a partial redness over the waves. Meanwhile the showers of dust and 20 ashes, still borne aloft, fell into the wave and scattered their snows over the deck. Far and wide, borne by the winds, those showers descended upon the remotest climes, startling even the swarthy African, and whirled along the antique soil of Syria and of Egypt.

Io'ne. — Nydia (nid'ia). — lu'rid : pale, ghastly, or a smoky yellow. Perhaps no English word is so frequently misused. Bulwer apparently intends it to mean *fiery*. — hurtling : crashing. — fo'rum : a market place.

— Thessa'lian : a native of Thessaly, Greece.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

THOMAS B. MACAULAY

NOTE.—The power of England in India, which had begun in 1757 with Clive's victory at Plassey, had been in danger of utter defeat. That it was preserved was due to the energy of Warren Hastings, who returned from the East hoping for recognition and reward. But with him came stories of his tyranny, his injustice, and his cruelty. Such a system as his 5 was shown to be was foreign to the English spirit, and in 1788 he was impeached, or charged with misconduct in public office. The trial lasted for years, and although Hastings was acquitted, the real end of the impeachment was gained. The spirit of humanity, brotherhood, and sympathy for the far-away sufferers in a dependent colony had been roused in 10 English hearts, and a great step in social progress had been taken.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the 15 just absolution of Somers; the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. 20

Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long 25

galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female
5 loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle
10 which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age.

15 The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled
20 down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue.

He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man.

25 A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect;

a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn but serene: such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first 5 read. The ceremony occupied two whole days. On the third day Burke rose. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectations of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India. 10 He recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic Empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the company and of the English presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society as vivid as that which existed 15 in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. . . .

At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of English oak resounded, "Therefore," 20 said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the 25 name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of

India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, . . . in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

Abridged.

the hall of William Rufus: known as Westminster Hall. It was added in the eleventh century to the ancient palace of Westminster, by William Rufus. For more than seven centuries the high courts of justice and the coronation feasts were held in this hall. It now forms the vestibule to the houses of Parliament.—**Bacon**: Francis Bacon, the essayist and philosopher, was lord chancellor of England. He was accused of having accepted bribes and pleaded guilty to the charge.—**Somers**: John Somers, who was born nearly a hundred years later, was also lord chancellor. He was accused of arranging certain treaties which were unfavorable to English interests, but the charge was dismissed.—**Strafford**: the Earl of Strafford was a royalist in the Civil War in England.—**Charles**: Charles I, who was condemned by Parliament, in 1649, to be beheaded because of his tyranny and oppression.—**grenadiers**: members of a special regiment, chosen usually for their imposing appearance.—**Garter King-at-arms**: an officer of great authority in the earlier history of England. His duty was to direct the heralds.—**house of Brunswick**: George III was of the house of Brunswick.—**Siddons**: Mrs. Sarah Siddons, a famous actress, of great beauty and dignity.—**the greatest painter of the age**: Sir Joshua Reynolds.—**the greatest scholar**: Samuel Parr.—**Burke**: Edmund Burke, an illustrious Irish orator. He entered the House of Commons in 1766 and took an active interest in all national affairs. Burke made himself familiar with the difficult problems confronting the government, and urged conciliatory measures towards the colonies in America. It was he who brought the formal charge against Hastings.—**company**: the East India Company, formed for trading purposes.—**presidencies**: British India was formerly divided into the three presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849) was an American writer of prose and verse of rare quality. His genius gave his work a wonderful charm, but it is only the promise of what it might have been had his life been wholesome and serene.

NOTE.—This brief selection from one of the most famous of Poe's 5 fanciful tales gives an excellent idea of the peculiar quality and intensity of his style.

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, 10 through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was, but with the first glimpse of the building a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insuffer- 15 able; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or the terrible.

I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere 20 house and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant, eyelike windows, upon a few rank sedges, and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which

India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, . . . in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

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I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere 20 house and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant, eyelike windows, upon a few rank sedges, and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which

I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveler upon opium,— the bitter lapse into everyday life, the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart,
5 an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime.

What was it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with
10 the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among
15 considerations beyond our depth.

It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and acting
20 upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled luster by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder even more thrilling than before—upon the remodeled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree stems,
25 and the vacant and eyelike windows.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment—that of looking down within the tarn—

had been to deepen the first singular impression. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity, — an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn, — a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen, and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old woodwork which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its

way down the wall in a zigzag direction until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn. . . .

From that chamber and from that mansion I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued, for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building in a zigzag direction to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened; there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind; the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight; my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder; there was a long, tumultuous, shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters,—and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the “House of Usher.”

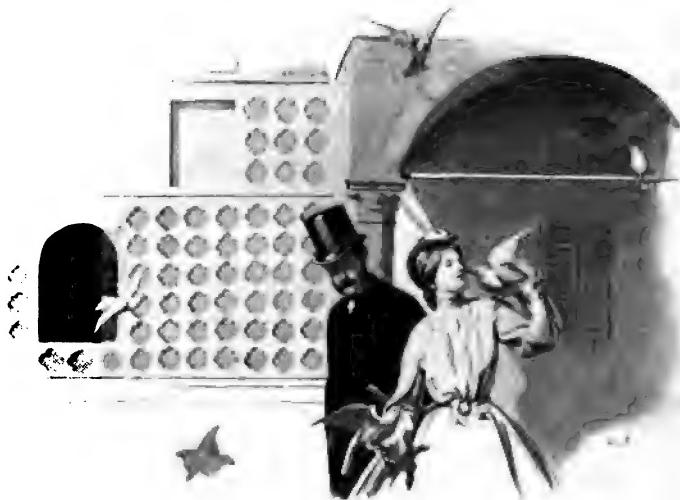
lurid: dismal or gloomy. This is the secondary meaning of the word.—**tarn:** a small lake.—**specious totality:** false wholeness.



HILDA'S DOVES

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NOTE.—Hawthorne's story, "The Marble Faun," from which these selections are taken, concerns itself with the fancied resemblance between a young Italian and a famous marble statue. Miriam is an artist, and Hilda and the sculptor Kenyon are her friends. Hilda's doves have little to do with the story except to emphasize the sweet and tender purity of their mistress's character, but these bits of description are among the most beautiful passages of the book. 5



Miriam herself now came forth and taking her way through some of the intricacies of the city entered what might be called either a widening of a street or a small 10 piazza. The neighborhood comprised a baker's oven,

emitting the usual fragrance of sour bread; a shoe shop; a linen draper's shop; a pipe and cigar shop; a lottery office; a station for soldiers, with a sentinel pacing in front; and a fruit stand, at which a Roman matron was
5 selling the dry kernels of chestnuts, wretched little figs, and some bouquets of yesterday. A church, of course, was near at hand, the façade of which ascended into lofty pinnacles, whereon were perched two or three winged figures of stone, either angelic or allegorical, blowing stone
10 trumpets in close vicinity to the upper windows of an old and shabby palace. This palace was distinguished by a feature not very common in the architecture of Roman edifices; that is to say, a mediæval tower, square, massive, lofty, and battlemented and machicolated at the summit.
15 At one of the angles of the battlements stood a shrine of the Virgin, such as we see everywhere at the street corners of Rome, but seldom or never, except in this solitary instance, at a height above the ordinary level of men's views and aspirations. Connected with this old tower and
20 its lofty shrine, there is a legend which we cannot here pause to tell; but for centuries a lamp has been burning before the Virgin's image, at noon, at midnight, and at all hours of the twenty-four, and must be kept burning forever, as long as the tower shall stand; or else the tower itself,
25 the palace, and whatever estate belongs to it, shall pass from its hereditary possessor, in accordance with an ancient vow, and become the property of the Church.

As Miriam approached she looked upward and saw,—
not, indeed, the flame of the never-dying lamp, which was swallowed up in the broad sunlight that brightened the shrine, but a flock of white doves, skimming, fluttering, and wheeling about the topmost height of the tower, their 5 silver wings flashing in the pure transparency of the air. Several of them sat on the ledge of the upper window, pushing one another off by their eager struggle for this favorite station, and all tapping their beaks and flapping their wings tumultuously against the panes; some had 10 alighted in the street, far below, but flew hastily upward at the sound of the window being thrust ajar and opening in the middle on rusty hinges as Roman windows do.

A fair young girl, dressed in white, showed herself at the aperture for a single instant and threw forth as much 15 as her two small hands could hold of some kind of food for the flock of eleemosynary doves. It seemed greatly to the taste of the feathered people; for they tried to snatch beakfuls of it from her grasp, caught it in the air, and rushed downward after it upon the pavement. 20

“What a pretty scene this is,” thought Miriam, with a kindly smile, “and how like a dove she is herself, the fair, pure creature! The other doves know her for a sister, I am sure.” . . .

When they reached the Via Portoghese, and approached 25 Hilda’s tower, the doves, who were waiting aloft, flung themselves upon the air and came floating down about

her head. The girl caressed them and responded to their cooings with similar sounds from her own lips and with words of endearment ; and their joyful flutterings and airy little flights, evidently impelled by pure exuberance of spirits, seemed to show that the doves had a real sympathy with their mistress's state of mind. For peace had descended upon her like a dove.

Bidding the sculptor farewell, Hilda climbed her tower and came forth upon its summit to trim the Virgin's lamp.

10 The doves, well knowing her custom, had flown up thither to meet her and again hovered about her head ; and very lovely was her aspect in the evening sunlight, which had little further to do with the world just then, save to fling a golden glory on Hilda's hair and vanish.

15 Turning her eyes down into the dusky street which she had just quitted, Hilda saw the sculptor still there and waved her hand to him.

One of the doves, which had been resting on Hilda's shoulder, suddenly flew downward, as if recognizing him 20 as its mistress's dear friend ; and perhaps commissioned with an errand of regard, brushed his upturned face with its wings and again soared aloft. The sculptor watched the bird's return and saw Hilda greet it with a smile.

piazza: an open square in an Italian town. — **facade** (fā-sād' or fā-sād'): the front of a building. — **machicolated** (mā-chik'ō-lā'ted): having holes through which missiles could be dropped or melted lead could be poured on an enemy. — **eleemos'enary**: supported by charity. — **Via Portoghese** (vē'a por-to-gē'zā): a street in Rome.

A TRIBUTE TO THE DOG

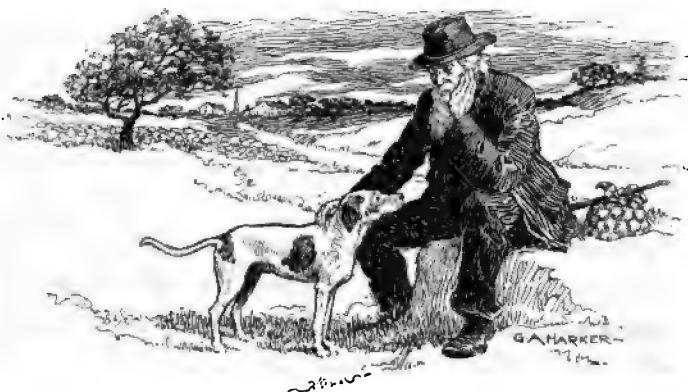
NOTE. — This defense of a dog was spoken by a Missouri senator many years ago in a country court room.

“GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man’s reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

“A man’s dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master’s side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come from encounter with

the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as
5 the sun in its journeys through the heavens.

“If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when
10 the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the grave will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness,
15 faithful and true even in death.”



PORTIA'S SPEECH

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

NOTE.—This is the famous speech in which Portia, disguised as a young lawyer, pleads Antonio's cause against the cruel merchant Shylock. It is taken from the play "The Merchant of Venice."

The quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven 5
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest ;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
'T is mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power, 10
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway,
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ; 15
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ; 20
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

strained : restrained. — twice blest : carries a double blessing.

GENIUS AND INDUSTRY

HENRY WARD BEECHER

Industry is a substitute for genius. Where one or more faculties exist in the highest state of development and activity,—as the faculty of music in Mozart, invention in Fulton, ideality in Milton,—we call the possessor a ⁵genius. But a genius is *usually* understood to be a creature of such rare facility of mind that he can do anything without labor.

According to the popular notion, he learns without study and knows without learning. He is eloquent without preparation, exact without calculation, and profound without reflection.

While ordinary men toil for knowledge by reading, by comparison, and by minute research, a genius is supposed to receive it as the mind receives dreams. His mind is ¹⁵like a vast cathedral, through whose colored windows the sunlight streams, painting the aisles with the varied colors of brilliant pictures. Such minds *may* exist.

So far as I have observed the species, they abound in academies, colleges, and Thespian societies; in village ²⁰debating clubs, in coteries of young artists, and among young professional aspirants.

They are to be known by a reserved air, excessive sensitiveness, and utter indolence; by very long hair and

very open shirt collars ; by the reading of much wretched poetry and the writing of much yet more wretched ; by being very conceited, very affected, very disagreeable, and very useless : beings whom no man wants for friends, pupils, or companions.

5

Where the ordinary wants of life once require recondite principles, they will need the application of familiar truths a thousand times. Those who enlarge the bounds of knowledge must push out with bold adventure beyond the common walks of men. But only few pioneers are 10 needed for the largest armies, and a few profound men in each occupation may herald the advance of all the business of society.

The vast bulk of men are required to discharge the homely duties of life ; and they have less need of genius 15 than of industry and enterprise. Young men should observe that those who take the honors and emoluments of mechanical crafts, of commerce, and of professional life, are rather distinguished for a sound judgment and a close application than for a brilliant genius.

20

In the ordinary business of life, industry can do anything that genius can do, and very many things that it cannot. Genius is usually impatient of application, irritable, scornful of men's dullness, squeamish at petty disgusts; it loves a conspicuous place, a short work, 25 and a large reward; it loathes the sweat of toil, the vexations of life, and the dull burden of care.

Industry has a firmer muscle, is less annoyed by delays and repulses, and, like water, bends itself to the shape of the soil over which it flows ; and if checked, will not rest, but accumulates, and mines a passage beneath, or seeks a side race, or rises above and overflows the obstruction.

The masterpieces of antiquity, as well in literature as in art, are known to have received their extreme finish from an almost incredible continuance of labor upon them.

Genius needs industry, as much as industry needs genius. If only Milton's imagination could have conceived his visions, his consummate industry only could have carved the immortal lines which enshrine them. If only Newton's mind could reach out to the secrets of Nature, even his could only do it by the homeliest toil.

The works of Bacon are not midsummer-night dreams, but, like coral islands, they have risen from the depths of truth, and formed their broad surfaces above the ocean by the minutest accretions of persevering labor. The conceptions of Michael Angelo's genius would have perished like a night's fantasy, had not his industry given them permanence.

Abridged.

Mozart (mōt'sart) : a great German composer. — **Fulton** : the inventor of the modern steamboat. — **Milton** : See page 310. — **Thes'pian** : dramatic ; from Thespis, a Greek dramatist who has been called the inventor of tragedy. — **rec'ondite** (literally, concealed) : deep or profound. — **emol'ument** (literally, worked out) : profit. The present meanings of these words show the development of language. — **race** : channel or stream. — **Newton** : an English mathematician who formulated the law of gravitation. — **Bacon** : an English philosopher. — **Michael An'gelo** : a great Italian painter and sculptor of the sixteenth century.

ON THE MUGGLETON COACH

CHARLES DICKENS

NOTE.—Dickens's fame as a humorist rests largely upon his "Pickwick Papers," from which this selection is taken. The adventures of Mr. Pickwick, his friends, and his servant, Sam Weller, have furnished entertainment to scores of delighted readers. This description of a ride on a stagecoach in the crisp cold of a winter day has a breeziness and dash about it which gives the reader a wonderful sense of exhilaration.



Mr. Pickwick and his friends are waiting in the cold on the outside of the Muggleton coach, which they have just attained, well wrapped up in greatcoats, shawls, and comforters. The portmanteaus and carpetbags have been stowed away, and Mr. Weller and the guard are endeavoring to insinuate into the fore boot a huge codfish

several sizes too large for it,—which is snugly packed up in a long, brown basket, with a layer of straw over the top, and which has been left to the last, in order that he may repose in safety on the half dozen barrels of real native oysters, all the property of Mr. Pickwick, which have been arranged in regular order at the bottom of the receptacle. The interest displayed in Mr. Pickwick's countenance is most intense, as Mr. Weller and the guard try to squeeze the codfish into the boot, first head first and then tail first, and then top upward and then bottom upward, and then sideways and then longways, all of which artifices the implacable codfish sturdily resists, until the guard accidentally hits him in the very middle of the basket, whereupon he suddenly disappears into the boot, and with him the head and shoulders of the guard himself, who, not calculating upon so sudden a cessation of the passive resistance of the codfish, experiences a very unexpected shock, to the unsmotherable delight of all the porters and bystanders. But at last the coachman mounts to the box, Mr. Weller jumps up behind, the Pickwickians pull their coats round their legs and their shawls over their noses, the helpers pull the horse cloths off, the coachman shouts out a cheery "All right!" and away they go.

They have rumbled through the streets, and jolted over the stones, and at length reach the wide and open country. The wheels skim over the hard and frosty ground; and the horses, bursting into a canter at a smart crack of

the whip, step along the road as if the load behind them — coach, passengers, codfish, oyster barrels and all — were but a feather at their heels.

They have descended a gentle slope, and enter upon a level as compact and dry as a solid block of marble, two miles long. Another crack of the whip and on they speed at a smart gallop, the horses tossing their heads and rattling the harness as if in exhilaration at the rapidity of the motion ; while the coachman, holding whip and reins in one hand, takes off his hat with the other, and resting it on his knees, pulls out his handkerchief and wipes his forehead, partly because he has a habit of doing it, and partly because it's as well to show the passengers how cool he is, and what an easy thing it is to drive four-in-hand when you have had as much practice as he has. Having done this very leisurely (otherwise the effect would be materially impaired), he replaces his handkerchief, pulls on his hat, adjusts his gloves, squares his elbows, cracks the whip again, and on they speed, more merrily than before.

20

And now the bugle plays a lively air as the coach rattles through the ill-paved streets of a country town ; and the coachman, undoing the buckle which keeps his ribbons together, prepares to throw them off the moment he stops. Mr. Pickwick emerges from his coat collar, and looks about him with great curiosity ; perceiving which, the coachman informs Mr. Pickwick of the name of the

25

town, and tells him it was market day yesterday, both of which pieces of information Mr. Pickwick retails to his fellow-passengers, whereupon they emerge from their coat collars too, and look about them also.

5 Mr. Winkle, who sits at the extreme edge, with one leg dangling in the air, is nearly precipitated into the street as the coach twists round the sharp corner and turns into the market place; and before Mr. Snodgrass, who sits next to him, has recovered from his alarm, they pull up
10 at the inn yard, where the fresh horses, with cloths on, are already waiting.

The coachman throws down the reins and gets down himself, and the other outside passengers drop down also, except those who have no great confidence in their ability
15 to get up again; and they remain where they are and stamp their feet against the coach to warm them, looking with longing eyes and red noses at the bright fire in the inn bar, and the sprigs of holly with red berries which ornament the window.

20 But the guard has delivered at the corn dealer's shop the brown paper packet he took out of the little pouch which hangs over his shoulder by a leathern strap; and has seen the horses carefully put to; and has thrown on the pavement the saddle which was brought from London
25 on the coach roof; and has assisted in the conference between the coachman and the hostler about the gray mare that hurt her off fore leg last Tuesday; and he and

Mr. Weller are all right behind, and the coachman is all right in front, and the old gentleman inside who has kept the window down full two inches all this time has pulled it up again, and the cloths are off, and they are all ready for starting, except the “two stout gentlemen,” whom the coachman inquires after with some impatience. Here-upon the coachman, and the guard, and Sam Weller, and Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass, and all the hostlers, and every one of the idlers, who are more in number than all the others put together, shout for the missing gentlemen 10 as loud as they can bawl. A distant response is heard from the yard, and Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman come running down it, quite out of breath, for they have been having a glass of ale apiece, and Mr. Pickwick’s fingers are so cold that he has been full five minutes before he 15 could find the sixpence to pay for it. The coachman shouts an admonitory “Now then, gen’lmen!” the guard reëchoes it; the old gentleman inside thinks it a very extraordinary thing that people *will* get down when they know there is n’t time for it; Mr. Pickwick struggles up 20 on one side, Mr. Tupman on the other; Mr. Winkle cries “All right!” and off they start. Shawls are pulled up, coat collars are readjusted, the pavement ceases, the houses disappear, and they are once again dashing along the open road, with the fresh, clear air blowing in their 25 faces, and gladdening their very hearts within them.

guard: one who has charge of a mail coach.—ribbons: reins.

THE PRESSURE OF GENTLENESS

D'ARCY WENTWORTH THOMPSON

D'ARCY WENTWORTH THOMPSON was a Scotch writer on scientific subjects. He died in 1902.

A close relation of my own was for twelve years an officer in almost the severest of all continental services.
5 He tells me that in his long experience he only met with one captain who in dealing with his company avowedly ignored all means of physical coercion.

On this captain's breast were the orders of two kingdoms and two empires. After one well-fought day he had been
10 voted by acclamation as a candidate for the order of the Iron Crown, which he would have obtained had he added his own signature to those of all his brother officers; and yet so soft-hearted was this *chevalier sans peur* that any beggar woman could draw from him an ill-spared florin.

15 In a village where a portion of the regiment were once quartered, the good curé, at the close of a sermon on Christian character, told his flock that if they wished to see Christianity in action, they might see it in a captain of grenadiers, who clothed their poorest children with his
20 pocket money, and whose closest companion was ignorant of his good deeds.

This captain's company was noted as being the best dressed and the best conducted in the regiment. There

were at Solferino (and there are, alas! such cases in all engagements) cases of gallant but stern officers that fell by a traitorous bullet from behind. There was not one man in the company of this captain that would not have taken in his stead a bullet aimed at him from the front. 5

A year and a half ago I met at Yorkshire an invalid young sailor. From his smooth face, short stature, and attenuated form, I should have taken him for a senior midshipman. To my complete astonishment I found that he was commander of a Pacific liner, with a numerous 10 crew under his orders and in receipt of a splendid income.

I discussed with him the theory of discipline. He considered physical chastisement as brutal, swearing as unchristian, and hectoring as unmanly. "The man who cannot control himself is not fit to command a crew," he 15 said tritely and truly. I looked in wonder at this shrimp of a man, who was speaking with such calm confidence. "I never," he continued, "raise my voice above its usual tone to enforce an order."

He was worn to skin and bone by a chest disorder of 20 long continuance, which he considered would close his life at no distant date. I could have pushed him over with a rude jostle of my elbow. But there was something in his face that told you unmistakably he was not the man with whom to take a liberty. 25

He gave a remarkable anecdote of himself. His ship was alongside an American liner in the Liverpool docks.

The Yankee captain was dining with him, and the conversation fell upon the means of maintaining order in a crew. The Yankee scouted all means but the stick. He and his mates used on principle the most brutal means of coercion.

5 During this argument the steward came to announce that the English crew were fighting the Yankees on the neighboring vessel.

The captains went on deck, and the Englishman, sling-ing himself by a rope, alighted in the midst of an uproario-
10 ous crowd. "Well, my men," said he, "so you are making beasts of yourselves, and disregarding your captain." And the big fellows slunk off without a word to their own ves-sel, and one or two of the ringleaders were set for an hour or two to swab the decks. But of the quarreling tars there
15 was not a man but could have lifted his wee captain and dropped him overboard without an effort. I trust to God he may yet be living, and may long be spared as a specimen of a quiet, resolute English skipper.

But if I were called upon to name the Aristides of my
20 life acquaintance, I should name a man whom I never knew till I had crossed the Tweed. I believe it would be as hard to warp a Carlyle into sentimental or religious cant, and a prophet Cumming into common sense and modesty, as to twist the nature of my friend into petty
25 words of illiberal action.

He was once the superintendent of a public educational institution. He had been present one day in the drill

ground, where an honest sergeant with a good deal of superfluous bluster was putting a little regiment through its facings. When the boys were dismissed, the sergeant approached the superior, and said, "Excuse the liberty, sir, but really, when you are more used to boys, you 'll find 5 that you must put more pepper into what you do and say." "Well," said my friend, "every man has his own way; for my own part, I don't believe in pepper."

A few weeks afterwards the principal was in his library, when the sergeant was ushered in. "I 've come, sir," said 10 the latter, "to ask a favor. Those boys are a little troublesome at times. If you 'd be kind enough just to stand at your drawing-room window for a few minutes when drill was going on, it would do a deal of good."

Ah ! worthy sergeant, your pepper won't do after all. 15 No, friend, keep it for your vegetables, and use it then in moderation.

orders: the decorations or insignia of an order of knighthood or similar association.—**the order of the Iron Crown:** an order or society of great distinction. Charlemagne and Napoleon were crowned with the Iron Crown. Within it is a narrow band which, according to tradition, was made from one of the nails used in the crucifixion of Christ.—**chevalier sans peur** (sheh-vä-le-ä sahn pär): Bayard, a French soldier of the sixteenth century. He was known as the knight "without fear and without reproach."—**curé** (ku-rä'): priest.—**grenadiers:** See note on page 286.—**Solferino** (sol-fär-e-no'): a village in Italy where a great battle was fought in 1859.—**li'ner:** a vessel belonging to an established line.—**tritely:** *trite* literally means rubbed until worn out.—**shrimp:** a dwarf.—**Aristi'des:** an Athenian general, "spotless of heart," who was known as "the Just."—**Tweed:** a river in the south of Scotland.—**Carlyle':** a Scottish writer and philosopher of unwavering honesty and courage.—**Cum'ming:** a British writer on philosophy.—**fa'cings:** drill.

SONNET

ON HIS BLINDNESS

JOHN MILTON

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674) was the greatest of English poets after Shakespeare. In some ways the two may be ranked as equals. Milton was a deep thinker and scholar, warmly interested in English politics and in the success of the Puritan party. Among his famous poems are 5 "Paradise Lost," "Comus," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso."

NOTE.—Milton became blind in 1654. His chief work, "Paradise Lost," was written after this date.

When I consider how my life is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
10 And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
15 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
20 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

fondly: foolishly. The old meaning of *fond* was *silly* rather than *affectionate*.

THE JUDGMENT OF VAN TWILLER

WASHINGTON IRVING

NOTE.—Irving prefaced his “History of New York” by an Apology, in which he stated it to be the main object of his work “to embody local traditions in an amusing form, to illustrate local humors, customs, and peculiarities, to clothe home scenes and places and familiar names with those imaginative and whimsical associations so seldom met with in our new country, but which live like charms and spells about the cities of the Old World, binding the heart of the native inhabitant to his home.” This history purported to be written by one Diedrich Knickerbocker, and it is still spoken of as the Knickerbocker History. It met with great favor. Sir Walter Scott thought that the style resembled that of Dean Swift, but the humor of the American author is gentle, and his satire has no sting.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of,—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world; one by talking faster than they think, and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not for



the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself like an oyster, and rarely spoke except in monosyllables, but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh or even to smile through the whole course of a long and prosperous life.

With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it. Certain it is that if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look, shake his capacious head, smoke some time in profound silence, and at length observe that he "had his doubts about the matter"; which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief and not easily imposed upon.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of The Hague, fabricated by an experienced timberman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet, into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a scepter he swayed a long Turkish pipe wrought with jasmine and amber. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking

his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eyes for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said
5 that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by cer-
10 tain regular, guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen
15 that gave the flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance
20 of Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have
25 already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings—or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively

to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt as he shoveled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth,—either as a sign that he relished the dish or comprehended the story,—he called unto him his constable, and pulling out of his breeches pocket a huge ⁵ jackknife, dispatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal ring of the great Haroun Alraschid among the true believers. The two parties being con- ¹⁰fronted before him, each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High Dutch commentator or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his ¹⁵hands and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea ²⁰ by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, and with marvelous gravity and solemnity pronounced, that having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, he had found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the ²⁵other: therefore it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced: therefore Wandle

should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision being straightway made known, diffused
5 general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people
immediately perceived that they had a very wise and
equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest
effect was that not another lawsuit took place throughout
the whole of his administration; and the office of con-
10 stable fell into such decay that there was not one of
those losel scouts known in the province for many years.
I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction,
not only because I deem it one of the most sage and
righteous judgments on record and well worthy the atten-
15 tion of modern magistrates, but because it was a miracu-
lous event in the history of the renowned Wouter—being
the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in
the whole course of his life.

Abridged.

a man of quick parts: one of ready abilities.—**The Hague:** a famous town of Holland; the usual residence of the court. It was at one time a hunting seat, in the heart of a beautiful forest.—**timmerman:** a worker in wood, or *timmer*.—**on the carpet:** under consideration.—**New Amsterdam:** the old name for New York. The town was so called until its capture by the English in 1664, when the name was changed to New York.—**Haroun Alrasch'id:** a celebrated Eastern monarch whose adventures are told in “The Arabian Nights.” He died in A.D. 809.—**true believers:** the name given to themselves by Mussulmans.—**learned:** this, when used as an adjective, is pronounced *learnèd*.—**losel scout:** a worthless, spying fellow.

SONG FROM COMUS

JOHN MILTON

NOTE.—A lady lost in a wood has come under the power of an enchanter, Comus. A friendly spirit appeals for help to the water nymph, Sabrina.

Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting

5

Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,

In twisted braids of lilies knitting

The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;

Listen for dear honor's sake,

Goddess of the silver lake,

10

Listen and save.

Listen, and appear to us,

In name of great Oceanus,

By all the nymphs that nightly dance

Upon thy streams with wily glance;

15

Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head

From thy coral-paven bed,

And bridle in thy headlong wave,

Till thou our summons answered have.

Listen and save!

20

Ocē'anus : one of the sea gods of Greek mythology.

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JOHN MILTON

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850) was one of the greatest of English poets. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are known as the Lake Poets, because they lived in the lake district of England and described that region. Wordsworth was a poet of unequal but remarkable powers.
5 He succeeded Southey as poet laureate, and was himself succeeded by Tennyson.

NOTE.—This sonnet was written after a visit which Wordsworth had made to France, then slowly recovering from the great Revolution. “I was struck,” he says, “with the vanity and parade of my own country.
10 This must be borne in mind or else the reader may think that I have exaggerated the mischief fostered among us by undisturbed wealth.”

Milton! thou should’st be living at this hour:

England hath need of thee: she is a fen

Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,

15 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower

Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;

Oh! raise us up, return to us again;

And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

20 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:

Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,

So didst thou travel on life’s common way,

In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart

25 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

THE EAGLE'S FLIGHT

WILLIAM J. LONG

WILLIAM J. LONG is an American writer whose intimate knowledge of wood folk gives to his writings much interest and value.

A shadow fell on the water, and I looked up to watch the great eagle, breasting, balancing, playing with the mighty air currents above, as the fishes played in the 5 swift rush of water below.

He set his wings square to the wind at first and slanted swiftly up, like a well-hung kite. But that was too fast for leisure hours. He had only dropped down to the pool in idle curiosity to see what was doing. Then, watching 10 his wing tips keenly through my glass, I saw the quills turn ever so slightly, so as to spill the wind from their underside, as a skipper slacks sheets to deaden his boat's headway, and the wonderful upward spiral flight began.

Over me sweeps my eagle in slow, majestic circles; 15 ever returning upon his last course, yet ever higher than his last wheel, like a life with a great purpose in it; sliding evenly upward on the wind's endless stairway as it slips from under him. Without hurry, without exertion, — just a twist of his wide-set wing quills, so slight that 20 my eye can no longer notice it,— he swings upward; while the earth spreads wider and wider below him, and rivers flash in the sun, like silver ribbons, across the green

forest carpet that spreads away over mountain and valley to the farthest horizon.

Smaller and smaller grow the circles now, till the vast spiral reaches its apex, and he hangs there in the air,
5 like a tiny humming bird poised over the earth's great flower cup. So high is he that one must think he glances over the brim of things and sees our earth as a great bubble floating in the blue ether, with nothing whatever below it and only himself above. And there he stays,
10 floating, balancing, swaying in the purring currents of air that hold him fast in their soft arms and brush his great wings tenderly with a caress that never grows weary, like a great, strong mother holding her little child.

He had fed, he had drunk to the full from a mountain
15 spring. Now he rested over the world that nourished him and his little ones, with his keen eyes growing sleepy, and never a thought of harm to himself or any creature within his breast. For that is a splendid thing about all great creatures, even the fiercest of them : they are never cruel.
20 They take only what they must to supply their necessities. When their wants are satisfied there is truce which they never break. They live at peace with all things, small and great, and, in their dumb, unconscious way, answer to the deep harmony of the world which underlies all its
25 superficial discords, as the music of the sea is never heard till one moves far away from the uproar along the shore.

slack sheets : loosens ropes.

From "School of the Woods."

AFTER DEATH

EDWIN ARNOLD

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD (1832—) is an English poet whose long residence in India has made him familiar with Eastern legends. His most popular poem is "The Light of Asia."

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort faithful friends:

5



Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at my feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;

10

Yet I smile, and whisper this,—
“I am not that thing you kiss;
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I.”

5 Sweet friends, what the women lave
For the last sleep of the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
10 Like a bird my soul hath passed.

What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'T is an empty seashell,—one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken,—it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'T is an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
20 A mind that loved him; let it lie.
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store.

Now the long, long darkness ends,
Yet ye wail, my foolish friends,

While the man whom ye call “dead”
 In unspoken bliss instead
 Lives, and loves you; lost, ’t is true,
 To the light which shines for you;
 But in light ye cannot see
 Of unfulfilled felicity,
 And enlarging paradise,
 Lives the life that never dies.

5

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
 Where I am ye too shall dwell.
 I am gone before your face
 A moment’s time, a little space.
 When ye come where I have stepped,
 Ye will wonder why ye wept;
 Ye will know, by wise love taught,
 That here is all and there is naught.
 Weep awhile if ye are fain,—
 Sunshine still must follow rain,—
 Only not at death; for death,
 Now I see, is that first breath
 Which our souls draw when we enter
 Life, which is of all life center.

10

15

20

He who died at Azan gave
 This to those who made his grave.

Adapted from the Arabic.

CHARACTER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

NOTE.—This address was delivered at the exercises held in memory of Lincoln at Concord, Mass., April 19, 1865.

The President stood before us as a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, had never crossed the sea, 5 had never been spoiled by English insularity or French dissipation ; a quite native, aboriginal man, as an acorn from the oak ; no aping of foreigners, no frivolous accomplishments, Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flat-boatman, a captain in the Black Hawk war, a country 10 lawyer, a representative in the rural legislature of Illinois ;—on such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid. How slowly, and yet by happily prepared steps, he came to his place ! . . .

A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune 15 attended him. He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter ; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good will. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty, which 20 it was very easy for him to obey. Then he had what farmers call a long head ; was excellent in working out the sum for himself ; in arguing his case and convincing you fairly and firmly.

Then it turned out that he was a great worker; had prodigious faculty of performance; worked easily. In a host of young men that start together and promise so many brilliant leaders for the next age, each fails on trial; one by bad health, one by conceit, or by love of pleasure, or lethargy, or an ugly temper,—each has some disqualifying fault that throws him out of the career. But this man was sound to the core, cheerful, persistent, all right for labor, and liked nothing so well. . . .

Then his broad good humor, running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted and in which he excelled, was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secret; to meet every kind of man and every rank in society; to take off the edge of the severest decisions; to mask his own purpose and sound his companion; and to catch with true instinct the temper of every company he addressed. And, more than all, it is to a man of severe labor, in anxious and exhausting crises, the natural restorative, good as sleep, and is the protection of the overdriven brain against rancor and insanity. 20

He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries that it is certain they had no reputation at first but as jests; and only later, by the very acceptance and adoption they find in the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am 25 sure if this man had ruled in a period of less facility in printing, he would have become mythological in a very

few years, like *Aesop* or *Pilpay*, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his fables and proverbs. . . .

What pregnant definitions; what unerring common sense; what foresight; and, on great occasion, what a lofty, and, more than national, what humane tone! His brief speech at Gettysburg will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion. . . .

The occupying the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience. This middle-class country had got a middle-class President at last. Yes, in manners and sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. This man grew according to the need. His mind mastered the problem of the day; and as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event.

In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the Rabel of events and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, laboring to find what the people wanted and how to obtain that.

It seems to me there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly treated, he was. There was no look or suspicion nor of slander, nor of ridicule. The times have changed no worse since, the nation has a hand to pull Germany and Prussia down to be treated, than we never could be here. They are the same, and we know all about them.

Then, what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war. Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years,—four years of battle days,—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity,⁵ were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood an heroic figure in the center of an heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them;¹⁰ slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs, the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.¹⁵

insularity: narrowness and prejudice. From the first meaning, *the state of being an island*, we derive the secondary meaning, *the mental condition of those who live as on an island*. — **flatboatman**: a man working on a flatboat. This is a boat used for freight on the shallow Western rivers. — **the Black Hawk war**: an uprising of Indians, under the chief Black Hawk, in Illinois and the Wisconsin territory. — **A'sop**: a Greek writer of the sixth century B.C., who was renowned for his fables. — **Pilpay** (pil'pī): a Hindu writer of fables. — **Seven Wise Masters**: the seven wise men of Greece, who were distinguished for their wise maxims. They are supposed to have lived in the sixth century B.C. Little is known of any of these writers, and their very existence has been questioned. — **pregnant**: weighty. — **speech at Gettysburg**: an address delivered in 1863 at the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg. — **Babel**: a scene of confusion. See Genesis xi. — **fer'ment**: agitation, tumult. This comes from a Latin word meaning boiling hot.

few years, like *Aesop* or *Pilpay*, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his fables and proverbs. . . .

What pregnant definitions ; what unerring common sense ; what foresight ; and, on great occasion, what 5 lofty, and, more than national, what humane tone ! His brief speech at Gettysburg will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion. . . .

His occupying the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience.

10 This middle-class country had got a middle-class President at last. Yes, in manners and sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. This man grew according to the need. His mind mastered the problem of the day ; and as the problem grew, so did his 15 comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event.

In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the Babel of counsels and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, laboring to find what 20 the people wanted and how to obtain that.

It cannot be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no state secrets ; the nation has 25 been in such ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept. Every door was ajar, and we know all that befell.

Then, what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war. Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather sailor ; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years,—four years of battle days,—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, 5 were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood an heroic figure in the center of an heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them ; 10 slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs, the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man ; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.

15

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DOUGLAS AND MARMION

WALTER SCOTT

NOTE.—“Marmion” is ranked among the greatest of Scott’s longer poems. It is to be remembered that the great author first became famous as a poet, and that “Marmion” was published six years before the first of the Waverley Novels. Marmion, a haughty nobleman of Henry the 5 Eighth’s court, has been sent as an envoy to the Scottish king, who is said to be preparing for war. Arrived at Edinburgh, Marmion finds that his errand may be useless, as a herald has already been dispatched to King Henry. As it is his duty, however, to remain in Scotland as long as there is any hope of peace, he is given into the care of Douglas, Earl of Angus.

10 The war cloud draws nearer, and at last Marmion, eager for battle, makes ready to depart for the English camp at Flodden Field. Here this selection opens.

The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu.

15 “Though something I might ‘plain,’ he said,
“Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your King’s behest,
While in Tantallon’s towers I stayed,
Part we in friendship from your land,
20 And, noble Earl, receive my hand.”

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
“My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my Sovereign’s will,
25 To each one whom he lists, howe’er
Unmeet to be the owner’s peer.

My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone,—
The hand of Douglas is his own;



And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

5

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,

And "This to me!" he said,—
"An't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!

5 And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

10 Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord
And lay your hand upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou 'rt defied!

15 And if thou saidst, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
20 O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?

25 And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung,
 The ponderous gate behind him rung:
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

5

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise;
 Not lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim:
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

10

train: procession.—**adieu:** farewell. The French *adieu*, like our *good-by*, is a commendation to the care of God,—à *Dieu* and *God be with you*.—**something:** somewhat.—**'plain:** complain.—**Tantallon:** Douglas's castle. This Earl of Douglas was of an earlier generation than the Douglas of "The Lady of the Lake."—**bowers:** formerly, rooms.—**lists:** likes, chooses.—**peer:** equal. *Peer* also means nobleman (see twelve lines below); only men of distinguished birth were considered to be fit companions for the king.—**an:** this is an old conjunction, meaning if.—**hold:** stronghold.—**to beard:** to defy. Among the Jews it was considered a great affront to touch a man's beard.—**unscathed:** uninjured.—**Saint Bride:** a favorite saint of the house of Douglas.—**portcul'is:** a sliding gate made of crossbars tipped with iron. It was hung on chains in the gateway of a castle, and when these chains were loosened, it fell by its own weight. The word comes from two French words meaning a gate and a groove.—**row'el:** the little wheel of a spur.—**plume:** feathers worn as ornaments.

The sovereigns during this time awaited with impatience the signal of the occupation of the city by the cardinal's troops, which, winding slowly along the outer circuit of the walls, as previously arranged, in order to spare the feelings of the citizens as far as possible, entered what is now called the gate of Los Molinos.

In a short time the large silver cross borne by Ferdinand throughout the crusade was seen sparkling in the sunbeams, while the standards of Castile and St. Jago waved triumphantly from the red towers of the Alhambra.

At this glorious spectacle the choir of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of the Te Deum, and the whole army, penetrated with deep emotion, prostrated themselves on their knees in adoration of the Lord of Hosts, who had at length granted the consummation of their wishes, in this last and glorious triumph of the cross.

The grandees who surrounded Ferdinand then advanced toward the queen, and, kneeling down, saluted her hand in token of homage to her as sovereign of Granada. The procession took up its march toward the city, "the king and queen moving in the midst," says an historian, "emblazoned with royal magnificence; and as they were in the prime of life, and had now achieved the completion of this glorious conquest, they seemed to represent even more than their wonted majesty. Equal with each other, they were raised far above the rest of the world. They appeared, indeed, more than mortal, and as if sent by Heaven for the salvation of Spain."

In the meanwhile the Moorish king, traversing the route of the Alpujarras, reached a rocky eminence which commanded a last view of Granada. He checked his horse, and as his eye for the last time wandered over the scenes of his departed greatness, his heart swelled, and he burst 5 into tears. "You do well," said his more masculine mother, "to weep like a woman for what you could not defend like a man!"

"Alas!" exclaimed the unhappy exile, "when were woes ever equal to mine!" The scene of this event is 10 still pointed out to the traveler by the people of the district; and the rocky height from which the Moorish chief took his sad farewell of the princely abodes of his youth is commemorated by the poetical title of "The Last Sigh of the Moor." 15

[Notice in comparing this with Bulwer Lytton's "Surrender of Granada," on page 261, the different ways in which a novelist and an historian treat the same subject.]

infanta: princess. — Mendo'za (tha): called "the grand cardinal." He was a famous Spanish statesman who distinguished himself in the Moorish war. He is sometimes confounded with Mendoza, the Spanish historian, who belonged to the next century. — Armilla (ar-mé'l'ya): a Spanish village. — Abdal'lah: Boabdil. See "The Surrender of Granada." — the Alhambra: the royal palace and fortress. — St. Sebastian: a Christian martyr of the third century. — armorial bearings: devices worn upon shields. — the Alpujarras (äl-poo-härräś): a mountainous region of Granada. — Los Molinos (lös mol-ë-nos): the mills. — St. Jago (yä'go): Santiago or St. James, the patron saint of Spain. — the red towers: Alhambra is Arabic for "the red." The name is derived from the color of the sun-dried bricks of which the outer walls are built.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN

SIDNEY LANIER

NOTE.—This poem, which was published anonymously, attracted immediate attention by its exquisite word painting, its beautiful imagery, and by its musical quality. Notice such lines as "While the riotous noon-day sun of the June day long did shine," "The vast, sweet visage of space," 5 "Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight," and "Tolerant plains, that suffer the seas and the rain and the sun."

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine,
While the riotous noonday sun of the June day long did
shine

Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in mine ;
10 But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,

And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—

Aye, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of
the oak,

15 And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome
sound of the stroke

Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know,
And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn

Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought me
of yore

When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but bit-
terness sore,

And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable
pain

Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain,—

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face

5

The vast, sweet visage of space.

To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,

Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the
dawn,

For a mete and a mark

To the forest dark :—

10

So :

Affable live oak, leaning low,—

Thus — with your favor — soft, with a reverent hand,
(Not lightly touching your person, lord of the land !)

Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand

On the firm-packed sand,

15

Free

By a world of marsh, that borders a world of sea.

Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmer-
ing band

Of the sand beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the
folds of the land.

Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand beach wavers away to a dim gray looping
of light.

And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods
stands high ?

The world lies east : how ample the marsh and the sea and
the sky !

5 A league and a league of marsh grass, waist-high, broad in
the blade,

Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a
shade,

Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea ?

10 Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the
marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withhold-
ing and free

Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to
the sea !

15 Tolerant plains, that suffer the seas and the rain and the
sun,

Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath
mightily won

God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God !
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh hen flies 5
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh
and the skies :

By so many roots as the marsh grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God :
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn. 10

And the sea lends large, as the marsh : lo, out of his
plenty the sea

Pours fast : full soon the time of the flood tide must be :

Look how the grace of the sea doth go

About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there, 15

Everywhere,

Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the
low-lying lanes,

And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,

That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow

In the rose-and-silver evening glow. 20

Farewell, my lord Sun !

The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run

'Twixt the roots of the sod ; the blades of the marsh grass
stir ;

Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr ;
Passeth, and all is still ; and the currents cease to run ;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

- 5 How still the plains of the waters be !
The tide is in his ecstasy ;
The tide is at its highest height :
And it is night.

- And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
10 Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep ?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when
the tide comes in
15 On the length and the breadth of the marvelous marshes
of Glynn.

Glynn: a county of Georgia bordering on the ocean. — live oak: a species of oak found near the Atlantic coasts of the Southern states and along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. It is a valuable timber tree, having tough, close-grained wood, which is extremely durable. Live oaks often attain a great size, and when draped with Spanish moss have a truly venerable aspect. — catholic man: a liberal, broad-minded man.

THE CARRONADE

VICTOR HUGO

VICTOR HUGO (1802-1885) was a famous French writer, who was the author of many powerful novels, poems, and plays.

NOTE.—This scene occurs in the opening chapters of a story of the French Revolution, called “Ninety-Three.” The vessel is an English man-of-war, masquerading as a merchantman. 5

A frightful thing had just happened ; one of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four pound cannon, had become loose.

This is perhaps the most dreadful thing that can take place at sea. Nothing more terrible can happen to a 10 man-of-war under full sail.

A cannon that breaks loose from its fastenings is suddenly transformed into a supernatural beast. It is a monster developed from a machine. This mass rolls along on its wheels as easily as a billiard ball ; it rolls 15 with the rolling, pitches with the pitching, comes and goes, stops and seems to meditate, begins anew, darts like an arrow from one end of the ship to the other, whirls around, turns aside, evades, rears, hits out, crushes, kills, exterminates. 20

It has the air of having lost its patience, and of taking a mysterious, dull revenge. The mad mass leaps like a panther ; it has the weight of an elephant, the agility of

a mouse, the obstinacy of an ax ; it takes one by surprise like the surge of the sea ; it flashes like lightning ; it is deaf as the tomb ; it weighs ten thousand pounds, and it bounds like a child's ball. How can one guard
§ against these terrible gyrations ?

The ship had within its depths, so to speak, imprisoned lightning struggling to escape ; something like the rumbling of thunder during an earthquake. In an instant the crew were on their feet. Brave men though they
10 were, they paused, silent, pale, and undecided, looking down at the gun deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended. It was their passenger, the peasant, the man about whom they had been talking a minute ago.

15 Having reached the foot of the ladder he halted. The cannon was rolling to and fro on the gun deck. A dim wavering of lights and shadows was added to this spectacle by the marine lantern swinging under the deck. The outlines of the cannon were becoming indistinguish-
20 able by reason of the rapidity of its motion ; sometimes it looked black when the light shone upon it, then again it would cast pale, glimmering reflections in the darkness.

It was still pursuing its work of destruction. It had
25 already shattered four other pieces, and made two breaches in the ship's side, fortunately above the water line. It rushed frantically against the timbers ; the stout riders

resisted,—curved timbers have great strength; but one could hear them crack under this tremendous assault. The whole ship was filled with the tumult.

The captain, who had rapidly recovered his self-possession, had given orders to throw down the hatchway all 5



that could abate the rage and check the mad onslaught of this infuriated gun,—mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, and bales of false assignats. But what availed these rags? No one dared to go down to arrange them and in a few moments they were reduced to lint. 10 Meanwhile the havoc increased. The mizzenmast was

split and even the mainmast was damaged by the convulsive blows of the cannon. The fractures in the side grew larger and the ship began to leak.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun deck,
5 looked like one carved in stone, as he stood motionless at
the foot of the ladder. Suddenly, as the escaped cannon
was tossing from side to side, a man appeared, grasping
an iron bar. It was the chief gunner, whose criminal
negligence was the cause of the catastrophe. Having
10 brought about the evil, he now intended to repair it.
Holding a handspike in one hand, and in the other a
rope with a noose in it, he had jumped through the hatch-
way to the deck below.

Then began a terrible struggle ; a contest between mind
15 and matter ; a duel between man and the inanimate.
The man stood in one corner holding in his hands the
bar and the rope ; calm, livid, and tragic, he stood firmly
on his legs that were like two pillars of steel. He was
waiting for the cannon to approach him.

20 The gunner knew his piece, and he felt as if it must
know him. They had lived together a long time. How
often had he put his hand into its mouth ! He began
to talk to it as he would to a dog. "Come," said he.
Possibly he loved it.

25 When, in the act of accepting this awful hand-to-hand
struggle, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon,
it happened that the surging sea held the gun motionless

for an instant, as if stupefied. "Come on!" said the man. It seemed to listen. Suddenly it leaped toward him. The man dodged. Then the struggle began,— a contest unheard-of ; the human warrior attacking the brazen beast ; blind force on one side, soul on the other. It was 5 as if a gigantic insect of iron was endowed with the will of a demon. Now and then this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun deck, then falling back on its four wheels, like a tiger on all fours, would rush upon the man. He — supple, agile, adroit — writhed 10 like a serpent before these lightning movements.

A piece of broken chain remained attached to the carronade ; one end was fastened to the gun carriage ; the other end thrashed wildly around, aggravating the danger with every bound of the cannon. The screw held it as in 15 a clenched hand, and this chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering ram by those of the thong, made a terrible whirlwind around the gun,—a lash of iron in a fist of brass. The chain complicated the combat.

Despite all this, the man fought. Suddenly the canon 20 seemed to say to itself, Now, then, there must be an end to this. And it stopped. A crisis was felt to be at hand. All at once it hurled itself upon the gunner, who sprang aside with a laugh as the cannon passed him. Then, as though blind and beside itself, it turned from 25 the man and rolled from stern to stem, splintering the latter and causing a breach in the walls of the prow.

The gunner took refuge at the foot of the ladder, a short distance from the old man, who stood watching. Without taking the trouble to turn, the cannon rushed backward on the man, as swift as the blow of an ax.

5 The gunner, if driven against the side of the ship, would be lost. A cry arose from the crew.

The old passenger, — who until this moment had stood motionless, sprang forward more swiftly than all those mad whirls. He had seized a bale of false assignats, and

10 at the risk of being crushed succeeded in throwing it between the wheels of the carronade.

The bale had the effect of a plug. The carronade stumbled, and the gunner thrust his iron bar between the spokes of the back wheels. Pitching forward, the cannon

15 stopped ; and the man, using his bar for a lever, rocked it backward and forward. The heavy mass upset, with the resonant sound of a bell that crashes in its fall. The man flung himself upon it and passed the slip noose round the neck of the defeated monster.

20 The combat was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had overcome the mastodon ; the pygmy had imprisoned the thunderbolt.

Abridged.

carronade : a short iron cannon, originally made in Carron, Scotland. — **riders** : timbers put in to strengthen the frame of a ship. — **assignats** : a kind of paper money issued by France during the Revolution, and representing confiscated land to be assigned to the holders of such certificates. — **stem** : the bow of a vessel.

EARLY CONQUESTS

JOHN FISKE

If we look back for a moment to the primitive stages of society, we may picture to ourselves the surface of the earth sparsely and scantily covered with wandering tribes of savages, rude in morals and manners, narrow in experience, sustaining life very much as lower animals sustain it, by gathering wild fruits or slaying wild game, and waging chronic warfare alike with beasts and with men.

In the widest sense the subject of political history is the description of the processes by which, under favorable circumstances, innumerable such primitive tribes have become welded together into mighty nations, with elevated standards of morals and manners, with wide and varied experience, sustaining life and ministering to human happiness by elaborate arts and sciences, and putting a curb upon warfare by limiting its scope, diminishing its cruelty, and interrupting it by intervals of peace.

The story, as laid before us in the records of three thousand years, is fascinating and absorbing in its human interest for those who content themselves with the study of its countless personal incidents and neglect its profound philosophical lessons. But for those who study it in the scientific spirit, the human interest of its details becomes still more intensely fascinating and absorbing.

Battles and coronations, poems and inventions, migrations and martyrdoms, acquire new meanings and awaken new emotions as we begin to discern their bearings upon the solemn work of ages that is slowly winning for 5 humanity a richer and more perfect life. By such meditation upon men's thoughts and deeds is the understanding purified, till we become better able to comprehend our relations to the world and the duty that lies upon each of us to shape his conduct rightly.

10 In the welding together of primitive shifting tribes into stable and powerful nations, we seem to discern three different methods that have been followed at different times and places, with widely different results.

The first of these methods, which has been followed 15 from time immemorial in the Oriental world, may be roughly described as *conquest without incorporation*. A tribe grows to national dimensions by conquering and annexing its neighbors, without admitting them to a share in its political life.

20 Probably there is always at first some incorporation, or even perhaps some crude germ of federative alliance; but this goes very little way,—only far enough to fuse together a few closely related tribes, agreeing in speech and habits, into a single great tribe that can overwhelm 25 its neighbors. In early society this sort of incorporation cannot go far without being stopped by some impassable barrier of language or religion.

After reaching that point, the conquering tribe simply annexes its neighbors and makes them its slaves. It becomes a superior caste, ruling over vanquished peoples, whom it oppresses with frightful cruelty, while living on the fruits of their toil in what has been aptly termed 5 Oriental luxury. Such has been the origin of many Eastern despotisms in the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates, and elsewhere.

Such a political structure admits of a very considerable development of material civilization, in which gorgeous 10 palaces and artistic temples may be built, and perhaps even literature and scholarship rewarded, with money wrung from millions of toiling wretches. There is that sort of brutal strength in it, that it may endure for many long ages, until it comes into collision with some 15 higher civilization. Then it is likely to end in sudden collapse, because the fighting quality of the people has been destroyed.

Populations that have lived for centuries in fear of impalement or crucifixion, and have known no other destination for the products of their labor than the clutches of the omnipresent taxgatherer, are not likely to furnish good soldiers. A handful of freemen will scatter them like sheep, as the Greeks did twenty-three centuries ago at Kynaxa, as the English did the other day at Tel-el-Kebir. 25

On the other hand, where the manliness of the vanquished people is not crushed, the sway of the conquerors

who cannot enter into political union with them is likely to be cast off, as in the case of the Moors in Spain.

There was a civilization in many respects admirable. It was eminent for industry, science, art, and poetry ; its annals are full of romantic interest ; it was in some respects superior to the Christian system which supplanted it ; in many ways it contributed largely to the progress of the human race ; and it was free from some of the worst vices of Oriental civilization.

10 Yet because of the fundamental defect that between the Christian Spaniard and his Mussulman conqueror there could be no political fusion, this brilliant civilization was doomed.

15 During eight centuries of more or less extensive rule in the Spanish peninsula, the Moor was from first to last an alien, just as after four centuries the Turk is still an alien in the Balkan peninsula.

20 The natural result was a struggle that lasted age after age, till it ended in the utter extermination of one of the parties, and left behind it a legacy of hatred and persecution that has made the history of modern Spain a dismal record of shame and disaster.

Kynaxa : often written Cunaxa. Here, in 401 B.C., the immense Persian army was put to flight by a much smaller force. **Tel-el-Kebir** : a town in Egypt. Here, in 1882, General Wolseley, at the head of English forces, won a victory over Arabi Pasha, who was the leader of a popular revolt against the power of France and England in Egypt.

A DAKOTA WHEAT FIELD

HAMLIN GARLAND

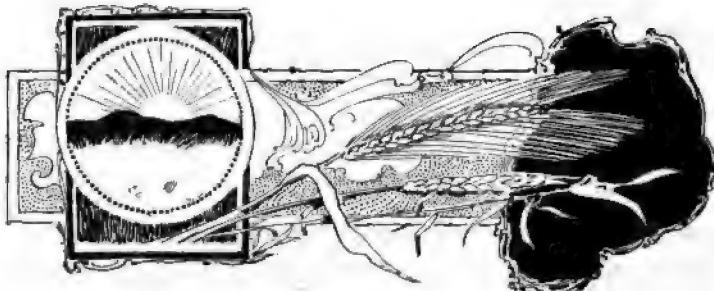
HAMLIN GARLAND is an American novelist and poet. He has written mainly of the West.

Like liquid gold the wheat field lies,
A marvel of yellow and russet and green,
That ripples and runs, that floats and flies, 5
With the subtle shadows, the change, the sheen,
That play in the golden hair of a girl,—
A ripple of amber—a flare
Of light sweeping after—a curl
In the hollows like swirling feet 10
Of fairy waltzers, the colors run
To the western sun
Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

Broad as the fleckless, soaring sky,
Mysterious, fair as the moon-led sea, 15
The vast plain flames on the dazzled eye
Under the fierce sun's alchemy.
The slow hawk stoops
To his prey in the deeps;
The sunflower droops 20
To the lazy wave; the wind sleeps.
Then all in dazzling links and loops,

A riot of shadow and shine,
A glory of olive and amber and wine,
To the westering sun the colors run
Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

- 5 O glorious land! My Western land,
Outspread beneath the setting sun!
Once more amid your swells I stand,
And cross your sod lands dry and dun.
I hear the jocund calls of men
10 Who sweep amid the ripened grain
With swift, stern reapers, once again.
The evening splendor floods the plain.
The crickets' chime
Makes pauseless rhyme,
15 And toward the sun
The splendid colors ramp and run
Before the wind's feet
In the wheat!



MR. PICKWICK'S SLIDE

CHARLES DICKENS

NOTE.—Mr. Pickwick and his friends are spending the Christmas holidays with Mr. Wardle, who has taken them out on the ice to entertain them. See "On the Muggleton Coach," page 301.

Meanwhile Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavors cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice warm exercise, does n't it ?" he inquired of Wardle.

"Ah, it does indeed !" replied Wardle. "Do you slide ?"

"I used to do so on the gutters when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick !" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I have n't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh ! pooh ! Nonsense !" said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings. "Here ; I 'll keep you company ; come along !" And away went the good-tempered old fellow



down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, balked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators. 5

“Keep the pot a-bilin’, sir!” said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and 10 then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other’s heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition. 15

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually 20 expend the painful force he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face toward the point from which he had started; to contemplate the joyful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned 25 round when he had done so and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow and

his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round) it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm that nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp, smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush toward the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared, the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance, while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

It was at this moment, when Mr. Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant!" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do ; let me implore you — for my sake !" roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary, the probability being that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so 5 for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow ?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I could n't get on my 10 feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible, bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement ; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the 15 water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valor were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing and cracking and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position and once more stood on dry land. 20

"Oh ! he 'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing !" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that 's the best thing you can do," said Wardle ; "and when you 've got it on, run home as fast as your legs 25 can carry you and jump into bed directly." Abridged.

ANTONY'S SPEECH OVER CÆSAR'S BODY

J. A. FROUDE

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE (1818-1894) was an English historian. His "History of England" cast a new light upon many events and persons.

NOTE.—In the year 45 b.c. Cæsar had returned to Rome a triumphant general, and had been appointed dictator. His increasing power alarmed some of the more republican Romans. Among them was Cassius. He argued that the liberties of Rome were in danger, and he thus persuaded Brutus to take part in a crime which they believed would make Rome free. Cæsar was assassinated by men whom he considered his friends, March 15, 44 b.c. Antony was permitted, by the courtesy of Brutus, to deliver the funeral oration. Froude gives this version of Antony's speech.

Power in most men has brought their faults to light.
Power in Cæsar brought into prominence his excellences.
Prosperity did not make him insolent, for it gave him a sphere which corresponded to his nature. His first services in Spain deserved a triumph; of his laws I could speak forever. His campaigns in Gaul are known to you all. That land from which the Teutons and Cimbri poured over the Alps is now as well ordered as Italy. Cæsar would have added Germany and Britain to your empire, but his enemies would not have it so.

They regarded the commonwealth as the patrimony of themselves. They brought him home. They went on with their usurpations till you yourselves required his help. He set you free. He set Spain free. He labored for peace with Pompey, but Pompey preferred to go into

Greece, to bring the powers of the East upon you, and he perished in his obstinacy.

Cæsar took no honor to himself for this victory. He abhorred the necessity of it. He took no revenge. He was sorry for Pompey's death, and he treated his murderers 5 as they deserved. He settled Egypt and Armenia. He would have disposed of the Parthians had not fresh seditions recalled him to Italy. He quelled those seditions. He restored peace in Africa and Spain, and again his one desire was to spare his fellow-citizens. 10

There was in him an "inbred goodness." He was always the same,—never carried away by anger, and never spoilt by success. He did not retaliate for the past, he never tried by severity to secure himself for the future. His effort throughout was to save all who would 15 allow themselves to be saved. He repaired old acts of injustice. He restored the families of those who had been proscribed by Sulla, but he burnt unread the correspondence of Pompey and Scipio, that those whom it compromised might neither suffer injury nor fear injury. 20

You honored him as your father; you loved him as your benefactor; you made him chief of the state, not being curious of titles, but regarding the most which you could give as less than he had deserved at your hands. . . . To you he was Consul; to the army he 25 was Imperator; to the enemies of his country Dictator. In sum he was *Pater Patriae*.

And this your father lies dead — dead, not by disease or age, not by war or visitation of God, but here at home, by conspiracy within your own walls, slain in the Senate-house, the warrior unarmed, the peacemaker naked to 5 his foes, the righteous judge in the seat of judgment. He whom no foreign enemy could hurt has been killed by his fellow-countrymen — he, who had so often shown mercy, by those whom he had spared.

Where, Cæsar, is your love for mankind ? Where is 10 the sacredness of your life ? Where are your laws ? Here you lie murdered — here in the Forum, through which so often you marched in triumph, wreathed with garlands ; here upon the rostra from which you were wont to address your people. Alas for your gray hairs 15 dabbled in blood ! Alas for this lacerated robe in which you were dressed for the sacrifice !

a triumph : an honor given to a returning conqueror. It was an imposing ceremonial, including a triumphal march. — **Teutons and Cimbri** : wild German tribes. — **Pompey** : a Roman general of great ability. He was Cæsar's son-in-law, though six years his elder. The two men were rivals for popular favor. Pompey was murdered, by order of the king of Egypt, in 48 B.C. — **Par'thians** : inhabitants of a country in Asia. — **proscribed** : condemned to death. — **Sulla** : a Roman consul, afterwards dictator, who represented the aristocratic party. — **Scipio** : a Roman general. — **curious of** : too exact about. This meaning is now nearly obsolete. — **Imper'a'tor** : emperor. — **Pater Patriæ** : Latin for *father of his country*. — **rostra** : a stage in the Roman Forum from which orations and speeches were delivered. The word means the beaks, and was so called because it was adorned with the beaks of captured vessels. — **Forum** : a public place in Rome where orations were delivered and cases tried.

ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

NOTE.—Every student of Shakespeare is familiar with the ringing words of Mark Antony's famous speech. They are as fine an example of the rhetorical figure of irony as English literature furnishes. Antony has been permitted to speak by those whom he hates and distrusts. It is in his heart to inflame the people against these men, but he must be careful 5 to utter no word of protest or rebellion, lest his opportunity be taken from him. So, under the mask of simple grief for Cæsar's death, Antony contrives to fill the minds of his hearers with "mutiny and rage," without uttering a single charge against the conspirators.

In reading this selection orally the effect is heightened by giving no 10 ironical inflection to the words "For Brutus is an honorable man," until they are reiterated.

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him:

The evil that men do lives after them; 15

The good is oft interrèd with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it. 20

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest —

For Brutus is an honorable man;

So are they all, all honorable men —

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me: 25

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

5 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

10 You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honorable man.

15 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause:

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

20 And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me. . . .

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

25 And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men :
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

5



But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;
I found it in his closet, 't is his will :
Let but the commons hear this testament —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds 10
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue. . . .

5 *All.* The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
10 And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Cit. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

Third Cit. You shall have leave. [*ANTONY comes down.*]

15 *Fourth Cit.* A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back.

20 *Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii:

25 Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

See what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed;

And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel: 5
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart; 10
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down, 15
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here, 20
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woeful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains! 25

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

5 *Sec. Cit.* We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die
with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable:

10 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;

15 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
20 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
25 Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then ! come, seek the conspirators. 5

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony !

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?

Alas, you know not : I must tell you, then : 10
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true. The will ! Let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas. 15

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar ! We'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, 20
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ? 25

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away !
We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

5 *Fourth Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt CITIZENS with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

to bury Cæsar: Shakespeare uses the phrase of his own country. In Rome bodies were burned, not buried.—answered: atoned for.—the general coffers: the public treasury.—on the Lu'percal: during the feast of Lupercus, a Roman god.—parchment: this word comes from Pergamus, a city in Asia Minor, where skins of sheep and goats were first prepared for use as writing material.—the commons: the common people. Roman citizens were divided into two classes, the patricians or aristocrats, and the plebeians or the commons.—testament: will.—napkins: handkerchiefs.—issue: children.—hearse: bier.—Nervii: “the bravest warriors of all the Belgæ.” Cæsar’s conquest of them was the most glorious victory of his campaign.—Cassius, Casca, Brutus: the chief conspirators.—As rushing: as if rushing.—resolved: convinced.—most unkindest: this use of a double superlative was common until after the days of Queen Elizabeth.—statua: statue.—dint: power. This word meant originally a blow: then the mark of a blow: and now force or strength, as when we say “by dint of.”—about: about face! let us be off!—let me not stir you up: Antony knows that his own self-restraint and his appeal to the hearts of the people are his surest weapons.—wit: mental ability. The word meant originally the power to know. Its present meaning is much narrower.—every several man: an emphatic phrase like our “each individual man.”—seventy-five drachmas: about eleven dollars.—On this side Tiber: Shakespeare was mistaken. Cæsar’s gardens were across the Tiber.—walk abroad: supply in.—forms: benches.—ex'eunt: they go out (Latin).

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY (1814-1877) was an eminent American historian. His great work, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," was the result of years of study. Much of Motley's life was spent abroad in literary research and in political service.

In person, Orange was above the middle height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. His eyes, hair, beard, and complexion were brown. His head was small, symmetrically shaped, combining the alertness and compactness characteristic of the soldier, with the capacious brow furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought, denoting the statesman and the sage.

His physical appearance was, therefore, in harmony with his organization, which was of antique model. Of his moral qualities, the most prominent was his piety. He was more than anything else a religious man. From his trust in God he ever derived support and consolation in the darkest hours.

Implicitly relying upon Almighty wisdom and goodness, he looked danger in the face with a constant smile, and endured incessant labors and trials with a serenity which seemed more than human.

While, however, his soul was full of piety, it was tolerant of error. Sincerely and deliberately himself a

convert to the Reformed Church, he was ready to extend freedom of worship to Catholics on the one hand, and to Anabaptists on the other, for no man ever felt more keenly than he that the Reformer who becomes in his 5 turn a bigot is doubly odious.

His firmness was allied to his piety. His constancy in bearing the whole weight of struggle as unequal as men have ever undertaken, was the theme of admiration even to his enemies. The rock in the ocean, "tranquil amid 10 raging billows," was the favorite emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness.

From the time when, as a hostage in France, he first discovered the plan of Philip to plant the Inquisition in the Netherlands, up to the last moment of his life, he 15 never faltered in his determination to resist that iniquitous scheme. This resistance was the labor of his life. To exclude the Inquisition, to maintain the ancient liberties of his country, was the task which he appointed to himself when a youth of three-and-twenty.

20 Never speaking a word concerning a heavenly mission, never deluding himself or others with the usual phraseology of enthusiasts, he accomplished the task, through danger, amid toils, and with sacrifices such as few men have ever been able to make on their country's altar — 25 for the disinterested benevolence of the man was as prominent as his fortitude. A prince of high rank and with royal revenues, he stripped himself of station, wealth,

almost, at times, of the common necessities of life, and became, in his country's cause, nearly a beggar as well as an outlaw.

Of the soldier's great virtues — constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat — no man ever possessed a larger share. . . . He was therefore a conqueror in the loftiest sense, for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle, but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch. 10

He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative, with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul in dying 15 "to his great captain, Christ."

The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their "Father William," and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which 20 they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

Abridged.

William of Orange: founder of the Dutch republic (1533-1584). — **Anabaptists:** a religious sect. — **Inquisition:** a court established in the thirteenth century to punish heresies against the Roman Catholic faith. Philip II of Spain was a Catholic.

A HURON MISSION HOUSE¹

FRANCIS PARKMAN

FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823–1893) was an eminent American historian whose work is as accurate as it is interesting. He has written chiefly about French exploration in the New World.

NOTE.—Few passages of history are more striking than those which record the efforts of the French to convert the Indians. While the early English colonies were struggling for a foothold upon the Atlantic coast, events affecting their future were already going on in the heart of the continent. The following selection describes the home of some of the French missionaries in the country lying between Lake Simcoe and Lake Huron.

10 By the ancient Huron custom, when a man or a family wanted a house the whole village joined in building one. In the present case the neighboring town also took part in the work. Before October the task was finished.

15 The house was constructed after the Huron model. It was thirty-six feet long and about twenty feet wide, framed with strong sapling poles planted in the earth to form the sides, with the ends bent into an arch for the roof,—the whole lashed firmly together, braced with cross poles, and closely covered with overlapping sheets 20 of bark.

Without, the structure was strictly Indian; but within, the priests, with the aid of their tools, made innovations

¹ From "The Jesuits of North America." Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Francis Parkman, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts. Copyright, 1895, by Grace P. Coffin and Katherine S. Coolidge.

which were the astonishment of all the country. They divided their dwelling by transverse partitions into three apartments, each with its wooden door,—a wondrous novelty in the eyes of their visitors. The first served as a hall, an anteroom, and a place of storage for corn, 5 beans, and dried fish. The second—the largest of the



three—was at once kitchen, workshop, dining room, drawing room, school room, and bedchamber. The third was the chapel. Here they made their altar, and here were their images, pictures, and sacred vessels. 10

Their fire was on the ground, in the middle of the second apartment, the smoke escaping by a hole in the roof. At the sides were placed two wide platforms, after the Huron fashion, four feet from the earthen floor. On these were chests in which they kept their clothing, and 15

beneath them they slept, reclining on sheets of bark, and covered with skins and the garments they wore by day. Rude stools, a hand mill, an Indian mortar for crushing corn, and a clock, completed the furniture of the room.

5 There was no lack of visitors, for the house contained marvels the fame of which was noised abroad to the uttermost confines of the Huron nation. Chief among them was the clock. The guests would sit in expectant silence by the hour, squatted on the ground, waiting to
10 hear it strike. They thought it was alive and asked what it ate. As the last stroke sounded, one of the Frenchmen would cry "Stop!" — and to the admiration of the company the obedient clock was silent. The mill was another wonder, and they never tired of turning it.
15 Besides these, there was a prism and a magnet; also a magnifying glass, wherein a flea was transformed to a frightful monster, and a multiplying lens which showed them the same object eleven times repeated.

"What does the Captain say?" was the frequent question; for by this title of honor they designated the clock.

"When he strikes twelve times he says, 'Hang on the kettle'; and when he strikes four times he says, 'Get up and go home.'"

Both interpretations were remembered. At noon visitors were never wanting; but at the stroke of four all arose and departed, leaving the missionaries for a time in peace.

EDUCATION

JOHN RUSKIN

NOTE.—Ruskin uses words as an artist uses colors, choosing, combining, and arranging with unfailing skill and power. Notice the figures of speech, the allusions and references that are bound up in this brief selection.

Education is, indeed, of all differences not divinely appointed, an instant effacer and reconciler. Whatever is undivinely poor, it will make rich; whatever is undivinely maimed, and halt, and blind, it will make whole, and equal, and seeing. The blind and the lame are to it as to David at the siege of the Tower of Kings, “hated of David’s soul.”

But there are other divinely appointed differences, eternal as the ranks of the everlasting hills, and as the strength of their ceaseless waters. And these education does not do away with; but measures, manifests, and employs.

15

In the handful of shingle which you gather from the seabeach, which the indiscriminate sea, with equality of fraternal foam, has only educated to be, every one, round, you will see little difference between the noble and mean stones. But the jeweler’s trenchant education of them will tell you another story. Even the meanest will be better for it, but the noblest so much better that you can class the two together no more.

The fair veins and colors are all clear now, and so stern
is nature's intent regarding this, that not only will the
polish show which is best, but the best will take the most
polish. You shall not merely see they have more virtue
5 than the others, but see that more of virtue more clearly;
and the less virtue there is, the more dimly you shall see
what there is of it.

"hated of David's soul": see 2 Samuel v. 6-10 for an account of the taking of Jerusalem. — everlasting hills: see Genesis xlix. 26.

MUNERA PULVERIS

JOHN RUSKIN

No soul can be perfect in an imperfect body: no body perfect without a perfect soul. Every right action and true
10 thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face; every wrong action and foul thought its seal of distortion; and the various aspects of humanity might be read as plainly as a printed history, were it not that the impressions are so complex that it must always in some cases
15 (and, in the present state of our knowledge, in all cases) be impossible to decipher them completely.

Nevertheless, the face of a consistently just, and of a consistently unjust person, may always be rightly distinguished at a glance; and if the qualities are continued by

descent through a generation or two, there arises a complete distinction of race. Both moral and physical qualities are communicated by descent far more than they can be developed by education (though both may be destroyed by want of education); and there is as yet no ascertained 5 limit to the nobleness of person and mind which the human creature may attain by persevering observance of the laws of God respecting its birth and training.

The perfect type of manhood involves the perfections of his body, affections, and intelligence. Material things, 10 therefore, which it is the object of political economy to produce and use (or accumulate for use), are things which serve either to sustain and comfort the body, or exercise rightly the affections and form the intelligence. Whatever truly serves either of these purposes is “useful” 15 to man, wholesome, healthful, helpful, or holy. By seeking such things, man prolongs and increases his life upon the earth.

On the other hand, whatever does not serve either of these purposes,—much more whatever counteracts them, 20— is in like manner useless to man, unwholesome, unhelpful, or unholy; and by seeking such things man shortens and diminishes his life upon the earth.

And neither with respect to things useful or useless can man’s estimate of them alter their nature. Certain substances being good for his food, and others noxious to him, what he thinks or wishes respecting them can neither

change nor prevent their power. If he eats corn, he will live ; if nightshade, he will die.

If he produce or make good and beautiful things, they will re-create him (note the solemnity and weight of the word) ; if bad and ugly things, they will "corrupt" or "break in pieces," —that is, in the exact degree of their power, kill him. For every hour of labor, however enthusiastic or well intended, which he spends for that which is not bread, so much possibility of life is lost to him.

10 His fancies, likings, beliefs, however brilliant, eager, or obstinate, are of no avail if they are set on a false object. Of all that he has labored for, the eternal law of heaven and earth measures out to him for reward, to the utmost atom, that part which he ought to have labored for, and 15 withdraws from him (or enforces on him, it may be) inexorably, that part which he ought not to have labored for until on his summer threshing floor stands his heap of corn ; little or much, not according to his labor, but to his discretion. No "commercial arrangements," no painting 20 of surfaces, nor alloying of substances, will avail him a pennyweight. Nature asks of him calmly and inevitably, What have you found, or formed —the right thing or the wrong ? By the right thing you shall live ; by the wrong you shall die.

25 To thoughtless persons it seems otherwise. The world looks to them as if they could cozen it out of some ways and means of life. But they cannot cozen IT : they can

only cozen their neighbors. The world is not to be cheated of a grain ; not so much as a breath of its air can be drawn surreptitiously. For every piece of wise work done, so much life is granted ; for every piece of foolish work, nothing ; for every piece of wicked work, so much death 5 is allotted.

This is as sure as the courses of day and night. But when the means of life are once produced, men, by their various struggles and industries of accumulation or exchange, may variously gather, waste, restrain, or dis-10 tribute them ; necessitating, in proportion to the waste or restraint, accurately, so much more death. The rate and range of additional death are measured by the rate and range of waste, and are inevitable ; the only question (determined mostly by fraud in peace, and force in war) 15 is, Who is to die, and how ?

Such being the everlasting law of human existence, the essential work of the political economist is to determine what are in reality useful or life-giving things, and by what degrees and kinds of labor they are attainable and 20 distributable.

munera pulveris (mōō'ne-ra pōōl've-ris or mūn'e-ra pūl've-ris): gifts of dust. The reference is to a line in Horace (Book I, Ode 28), and the meaning is that the body and the soul have mutual obligations ; that the body may have gifts for the soul as truly as the soul for the body.—**summer threshing floor**: see Daniel ii. 35. Ruskin's writings are full of references to the Bible.

OPPORTUNITY

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL (1841-1887) was an American poet and essayist. He was a man of rare character and insight.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream :—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain ;
5 And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
10 And thought, “Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
Blunt thing — !” he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
15 And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it ; and with battle shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

shocked: came together with a shock. — **craven**: coward. — **blue blade**: a blade of finely tempered steel. — **sore bestead**: in great peril.

RALEIGH'S CLOAK

WALTER SCOTT

NOTE.—This selection is taken from a chapter in "Kenilworth." Young Walter Raleigh and his companion Blount have set off in a boat upon an errand to Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall.

They were launched on the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun now shone forth in 5 all its splendor.

"There are two things scarce matched in the universe," said Walter to Blount,— "the sun in heaven and the Thames on the earth."

"The one will light us to Greenwich well enough," 10 said Blount, "and the other would take us there a little faster if it were ebb tide. I could excuse both the sun and the moon the trouble of carrying me where I have no great mind to go, and where I expect but dog's wages for my trouble. By my honor," he added, looking out from 15 the head of the boat, "it seems to me as if our message were a sort of labor in vain; for see, the Queen's barge lies at the stairs."

It was even so. The royal barge, manned with the Queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries, 20 and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the

sergeant porters told them they could not at present enter, as Her Majesty was in the act of coming forth.

“Nay, I told you as much before,” said Blount. “Do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return.”

5 “Not till I see the Queen come forth,” returned the youth composedly.

“Thou art mad,” answered Blount.

“And thou,” said Walter, “art turned coward of the sudden. I have seen thee face half a score of shag-headed 10 kerns, and now thou wouldest blink and go back to shun the frown of a fair lady!”

At this moment the gates opened and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords 15 and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty.

The young cavalier had probably never yet approached 20 so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted. His companion, on the contrary, kept pulling him backward, till Walter shook him off impatiently, letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder — a natural action, which 25 served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the Queen’s approach.

The warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the Queen was to pass. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye — an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited 5



among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmixed 10 with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention toward him yet more strongly.

The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentlemen stood a small quantity of mud interrupted the Queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the 5 miry spot so as to insure her stepping over it dry shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance.

The Queen was confused and blushed in her turn, 10 nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding 15 it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

20 "I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount.

25 "I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from Her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. The young cavalier was in the meanwhile guided to the water side by the pensioner who showed him considerable respect, 5 a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the Queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river.

10

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the gentleman pensioner that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the Queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies and the nobles of her household. She 15 looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh.

At length one of the attendants, by the Queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, 20 and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the Queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the Queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze 25 of majesty, not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The muddied cloak

still hung upon his arm and formed the natural topic with which the Queen introduced the conversation.

“ You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and
5 something bold.”

“ In a sovereign’s need,” answered the youth, “ it is each liegeman’s duty to be bold.”

“ That was well said, my lord,” said the Queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her and answered with a grave
10 inclination of the head and something of a mumbled assent.

“ Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I
15 promise thee, on the word of a princess.”

“ May it please Your Grace,” said Walter, hesitating, “ it is not for so humble a servant of Your Majesty to measure out your bounties ; but if it became me to choose — ”

“ Thou wouldest have gold, I warrant me,” said the
20 Queen, interrupting him ; “ fie, young man ! To give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. Yet thou mayst be poor,” she added, “ or thy parents may be. It shall be gold, if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use on ‘t.”

25 Walter waited patiently until the Queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment Her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" said the Queen; "neither gold nor garment? What is it thou wouldest have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam—if it is not asking too high an honor—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."⁵

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy?" said the Queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter; "when Your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."¹⁰

The Queen again blushed, and endeavored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances—I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends. What art thou? What is thy name and birth?"¹⁵

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious Queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family of Devonshire."²⁰

"Raleigh," said Elizabeth after a moment's reflection; "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh; "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach Your Grace's ears."²⁵

. "They hear farther than you think of," said the Queen graciously; "and have heard of a youth who defended a

ford against a whole band of wild rebels until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down; "but it was where my best is due; and that is in
5 Your Majesty's service."

The Queen paused, and then said hastily, "You are very young to have fought so well and to speak so well. Hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak till our pleasure be further known. And
10 here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught courtly arts, knelt, and, as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it. He knew, perhaps, better than almost any
15 of the courtiers who surrounded her, how to mix the devotion claimed by the Queen with the gallantry due to her personal beauty; and in this, his first attempt to unite them, he succeeded so well as at once to gratify Elizabeth's personal vanity and her love of power.¹

Abridged.

dog's wages: a beating or rough treatment of any kind.—wot: know.—kerns: peasant foot soldiers, a term often used in contempt.—pensioners: gentlemen who attended the sovereign on state occasions and received a small pension in recompense.—aft: toward the stern of a boat.

¹ The gallant incident of the cloak is the traditional account of this celebrated statesman's rise at court. None of Elizabeth's courtiers knew better than he how to make his court to her personal vanity, or could more justly estimate the quantity of flattery which she could condescend to swallow. (Scott.)

TRUTHFULNESS

GEORGE ELIOT

GEORGE ELIOT was the assumed name of Mary Ann Evans, an English novelist, who was born in 1819 and died in 1880. She was a gifted writer, and her books are remarkable as studies of human character. Those which are liked best by young people are "Silas Marner" and "The Mill on the Floss." 5

It is for this rare, precious quality of truthfulness that I delight in many Dutch paintings which lofty-minded people despise. I find a source of delicious sympathy in those faithful pictures of a monotonous homely existence, which has been the fate of so many more among my fellow- 10 mortals than a life of pomp or of absolute indigence, of tragic suffering or of world-stirring actions.

I turn without shrinking, from cloud-borne angels, from prophets, sibyls, and heroic warriors, to an old woman bending over her flowerpot, or eating her solitary dinner, 15 while the noonday light, softened perhaps by a screen of leaves, falls on her mobcap and just touches the rim of her spinning wheel, and her stone jug, and all those cheap, common things which are the precious necessaries of life to her; or I turn to that village wedding, kept between 20 four brown walls, where an awkward bridegroom opens the dance with a high-shouldered, broad-faced bride, while elderly and middle-aged friends look on, with very irregular noses and lips, but with an expression of

unmistakable contentment and good will. "Foh!" says my idealistic friend, "what vulgar details! What good is there in taking all these pains to give an exact likeness of old women and clowns? What a low phase of life!
5 what clumsy, ugly people!"

But, bless us, things may be lovable that are not altogether handsome, I hope. I am not at all sure that the majority of the human race have not been ugly, and even among those "lords of their kind," the British, squat
10 figures, ill-shapen nostrils, and dingy complexions are not startling exceptions. Yet there is a great deal of family love amongst us.

I have a friend or two whose class of features is such that the Apollo curl on their brows would be decidedly
15 trying; yet, to my certain knowledge, tender hearts have beaten for them, and their miniatures—flattering, but still not lovely—are kissed in secret by motherly lips. I have seen many an excellent matron who could never in her best days have been handsome, and yet she had a packet
20 of yellow love letters in a private drawer, and sweet children showered kisses on her sallow cheeks.

And I believe there have been plenty of young heroes, of middle stature and feeble beards, who have felt quite sure they could never love anything more insignificant than a
25 Diana, and yet have found themselves in middle life happily settled with a wife who waddles. Yes! thank God; human feeling is like the mighty rivers that bless the earth;

it does not wait for beauty — it flows with resistless force and brings beauty with it.

All honor and reverence to the divine beauty of form ! Let us cultivate it to the utmost in men, women, and children — in our gardens and in our houses. But let us love 5 that other beauty, too, which lies in no secret of proportion, but in the secret of deep human sympathy. Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light ; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward and opening her arms to 10 welcome the divine glory ; but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of Art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot-house — those rounded backs and stupid, weather-beaten 15 faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world — those homes with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their onions.

In this world there are so many of these common, coarse people, who have no picturesque, sentimental wretchedness ! 20 It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy, and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes. Therefore let Art always remind us of them ; therefore let us always have men ready to give 25 the loving pains of a life to the faithful representing of commonplace things — men who see beauty in these

commonplace things — and delight in showing how kindly the light of heaven falls on them.

There are few prophets in the world ; few sublimely beautiful women ; few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities ; I want a great deal of those feelings for my everyday fellow-men, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude, whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy. Neither are picturesque lazzaroni or romantic criminals half so frequent as your common laborer, who gets his own bread, and eats it vulgarly but creditably with his own pocket-knife.

It is more needful that my heart should swell with loving admiration at some trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit at the same hearth with me, or in the clergyman of my own parish, who is, perhaps, rather too corpulent, and in other respects is not an Oberlin or a Tillotson, than at the deeds of heroes whom I shall never know except by hearsay, or at the sublimest abstract of all clerical graces that was ever conceived by an able novelist.

sibyl : a prophetess. — Apollo's curl : Apollo, who represented the Greek ideal of beauty, had curling locks. — Dian'a : the twin sister of Apollo ; she was the ideal of grace and girlish vigor. — lazzaro'ni : beggars, so called from the hospital of St. Lazarus at Naples ; this was a place of refuge for the destitute. — O'berlin : a famous German reformer who was born in 1740. — Til'lotson : an English preacher of the seventeenth century.

THE MARCH OF THE MARSEILLAIS

FÉLIX GRAS

[Translated by Catharine A. Janvier]

FÉLIX GRAS (fă-lix gră) was a French poet and story-writer, greatly beloved and honored by his countrymen of southern France. He died in 1901.

CATHARINE A. JANVIER is the wife of Thomas A. Janvier, an American story-writer.

NOTE.—“The Reds of the Midi,”¹ from which this selection is adapted, is the story of a peasant boy and his march to Paris with the famous battalion who first sang the “Marseillaise.” The French Revolution, that terrible conflict between the people of France and the nobility, was just beginning. Pascal is a simple, honest lad who longs to do away with the wrongs he sees about him. He is not wise enough to foresee or to understand the horrors of the coming conflict; to him it is all an exciting play, in which he is going to rid his country of a tyrant and bring liberty and prosperity to downtrodden France. For other stories of the time see “In the Lion’s Mouth,” by Eleanor Price, and “The Prince and the Peasant,” by Harriet Martineau. 15

What an uproar! The whole square, blazing with sunlight, was crammed full of people, all talking and shouting and gesticulating at once, while the National Guard was getting into line. No one seemed to know what had happened. 20

“What is it all about?” I asked.

“What is it all about?” repeated one of the soldiers. “The king of France is a traitor. We are betrayed by our king. The Marseille battalion is on its way to Paris.

¹ Copyright, 1896, by D. Appleton & Co.

It will pass through Avignon. We are going to welcome these brave patriots."

Scarcely were we in line when a number of children came running toward us, screaming, "Here they are !
5 here they are !"

And then, around the turn of the road, brave in their red-plumed cocked hats, appeared the leaders of the Marseille battalion, while all the men together burst forth with

10 Forward, forward, countrymen !
 The glorious day has come !

It was the "Marseillaise" that they were singing ; and that famous hymn, heard then for the first time, stirred us down to the very marrow of our bones !

15 On they came — a big fellow carrying at their head a banner on which was painted in red letters, "The Rights of Man." On they came ; we presented arms, and they passed between our files, still singing the "Marseillaise."

Oh, what a sight it was, — five hundred men, sunburnt
20 as locust beans, with black eyes blazing like live coals under bushy eyebrows all white with the dust of the road ! They wore green cloth coats turned back with red, like mine. Some wore cocked hats with waving feathers ; some, red liberty caps with the strings flying back over
25 their shoulders and the tricolor cockade perched over one ear. Each man had stuck in the barrel of his gun a willow or a poplar branch to shelter him from the sun,



and all this greenery cast warm, dancing shadows over their faces that made the look of them still more fantastic and strange.

The whole battalion passed onward and was swallowed up in the city gate. As it disappeared we heard a strange noise like the clanking of chains or the rattle of loose iron, and then came four men hauling after them a rusty truck on which was a cannon. These men were harnessed to the truck as are oxen to the plow, and, like oxen, pulled from head and shoulders. With every muscle at full stretch they bent forward to their heavy task. Following this truck came another and still another. Gasping though the men were for breath, and almost spent with weariness, yet they too raised their heads and shouted as they passed through our ranks, "Long live the nation!"

. . . Day was dawning as we began our march with the battalion, and soon we were on the highroad under a blazing sun, kicking up the dust like twenty flocks of sheep and making our throats as dry as limekilns.

In spite of heat and dust, in spite of thirst and weariness, no one complained as we tramped steadily on, one body and one soul, with one will and one aim,—and that to make the traitor king and those Parisians who were traitors with him cry mercy.

At midday we reached Orange, where the whole town came to meet us. I can tell you I was a proud boy as I

entered that town! From my shoes to my eyebrows I was white with dust. My red cap was cocked over one ear. I kept my eyes glaringly wide open, so as to look fierce and dangerous. I howled the "Marseillaise" at the top of my voice as I marched—and I was sure that no one saw or heard anybody but me!

Hours went by; onward we marched through the black night. Oh, how long was that night and how weary that road! The darkness grew blacker and blacker. We were too tired to talk. The only sounds we heard were the rumbling of the cannon on the road and the chirping of crickets and croaking of frogs in the darkness near us in the fields. Drowsily we plodded on.

At last we came to a village just as the dawn began to whiten the sky. On the straw of some threshing floors we laid ourselves down for an hour's sleep. At sunrise we were in line again.

This time I stationed myself in the rear, beside the cannon. A tremendous longing to help pull the guns had taken hold of me, for I thought that if only I could be harnessed up with the others in that hard work I should not seem so young. I fancied to myself how I should look as we passed through the towns and villages—bending over and tugging at the straps, my eyes wide open and rolling ferociously, and all the while shouting in a voice as hoarse as I could make it, "Liberty forever!"

"Your turn will come in good time, little man," I was told. "We are not in Paris yet, and before we get there you will have quite enough to do to carry your bundle and your gun and your sword, that is a good deal longer than you are!"

This setback made me turn red with shame; but suddenly the drum beat the quickstep and we steadied our lines. We were entering a town crowded with people. After a short halt, we went to encamp beside a river.

10 How delicious it was to go down on one's elbows and stretch out at full length on the soft grass in the shade of the poplars and willows. I let my head fall between my hands and watched with great interest an ant who was carrying through the grass a crumb of bread bigger than
15 himself. The little creature would get lost in a thick tangle of grass blades, or would slip down from a tall stem. In pity for him I would take a twig and help him on his way, putting the twig under him very gently so as not to hurt him, and so lifting him over a hard pass
20 that would have cost him an hour of climbing to get over alone. And so the afternoon wore away.

We marched all night. Now we were coming to the frontiers of the north. There were no more olive trees and the soft sea wind of the Mediterranean was far away.
25 But this was only the beginning of the march. We went steadily on, drinking the water of brooks and ditches, and taking only snatches of sleep as the chance came.

The endless road was always the same long, weary way. Footsore, hungry, weary, still we toiled on. Some of the men began to drag behind, limping on bleeding feet, but they struggled bravely along. To drown the murmurs of pain, which even the best of them could not wholly stifle, we sang the “Marseillaise.” And at last, after days of weariness and hunger and thirst, we saw on the edge of the green plain the towers and spires of Paris.

A great crowd followed us into the city,—drawn on partly by the steady roll of the drums, but more strongly by the terrible chant of the “Marseillaise,” which all the five hundred men of the battalion sang in one tremendous voice. Soon the crowd caught the words of the chorus and sang with us; and then it was no longer five hundred, but a thousand, ten thousand, twenty thousand, singers, singing with one voice.

Our weeks and weeks of marching were over. Now it seemed as if a great mountain were galloping after us, with its peaks and valleys and forests shaken and riven by the avalanche, the tempest, the earthquake of God!

Adapted.

King of France: Louis XVI. — **Avignon** (ä-vĕn-yōñ'): a city in the southeastern part of France. — **Marseillais** (mär-să-yă'): men from the city of Marseille. — the “**Marseillaise**” (mär-să-yăz'): the famous war song of the French Revolution, composed in 1792. — **tricolor cockade**: a cockade of red, white, and blue, which are the French colors as well as the American. — **Orange**: a town in France near Avignon.

WE SEE DIMLY IN THE PRESENT

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side ;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
5 And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm
of fate,
But the soul is still oracular ; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave
within,—
10 "They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her
wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 't is prosperous
to be just ;

Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;

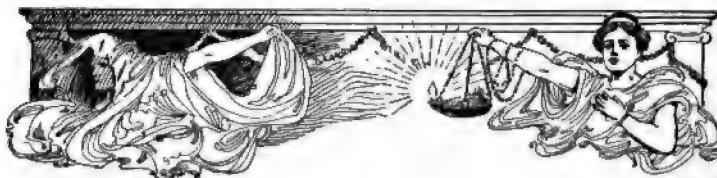
They must upward still and onward, who would keep 5
abreast of Truth;

Lo, before us gleam her camp fires! we ourselves must
Pilgrims be,

Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the
desperate winter sea,

Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

Messiah: the anointed; one consecrated to a holy purpose.—**the goats and the sheep**: see Matthew xxv. 33.—**the Delphic cave**: the ancient Greeks believed that they could learn the will of the gods through oracles. The famous oracle of Apollo was at Delphi, where, from a cleft in the rocks, it was said that strange sounds issued. These were interpreted by the priests.—**Doubting**, etc.: See the story of Peter (John xviii. 15–28).



QUEEN MAB

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

NOTE.—This selection is from "Romeo and Juliet." Mercutio, a friend of young Romeo, is trying to dispel his comrade's gloom.

Mercutio. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

. . . She comes

5 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,



Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
10 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat, . . .

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love; 5
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight,
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees,
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are: . . . 10
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes, 15
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night; . . .
This is she —

Romeo. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams, 20
Which are the children of an idle brain. . . .

spinners: spiders. — **grub:** the larva of a beetle or insect. — **straight:** immediately. — **Spanish blades:** Spanish steel was held in high esteem. — **healths:** drinking healths.

THE BELLS

EDGAR ALLAN POE

NOTE.—Poe's verse is distinguished by its melody and by its mystical language. No other American poet has ever equaled Poe in musical expression.

Hear the sledges with the bells,
5 Silver bells !
What a world of merriment their melody foretells !
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night !
While the stars, that oversprinkle
10 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
15 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells !
20 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight !

From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtledove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon !

Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
How it swells !
How it dwells

On the Future ! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells !

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright !
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire, 25
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,

Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
5
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
10 What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clangling,
15 How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,—
20 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Runic: relating to the runes or mysterious characters of the old Norse language. — eu'phony: melodious sound.

IMMORTAL LIFE

THEODORE PARKER

THEODORE PARKER (1810-1860) was an American scholar and preacher whose ideas were so far in advance of his time that he was looked upon as a heretic. No one, however, could question the strength and purity of his character.

I would not slight this wondrous world. I love its 5 day and night. Its flowers and its fruits are dear to me. I would not willfully lose sight of a departing cloud. Every year opens new beauty in a star, or in a purple gentian fringed with loveliness.

The laws, too, of matter seem more wonderful the more 10 I study them, in the whirling eddies of the dust, in the curious shells of former life buried by thousands in a grain of chalk, or in the shining diagrams of light above my head. Even the ugly becomes beautiful when truly seen. I see the jewel in the bumpy toad. 15

The more I live, the more I love this lovely world; feel more its Author in each little thing—in all that's great. But yet I feel my immortality the more. In childhood the consciousness of immortal life buds forth feeble, though full of promise. In the man it unfolds its 20 fragrant petals, his most celestial flower, to mature its seed throughout eternity.

The prospect of that everlasting life, the perfect justice yet to come, the infinite progress before us, cheer and

comfort the heart. Sad and disappointed, full of self-reproach, we shall not be so forever. The light of heaven breaks upon the night of trial, sorrow, sin; the somber clouds which overhung the east, grown purple now, tell
5 us the dawn of heaven is coming in.

Our faces, gleamed on by that, smile in the newborn glow; we are beguiled of our sadness before we are aware. The certainty of this provokes us to patience; it forbids us to be slothfully sorrowful. It calls us to
10 be up and doing.

There is small merit in being willing to die; it seems almost sinful in a good man when the world needs him here so much. It is weak and unmanly to be always looking and sighing voluptuously for that. But it is of
15 great comfort to have in your soul a sure trust in immortality; of great value here and now to anticipate time, and live to-day the eternal life.

This we may all do. The joys of heaven will begin as soon as we attain the character of heaven and do its
20 duties. That may begin to-day. It is everlasting life to know God,—to have his spirit dwelling in you,—yourself at one with Him. Try that, and prove its worth.

Justice, usefulness, wisdom, religion, love are the best
25 things we hope for in heaven. They are the best things of earth. Think no outlay of goodness and piety too great. You will find your reward begin here. As much

goodness and piety, so much heaven. Men will not pay you—God will; pay you now; pay you hereafter and forever.

the jewel in the toad: see Shakespeare's "As You Like It," Act II, Scene 1, line 13. The old belief was that a precious stone was to be found in a toad's head.—**somber**: literally, under the shade.—**provoke**: stimulate, arouse. It is in its secondary meaning that *to provoke* is to make angry.

ODE TO DUTY

WORDSWORTH

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love 5
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free ; 10
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth : 15
Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot

Who do thy work, and know it not :
Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them
cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
5 And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwise bold,
10 Live in the spirit of this creed ;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried ;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
15 Too blindly have reposed my trust :
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

20 Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control ;
But in the quietness of thought :

Me this unchartered freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance-desires :
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear 5
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads ; 10
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh
and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ; 15
Oh, let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live ! 20

THE LAST DAYS OF COLONEL NEWCOME

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

NOTE.—Of all Thackeray's characters Colonel Newcome is the most lovable. The kindly old man, whose life has been a series of disappointments, loses his money and comes to spend his last days at the Charter House, a hospital and school founded in the seventeenth century by a 5 London merchant. Clive is Colonel Newcome's son, and Ethel is his niece.

Our Colonel, we were all obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was; especially when Boy came his eyes lighted up with simple 10 happiness, and with eager, trembling hands he would seek under his bedclothes, or in the pockets of his dressing gown, for toys or cakes which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson.

There was a little, laughing, red-cheeked, white-headed 15 gown-boy of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend by his archness and merry ways; and who, to the old gentleman's unfailing 20 delight, used to call him "Codd Colonel."

"Tell little F—that Codd Colonel wants to see him"; and the little gown-boy was brought to him, and the Colonel would listen to him for hours, and hear all about

his lessons and his play, and prattle almost as childishly about his own early school days.

The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know



and love him. They came every day to hear news of him, sent him in books and papers to amuse him, and some benevolent young souls—God's blessing on all

honest boys, say I—painted theatrical characters and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown which delighted the
5 old man hugely. . . .

So weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would
10 talk French with Madame de Florac, at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed, and he was a youth again,—a youth all love and hope,—a stricken old man, with a beard as white as snow covering the noble, careworn face.

15 At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady; anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained
20 in it; no guile tainted it; only peace and good will dwelt in it. . . .

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a
25 disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there.

One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket match with the St. Peter's boys 5 in the green, and how Greyfriars was in and winning.

The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited; Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into 10 his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. Go, run away, little white-haired gown-boy! Heaven speed you, little friend.

After the child had gone Thomas Newcome began to 15 wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindoostanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, "*Toujours, toujours!*" But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive 20 and the nurse were in the room with him; the nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there. . . .

At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. "He is very bad, he wanders a great 25 deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterwards Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady, but he will not know you," she said, going up to Madame de Florac. She hid her tears as she spoke.

5 She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while; then again he would sigh and be still; once more I heard him say hurriedly, "Take care of him when I'm in India"; and then with a heart-rending voice he called out,
10 "Léonore, Léonore!" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat
15 time. And, just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "*Adsum!*!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered
20 to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master.

Codd Colonel: Thackeray, who was himself a Charter House boy, says that the boys of the school called the old gentlemen pensioners of the hospital *Codds*, and adds, "I know not wherefore."—**Greyfriars:** the name given by Thackeray in this novel to the Charter House.—**sovereign:** a gold coin worth nearly five dollars.—**Hindoostā'nee:** Colonel Newcome had been an officer in India.—**toujours** (too-zhoor'): French for *always*.—**Adsum:** Latin for *I am here*.

WISDOM AND PRUDENCE

JOHN RUSKIN

Suppose that two young ladies — I assume in my present lectures that none are present, and that we may say among ourselves what we like ; and we do like, do we not, to suppose that young ladies excel us only in prudence, and not in wisdom ? — let us suppose that two young ladies go ⁵ to the observatory on a winter night, and that one is so anxious to look at the stars that she does not care whether she gives herself cold or not ; but the other is prudent, and takes care, and looks at the stars only as long as she can without catching cold.

10

In Aristotle's mind the first young lady would properly deserve the name of Sophia and the other that of Prudence. But in order to judge them fairly we must assume that they are acting under exactly the same conditions. Assume that they both equally desire to look at the stars ; ¹⁵ then the fact that one of them stops when it would be dangerous to look longer does not show that she is less wise, — less interested, that is to say, in surpassing and marvelous things, — but it shows that she has more self-command, and is able to remember what the other does ²⁰ not think of. She is equally wise and more sensible.

But suppose that the girls are different in disposition ; and that the one, having more imagination than the

other, is more interested in these things ; so that the self-command which is enough to stop the other, who cares little for the stars, is not enough to stop her, who cares much for them ; — you would say, then, that the girls being 5 equally sensible, the one that caught cold was the wiser.

Let us make a further supposition. Returning to our first condition, that both the girls desire equally to look at the stars, let us put it now that both have equal self-command, and would, therefore, supposing no other 10 motives were in their minds, together go on star-gazing, or together stop star-gazing ; but that one of them has greater consideration for her friends than the other, and though she would not mind catching cold for her own part, would mind it much for fear of giving her mother trouble.

She will leave the stars first, therefore ; but should we be right now in saying that she was only more sensible than her companion, and not more wise ? This respect for the feelings of others, this understanding of her duty towards others, is a much higher thing than the love of 20 stars. It is an imaginative knowledge, not of balls of fire or differences of space, but of the feelings of living creatures, and of the forces of duty by which they justly move.

Will you have patience with me for one supposition more ? We may assume the attraction of the spectacle of 25 the heavens to be equal in degree, and yet, in the minds of the two girls, it may be entirely different in kind. Supposing the one versed somewhat in abstract science, and

more or less acquainted with the laws by which what she now sees may be explained ; she will probably take interest chiefly in questions of distance and magnitude, in varieties of orbit and proportions of light.

Supposing the other not versed in any science of this kind, but acquainted with the traditions attached by the religion of dead nations to the figures they discerned in the sky; she will care little for arithmetical or geometrical matters, but will probably receive a much deeper emotion from witnessing in clearness what has been the amazement of so many eyes long closed, and recognizing the same lights, through the same darkness, with innocent shepherds and husbandmen, who knew only the risings and settings of the immeasurable vault, as its lights shone on their own fields or mountains, yet saw true miracle in them, thankful that none but the Supreme Ruler could bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion.

I surely need not tell you that in this exertion of the intellect and the heart there would be a far nobler sophia than any concerned with the analysis of matter or the measurement of space.

Aristotle : a Greek philosopher who believed that all reasoning should begin with a fact and end with a truth, as in geometry.—Sophia : a Greek name meaning wisdom.—the sweet influences of Pleiades : see Job xxxviii. 31. See also note on page 303 of the Fourth Reader. The name *Pleiades* comes from the Greek word for sail, as the time of their rising was considered to mark that of safe navigation. According to a Greek fable, Orion was bound with heavy fetters.

THE CHARGE AT SAN JUAN¹

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS is an American journalist and author. As a war correspondent and as a novelist Mr. Davis has shown himself master of a brilliant and vivid style.

NOTE.—The charge at San Juan was one of the principal military events in the late war with Spain. It was an incident of the siege of Santiago in the early summer of 1898.

I have seen many illustrations and pictures of this charge on the San Juan hills, but none of them seems to show it just as I remember it. In the picture papers the 10 men are running up hill swiftly and gallantly, in regular formation, rank after rank, with flags flying, their eyes aflame, and their hair streaming, their bayonets fixed in long, brilliant lines, an invincible, overpowering weight of numbers. Instead of which, I think the thing which 15 impressed one the most when our men started from cover was that they were so few.

It seemed as if some one had made an awful and terrible mistake. One's instinct was to call to them to come back. You felt that some one had blundered and that 20 these few men were blindly following out some madman's mad order. It was not heroic then,—it seemed merely terribly pathetic. The pity of it, the folly of such a sacrifice, was what held you.

¹ From "The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns." Copyright, 1898. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

They had no glittering bayonets, they were not massed in regular array. There were a few men in advance, bunched together, and creeping up a steep, sunny hill, the top of which roared and flashed with flame. The men



held their guns pressed across their breasts and stepped 5 heavily as they climbed.

Behind these first few, spreading out like a fan, were single lines of men, slipping and scrambling in the smooth grass, moving forward with difficulty, as though they

were wading waist high through water, moving slowly, carefully, with strenuous effort. It was much more wonderful than any swinging charge could have been. They walked to greet death at every step; many of them, as 5 they advanced, sinking suddenly or pitching forward and disappearing in the high grass; but the others waded on stubbornly, forming a thin blue line that kept creeping higher and higher up the hill. It was as inevitable as the rising tide. It was a miracle of self-sacrifice, a 10 triumph of bulldog courage, which one watched breathless with wonder.

The fire of the Spanish riflemen, who still stuck bravely to their posts, doubled and trebled in fierceness, the crests of the hills crackled and burst in amazed roars, and ripped 15 with waves of tiny flame. But the blue line crept steadily on and on, and then near the top the broken fragments gathered together with a sudden burst of speed. The Spaniards appeared for a moment outlined against the sky and poised for instant flight, fired a last volley, and 20 fled before the swift-moving wave that leaped and sprang up after them.

And from far overhead, from these few figures perched on the Spanish rifle pits, with their flags planted among the empty cartridges of the enemy, and overlooking the 25 walls of Santiago, came faintly the sound of a tired, broken cheer.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY

DANIEL WEBSTER

DANIEL WEBSTER (1782-1852) is one of the most brilliant figures in American history. He studied law and became famous as a debater and as an ardent Federalist. His defense of the Union, in 1830, has been called "the most remarkable speech ever made in the American Congress." To quote the words of Carlyle, he was a "Parliamentary Hercules." Webster's personality was remarkably impressive. 5

It is a noble faculty of our nature which enables us to connect our thoughts, our sympathies, and our happiness, with what is distant in place or time; and, looking before and after, to hold communion at once with our ancestors 10 and our posterity.

Human and mortal though we are, we are nevertheless not mere insulated beings, without relation to the past or the future. Neither the point of time nor the spot of earth in which we physically live, bounds our rational 15 and intellectual enjoyments. We live in the past by a knowledge of its history, and in the future by hope and anticipation.

By ascending to an association with our ancestors; by contemplating their example and studying their character; 20 by partaking their sentiments and imbibing their spirit; by accompanying them in their toils; by sympathizing in their sufferings and rejoicing in their successes and their triumphs,—we seem to belong to their age and mingle

our existence with theirs. We become their contemporaries, live the lives which they lived, endure what they endured, and partake of the rewards which they enjoyed.

- 5 And in like manner, by running along the line of future time; by contemplating the probable fortunes of those who are coming after us; by attempting something that may promote their happiness and leave some not dishonorable memorial of ourselves for their regard, when we
10 shall sleep with the fathers, — we protract our own earthly being, and seem to crowd whatever is future, as well as all that is past, into the narrow compass of our earthly existence.

As it is not a vain and false but an exalted and religious
15 imagination which leads us to raise our thoughts from the orb which amidst this universe of worlds the Creator has given us to inhabit, and to send with them something of the feeling which nature prompts and teaches to be proper among children of the same Eternal Parent, to the con-
20 templation of the myriads of fellow-beings with which his goodness has peopled the infinite of space; so neither is it false or vain to consider ourselves as interested and connected with our whole race through all time, allied to our ancestors, allied to our posterity, closely compacted on all
25 sides with others, ourselves being but links in the great chain of being which begins with the origin of our race, runs onward through its successive generations, binding

together the past, the present, and the future, and terminating at last with the consummation of all things earthly at the throne of God.

There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry, which nourishes only a weak pride, as there is 5 also a care for posterity, which only disguises an habitual avarice or hides the workings of a low and groveling vanity. But there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors which elevates the character and improves the heart. 10

Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind than a consciousness of alliance with excellence which is departed; and a consciousness, too, that in its acts and conduct, and even in 15 its sentiments and thoughts, it may be actively operating on the happiness of those who come after it.

Poetry is found to have few stronger conceptions, by which it would affect or overwhelm the mind, than those in which it presents the moving and speaking image of the 20 departed dead to the senses of the living. This belongs to poetry only because it is congenial to our nature. Poetry is in this respect but the handmaid of true philosophy and religion.

INDIRECTION

RICHARD REALF

RICHARD REALF (1834-1878) was a poet of English birth who came to America in 1854, and later served in our Civil War.

- Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer ;
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer ;
5 Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter ;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing ;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing ;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him ;
10 Never a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden ;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden ;

Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling ;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the
revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized
is greater ;

Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward Creator ;
Back of the sound broods the silence ; back of the gift 5
stands the giving ;

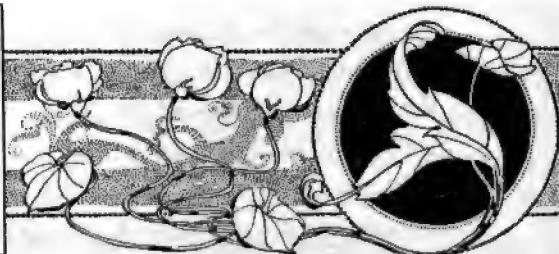
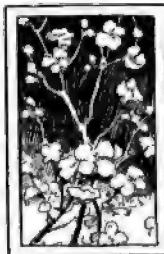
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves
of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit ; the deed is outdone by the
doing ;

The heart of the wooer is warm ; but warmer the heart
of the wooing ;

And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the
heights where those shine,

Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence 10
of life is divine.



SIR GALAHAD

ALFRED TENNYSON

My good blade carves the casques of men,

 My tough lance thrusteth sure,

My strength is as the strength of ten,

 Because my heart is pure.

5 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,

 The hard brands shiver on the steel,

The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,

 The horse and rider reel :

They reel, they roll in clang ing lists,

10 And when the tide of combat stands,

Perfume and flowers fall in showers,

 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend

 On whom their favors fall !

15 For them I battle till the end,

 To save from shame and thrall :

But all my heart is drawn above,

 My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine ;

I never felt the kiss of love,

20 Nor maiden's hand in mine.

More bounteous aspects on me beam,

 Me mightier transports move and thrill ;

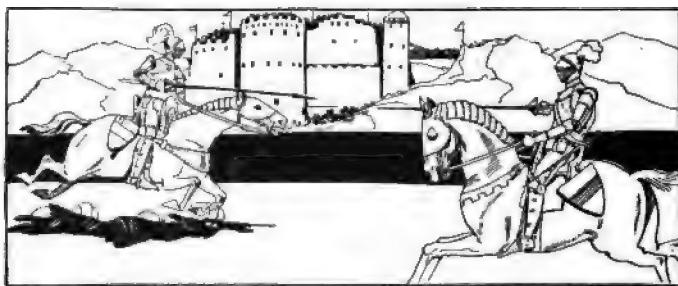
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer,
A virgin heart in work and will. . . .

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn, 5
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail ;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail. 10
I leave the plain, I climb the height ;
No branchy thicket shelter yields ;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear ;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams, 20
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams ;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes, 25
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain walls
A rolling organ harmony
Swells up and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
“O just and faithful knight of God!
Ride on! the prize is near.”
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

brand: sword. What other poet makes frequent use of this word?—
lists: an enclosed field where tournaments were held. Ladies attended these knightly combats and rewarded the victors.—**the leads**: roofs were frequently covered with sheets of lead, and were therefore called “leads.”—**the Holy Grail**: the cup from which Christ drank at the Last Supper. The search for this cup was the coveted mission of King Arthur’s knights. The quest was finally intrusted to Sir Galahad, because “his heart was pure.”



THE FLIGHT OF LOUIS XVI

THOMAS CARLYLE

NOTE.—The escape of Louis XVI, with his subsequent capture, forms one of the most striking episodes in Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution," from which the following account is taken.

On Monday night, the 20th of June, 1791, about eleven o'clock, there is many a hackney-coach and glass-coach still rumbling, or at rest, on the streets of Paris. But of all glass-coaches, we recommend this to thee, O Reader, which stands drawn up hard by the Carrousel and out-gate of the Tuileries, opposite Ronsin the saddler's door, as if waiting for a fare there. 10

Not long does it wait; a hooded Dame, with two hooded Children, has issued from a door, where no sentry walks, into the Tuileries Court of Princes; into the Carrousel; into the street, where the Glass-coachman readily admits them and again waits. Not long; another Dame, like-15 wise hooded or shrouded, leaning on a servant, issues in the same manner; bids the servant good-night; and is, in the same manner, by the Glass-coachman, cheerfully admitted. Whither go so many Dames? All the palace world is retiring home. But the Glass-coachman still 20 waits, his fare seemingly incomplete.

By and by, we note a thick-set Individual, in round hat and peruke, arm-in-arm with some servant; he also issues



through the same door; starts a shoe-buckle as he passes one of the sentries, stoops down to clasp it again; is, however, by the Glass-coachman still more cheerfully admitted. And *now*, is his fare complete? Not yet; the Glass-coachman still waits.

5

Alas! and the false Chambermaid has warned Gouvion that she thinks the Royal Family will fly this very night; and Gouvion, distrusting his own glazed eyes, has sent express for Lafayette; and Lafayette's carriage, flaring with lights, rolls this minute through the inner Arch of 10 the Carrousel,—where a Lady, shaded in broad gypsy hat and leaning on the arm of a servant, stands aside to let it pass, and has even the whim to touch a spoke of it with the light little rod, such as the Beautiful then wore. The flare of Lafayette's carriage rolls past: all is 15 found quiet in the Court of Princes; sentries at their post; Majesties' Apartments closed in smooth rest. Your false Chambermaid must have been mistaken. Watch thou, Gouvion, with Argus's vigilance; for, of a truth, treachery is within these walls.

20

But where is the Lady that stood aside in gypsy hat and touched the wheel-spoke with her wand? O Reader, that Lady was the Queen of France! She has issued safe through that inner arch, but not into the street itself. Fluttered by the rattle and renounter she took the right 25 hand, not the left; neither she nor her courier knows Paris; he, indeed, is no courier, but a loyal, stupid

Bodyguard disguised as one. They are off, quite wrong, over the Royal Bridge and the River, roaming disconsolate, far from the Glass-coachman who still waits.

Midnight clangs from all the City steeples ; one precious
5 hour has been spent so. Most mortals are asleep. The Glass-coachman waits, and in what mood ? Be the Heavens blest ! here at length is the Queen-lady, in gypsy hat, safe after perils, who has had to inquire her way. She too is admitted ; her courier jumps aloft, as the other
10 has done ; and now, O Glass-coachman of a thousand, — Count Fersen, for the Reader sees it is thou, — drive !

Crack ! crack ! the Glass-coach rattles, and every soul breathes lighter. But is Fersen on the right road ? Northeastward, to the Barrier of St. Martin, thither
15 were we bound ; and lo ! he drives right Northward. The royal Individual, in round hat and peruke, sits astonished ; but, right or wrong, there is no remedy. Crack, crack, we go incessant through the slumbering City ! Seldom, since Paris rose out of mud, or the Long-haired
20 Kings went in Bullock-carts, was there such a drive. Mortals on each hand, close by, stretched out horizontal, dormant ; and we alive and quaking ! Patience, ye Royal Individuals ; Fersen understands what he is about.

. . . Once more, by Heaven's blessing, it is all well.
25 Here is the sleeping hamlet of Bondy, Chaise with waiting-women ; horses all ready, and postilions impatient in the dewy dawn. Brief harnessing done, the

postilions vault into the saddle; brandish circularly their little noisy whips. Fersen bends in lowly, silent reverence of adieu; royal hands wave speechless, inexpressible responses. . . . Deft Fersen dashes obliquely Northward through the country, finds his German Coachman and 5 chariot; cracks off, and drives undiscovered into unknown space. A deft, active man, we say; what he undertook to do is nimbly and successfully done.

. . . And so the Royalty of France is actually fled. This precious night, the shortest of the year, it flies and 10 drives. O Louis! and this all round thee is the great slumbering Earth and overhead the great watchful Heaven. But right ahead the Northeast sends up evermore his gray, brindled dawn; from dewy branch birds here and there salute the coming Sun. The Universe, 15 O my brothers, is flinging wide its portals for the levee of the GREAT HIGH KING.

glass-coach: a superior kind of public carriage. Formerly only private carriages had glass windows.—**the Carrousel**: a square in Paris, at one time an entrance to the Tuilleries.—**the Tuilleries** (*twēl'rēz*): the royal residence.—**peruke**: wig.—**Gou'vion**: a French officer. He had served in the American Revolution.—**the Beautiful**: the ladies of fashion.—**Argus**: according to the Greek myth Argus had one hundred eyes and never slept with more than two at a time.—**cou'rier**: an attendant on travelers.—**roaming disconsolate**: this story of the queen's losing her way is of doubtful accuracy.—**Count Fersen**: “a gallant soldier and Swede, devoted to the Queen” (Carlyle).—**Paris rose out of mud**: for many centuries Paris comprised only one small island in the Seine.—**Long-haired Kings**: the early rulers of France wore their hair long.—**postil'ions**: men who ride and guide the leading horses of a coach.—**levee** (*lev'ee*): literally, the *rising*. A morning reception.

THE LOFODEN ISLANDS

EDMUND GOSSE

EDMUND GOSSE (1849—) is an English poet and critic who has made a special study of Scandinavian literature.

I imagine that to most minds the Lofoden Islands are associated with little except schoolbook legends of the maelstrom, and perhaps the undesirable savor of cod-liver oil. With some they have a shadowy suggestion of ironbound rocks, full of danger and horror, repulsive and sterile, and past the limit of civilization. So little has been written about them, and that little is so inadequate, that I cannot wonder at the indifference to their existence which prevails.

The Lofoden Islands are an archipelago lying off the Arctic coast of Norway. Although in the same latitude as central Greenland and Siberia, they enjoy, in common with all the outer coast of Scandinavia, a comparatively mild climate. Even in the severest winters their harbors are not frozen. The group extends at an acute angle to the mainland for about one hundred and forty miles, northeast and southwest. In shape they seem on the map like a great wedge thrust out into the Atlantic, the point being the desolate rock of Röst, the most southerly of the islands; but this wedge is not solid: the center is occupied by a sea lake, which communicates by many

channels with the ocean. All of the islands are mountainous and of the most fantastic forms. They are inhabited by scattered families of fishermen. There is no town, scarcely a village; it is but a scanty population so barren and wild a land will support.

5

But, quiet and noiseless as the shores are when the traveler sees them in their summer rest, they are busy enough and full of animation in the months of March and April. As soon as the tedious, sunless winter has passed away, the peculiar Norwegian boats, standing high 10 in the water, with prow and stern alike curved upwards, begin to crowd into the Lofoden harbors from all parts of the vast Scandinavian coast. It is the never-failing harvest of codfish that they seek. The number of boats collected has been estimated at three thousand; and as 15 each contains on an average five men, the population of the Lofodens in March must be very considerable.

Unfortunately for these "toilers of the sea," the early spring is a season of stormy weather and tumultuous seas; and when the wind is blowing from the northwest 20 or from the southwest, they are especially exposed to danger. It is, however, a matter of regret to me that truth obliges me to raze to the ground with ruthless hand the romantic fabric of fable that has surrounded one of these islands from time immemorial. The mael- 25 strom, the terrific whirlpool that

Whirled to death the roaring whale,

that sucked the largest ships into its monstrous vortex, and thundered so loudly that the rings on the doors of houses ten miles off shook at the sound of it,— this wonder of the world must, alas! retire to that limbo
5 where the myths of old credulity gather in a motley and fantastic array.

There is no such whirlpool. This passage is one of those narrow straits, so common on the Norwegian coast, where the current of water sets with such persistent force
10 in one direction that when the tide or an adverse wind meets it a great agitation of the surface takes place. I have seen, on one of the narrow sounds, the tide meet the current with such violence as to raise a little hissing wall across the water, which gave out a loud noise. This
15 was in the calmest of weather; and it is easy to believe that such a phenomenon, occurring during a storm or when the sea was violently disturbed, would cause small boats passing over the spot to be in great peril, and might even suddenly swamp them. Some such disaster, observed
20 from the shore, and exaggerated by the terror of the beholder, doubtless gave rise to the prodigious legends of the maelstrom.

In ordinary years the snow disappears from the low ground in these islands before May, and the rapid summer brings their scanty harvest soon to perfection. A few years ago, however, the snow lay on the cultivated lands till June, and a famine ensued. These poor people

live a precarious life, exposed to the attacks of a singularly peevish climate. A whim of the codfish, a hurricane in the April sky, or a cold spring, is sufficient to plunge them into distress and poverty. Yet for all this they are an honest and well-to-do population ; for, being 5 thrifty and laborious, they guard with much foresight against the severities of nature.

In winter the aurora scintillates over their solemn mountains, and illuminates the snows and wan gray sea ; they sit at their cottage doors and spin by the gleam of it ; 10 in summer the sun never sets, and they have the advantage of endless light to husband their hardly won crops. Remote as they are, too, they can all read and write : it is strange to find how much intelligent interest they take in the struggles of great peoples who never heard of Lofoden. 15

I would fain linger over the delicious memories that the name of these wild islands brings with it ; and especially do I recall the last sight I had of them on a calm sunny night in summer.

It had been a cloudless day of excessive heat, and the 20 comparative coolness of night was refreshing. The light, too, ceased to be garish, but flooded all the air with mellow luster. The surface of the fiord was slightly broken into little tossing waves that, murmuring faintly, were the only things that broke the silence. The edge 25 of the ripple shone with the color of burnished bronze, relieved by the cool neutral gray of the sea hollows.

The entrance to the sound was unbroken by any wave, unillumined by any light of sunset or sunrise, but was a somber reflex of the unstained blue heaven above. As we glided, in the same utter noiselessness of the hour when
5 evening and morning meet, up the Räfsund itself, the glory and beauty of the scene rose to a pitch so high that the spirit was oppressed and overawed by it, and the eyes could scarcely fulfill their function.

Ahead of the vessel the narrow vista of glassy water
10 was a blaze of purple and golden color arranged in a faultless harmony of tone that was like music or lyrical verse in its direct appeal to the emotions. At each side the fiord reflected each elbow, each edge, each cataract, and even the flowers and herbs of the base with a pre-
15 cision so absolute that it was hard to tell where mountain ended and sea began. The center of the sound was the climax of loveliness, for here the harmonious vista was broadened and deepened, and here rose Listind towering into the unclouded heavens, and showing by the rays of
20 golden splendor that lit up its topmost snows that it could see the sun whose magical fingers, working unseen of us, had woven for the world this tissue of variegated beauty.

Abridged.

Löfö'den.—Röst: the ö is pronounced like *u* in urn.—limbo: according to an old belief, this was a place where departed spirits were confined. It was supposed to be on the borders of hell.—the Räfsund (rëf'soon): a narrow channel fifteen miles long.—Listind (ës'tin): a notable mountain peak.

THE INDIAN GIRL

ZITKALA-ŠA

ZITKALA-ŠA (zit-käla-shä) is a young Indian woman whose account of her childhood and school days was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1900. When she was eight years old she left her home on a Dakota reservation to go to school in the East. Her heart is in the work of bettering the condition of her people.

5

I was a wild little girl of seven. Loosely clad in a slip of brown buckskin, and light-footed with a pair of soft moccasins on my feet, I was as free as the wind that blew my hair, and no less spirited than a bounding deer. These were my mother's pride,—my wild freedom and 10 overflowing spirits. She taught me no fear save that of intruding myself upon others.

In the early morning our simple breakfast was spread upon the grass west of our tepee. At the farthest point of the shade my mother sat beside her fire, toasting a 15 savory piece of dried meat. Near her I sat upon my feet, eating my dried meat with unleavened bread, and drinking strong black coffee.

Soon after breakfast mother sometimes began her bead-work. On a bright, clear day she pulled out the wooden 20 pegs that pinned the skirt of our wigwam to the ground, and rolled up the canvas on its frame of slender poles. Then the cool morning breezes swept freely through our

dwelling, now and then wafting the perfume of sweet grasses from newly burnt prairie.

Untying the long, tasseled strings that bound a small brown buckskin bag, my mother spread upon a mat beside her bunches of colored beads, just as an artist arranges the paints upon his palette. On a lapboard she smoothed out a double sheet of soft white buckskin; and drawing from a beaded case that hung on the left of her wide belt a long, narrow blade, she trimmed the buckskin into shape. Often she worked upon moccasins for her small daughter. Then I became intensely interested in her designing. With a proud, beaming face I watched her work. In imagination I saw myself walking in a new pair of snugly fitting moccasins. I felt the eyes of my playmates upon the pretty red beads decorating my feet.

Close beside my mother I sat on a rug, with a scrap of buckskin in one hand and an awl in the other. This was the beginning of my practical observation lessons in the art of beadwork. It took many trials before I learned how to knot my sinew thread on the point of my finger, as I saw her do. Then the next difficulty was in keeping my thread stiffly twisted, so that I could easily string my beads upon it. My mother required of me original designs for my lessons in beading. At first I frequently insnared many a sunny hour into working a long design. Soon I learned from self-inflicted punishment to refrain from drawing complex patterns, for I had to finish whatever I began.

After some experience I usually drew easy and simple crosses and squares. My original designs were not always symmetrical nor sufficiently characteristic, two faults with which my mother had little patience. The quietness of



her oversight made me feel responsible and dependent upon my own judgment. She treated me as a dignified little individual as long as I was on my good behavior; and how humiliated I was when some boldness of mine drew forth a rebuke from her!

Always after these confining lessons I was wild with surplus spirits, and found joyous relief in running loose in the open again. Many a summer afternoon a party of four or five of my playmates roamed over the hills
5 with me. I remember well how we used to exchange our necklaces, beaded belts, and sometimes even our moccasins. We pretended to offer them as gifts to one another. We delighted in impersonating our own mothers. We talked of things we had heard them say in their conversations.
10 We imitated their various manners, even to the inflection of their voices. In the lap of the prairie we seated ourselves upon our feet; and leaning our painted cheeks in the palms of our hands, we rested our elbows on our knees, and bent forward as old women were accustomed
15 to do.

While one was telling of some heroic deed recently done by a near relative, the rest of us listened attentively, and exclaimed in undertones, "Han! han!" (Yes! yes!) whenever the speaker paused for breath, or sometimes
20 for our sympathy. As the discourse became more thrilling, according to our ideas, we raised our voices in these interjections.

No matter how exciting a tale we might be rehearsing, the mere shifting of a cloud shadow in the landscape near
25 by was sufficient to change our impulses; and soon we were all chasing the great shadows that played among the hills. We shouted and whooped in the chase; laughing

and calling to one another, we were like little sportive nymphs on that Dakota sea of rolling green.

One summer afternoon my mother left me alone in our wigwam, while she went across the way to my aunt's dwelling.

5

I did not much like to stay alone in our tepee, for I feared a tall, broad-shouldered crazy man, some forty years old, who walked among the hills. Wiyaka-Napbina (Wearer of a Feather Necklace) was harmless, and whenever he came into a wigwam he was driven there by 10 extreme hunger. In one tawny arm he used to carry a heavy bunch of wild sunflowers that he gathered in his aimless ramblings. His black hair was matted by the winds and scorched into a dry red by the constant summer sun. As he took great strides, placing one brown 15 bare foot directly in front of the other, he swung his long lean arm to and fro.

I felt so sorry for the man in his misfortune that I prayed to the Great Spirit to restore him, but though I pitied him at a distance, I was still afraid of him when 20 he appeared near our wigwam.

Thus, when my mother left me by myself that afternoon, I sat in a fearful mood within our tepee. I recalled all I had ever heard about Wiyaka-Napbina; and I tried to assure myself that though he might pass near by, he 25 would not come to our wigwam because there was no little girl around our grounds.

Just then, from without, a hand lifted the canvas covering of the entrance ; the shadow of a man fell within the wigwam, and a roughly-moccasined foot was planted inside.

For a moment I did not dare to breathe or stir, for
5 I thought that it could be no other than Wiyaka-Napbina. The next instant I sighed aloud in relief. It was an old grandfather who had often told me Iktomi legends.

"Where is your mother, my little grandchild ?" were his first words.

10 "My mother is soon coming back from my aunt's tepee," I replied.

"Then I shall wait awhile for her return," he said, crossing his feet and seating himself upon a mat.

15 At once I began to play the part of a generous hostess. I turned to my mother's coffeepot.

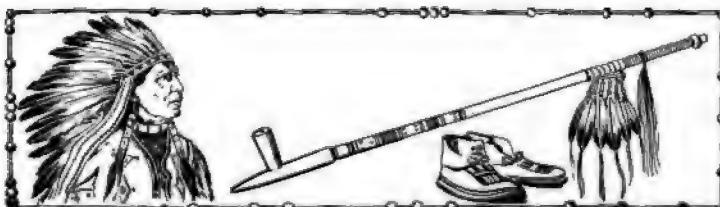
Lifting the lid I found nothing but coffee grounds in the bottom. I set the pot on a heap of cold ashes in the center of the wigwam, and filled it half full of warm Missouri River water. During this performance I felt con-
20 scious of being watched. Then breaking off a small piece of our unleavened bread, I placed it in a bowl. Turning soon to the coffeepot, which would not have boiled on a dead fire had I waited forever, I poured out a cup of worse than muddy warm water. Carrying the
25 bowl in one hand and the cup in the other, I handed the light luncheon to the old warrior. I offered them to him with the air of bestowing generous hospitality.

"How! how!" he said, and placed the dishes on the ground in front of his crossed feet. He nibbled at the bread and sipped from the cup. I sat back against a pole watching him. I was proud to have succeeded so well in serving refreshments to a guest. Before the old warrior 5 had finished eating, my mother entered. Immediately she wondered where I had found coffee, for she knew I had never made any and that she had left the coffeepot empty. Answering the question in my mother's eyes, the warrior remarked, "My granddaughter made coffee on a heap of 10 dead ashes, and served me the moment I came."

They both laughed, and mother said, "Wait a little longer, and I will build a fire." She meant to make some real coffee. But neither she nor the warrior, whom the law of our custom had compelled to partake of my 15 insipid hospitality, said anything to embarrass me. They treated my best judgment, poor as it was, with the utmost respect. It was not till long years afterward that I learned how ridiculous a thing I had done.

Abridged.

tepee': an Indian wigwam. — **unleav'ened**: without yeast or leaven. — **Wiyaka-Napbina** (we-ya-kä'-nap-bee-nä'). — **Ikto'mi**: the "spider fairy" of Indian legends, a being full of craft and invention, who is like "Brer Rabbit" in "Uncle Remus."



A GREAT ROMANCE

WILLIAM HAZLITT

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830) was an English critic and essayist.

I shall begin with the history of the renowned Don Quixote, who presents something more stately, more romantic, and at the same time more real to the imagination, than any other hero upon record. His lin-
5 eaments, his accouterments, his pasteboard visor are familiar to us; and Mambrino's helmet still glitters in the sun. We not only feel the greatest love and veneration for the knight himself, but a certain respect for
10 all those connected with him,—the curate and Master Nicholas, Sancho and Dapple, and even for Rozinante's leanness and his errors.

Perhaps there is no work which combines so much whimsical invention with such an air of truth. Its popularity is almost unequaled, and yet its merits have not been sufficiently understood. The story is the least part of them, though the blunders of Sancho and the unlucky adventures of his master are what naturally catch the attention of the majority of readers. The pathos and
15 20 the dignity of the sentiments are often disguised under the ludicrousness of the subject, and provoke laughter when they well might draw tears.

The character of Don Quixote himself is one of the most perfect disinterestedness. He is an enthusiast of

the most amiable kind; of a nature equally open, gentle, and generous; a lover of truth and justice; and one who had brooded over the fine dreams of chivalry and romance till they had robbed him of himself and cheated his brain into a belief of their reality.

5

There cannot be a greater mistake than to consider "Don Quixote" as a merely satirical work, or as a vulgar attempt to explode the "long-forgotten order of chivalry." There could be no need to explode what no longer existed. Besides, Cervantes himself was a man 10 of the most sanguine and enthusiastic temperament; and even through the crazed and battered figure of the knight the spirit of chivalry shines out with undiminished luster, as if the author had half designed to revive the examples of past ages, and once more to "witch the world with 15 noble horsemanship." Oh, if ever the moldering flame of Spanish liberty is destined to break forth, wrapping the tyrant and the tyranny in one consuming blaze, that the spark of generous sentiment and romantic enterprise, from which it must be kindled, has not been quite 20 extinguished, will perhaps be owing to thee, Cervantes, and to thy "Don Quixote!"

Don Quixote: see selection on page 103. — **Mambrino** (mam-brē'no): a Moorish king who was supposed to possess a magic helmet of beaten gold. Don Quixote, meeting a village barber who had clapped his brass basin on his head to keep his new hat from the rain, was convinced that it was nothing less than Mambrino's helmet. — **the curate and Master Nicholas:** friends of Don Quixote. — to **witch the world with noble horsemanship:** see Shakespeare's "Henry IV," Act IV, Scene I. — **moldering:** wasting away.

FREEDOM

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Freedom all winged expands,
Nor perches in a narrow place;
Her broad van seeks unplanted lands;
She loves a poor and virtuous race.

5 Clinging to a colder zone
Whose dark sky sheds the snowflake down,
The snowflake is her banner's star,
Her stripes the boreal streamers are.
Long she loved the Northman well;

10 Now the iron age is done
She will not refuse to dwell
With the offspring of the sun;
Foundling of the desert far,
Where palms plume, siroccos blaze,
15 He roves unhurt the burning ways
In climates of the summer star.

He has avenues to God
Hid from men of Northern brain,
Far beholding, without cloud,
20 What these with slowest steps attain.

In an age of fops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys

To hazard all in Freedom's fight,—
Break sharply off their jolly games,
Forsake their comrades gay,
And quit proud homes and youthful dames,
For famine, toil, and fray? 5
Yet on the nimble air benign
Speed nimbler messages,
That waft the breath of grace divine
To hearts in sloth and ease.
So nigh is grandeur to our dust, 10
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must,*
The youth replies, *I can.*

From "Voluntaries."

HUMANITY

WILLIAM COWPER

WILLIAM COWPER (koo'per) was an English poet. He was born in 1731 and died in 1800. 15

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail 20
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside and let the reptile live.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THOMAS GRAY

THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771) is considered one of the great English poets. His "Elegy" is widely known and loved.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
5 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight
10 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

15 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.



For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

5

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

10

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

5 The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10
Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15 Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

20 The applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonored Dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“ One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

“The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH

- 5 *Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.*
*Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth
And Melancholy marked him for her own.*
- 10 *Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heav’n did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to Mis’ry all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heav’n (*’twas all he wished*) a friend.*
- 15 *No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,*
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,) The bosom of his Father and his God.

curfew: from two French words, meaning “to cover the fire.” The ringing of an evening bell was instituted by William the Conqueror as a signal that it was time to put out the lights and go to rest. — **awaits**: this is often printed *await*, but the subject is *hour*, and *awaits* is therefore correct. — **Hampden**: a great English statesman. — **Cromwell**: Oliver Cromwell, lord protector of the English commonwealth.

READINGS FROM THE BIBLE

NOTE.—The book of Job is one of the great glories of literature. It is a poem which tells of Job's piety and patience under many sufferings, his doubts and despair, and finally, his recognition of God's power and knowledge. These lines are taken from the closing passages of the book.

Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, 5
and said,

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without
knowledge ?

Gird up now thy loins like a man ; for I will demand
of thee, and answer thou me. 10

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the
earth ? declare, if thou hast understanding.

Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest ?
or who hath stretched the line upon it ?

Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened ? or 15
who laid the corner stone thereof ;

When the morning stars sang together, and all the
sons of God shouted for joy ?

Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth ?
And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further : 20
and here shall thy proud waves be stayed ?

Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days ;
and caused the dayspring to know his place ?

Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea ? or
hast thou walked in the search of the depth ? 25

Have the gates of death been opened unto thee ?

Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth ? declare if thou knowest it all.

Where is the way where light dwelleth ? and as for
5 darkness, where is the place thereof ?

Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born ? or because the number of thy days is great ?

Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow ? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail ?

10 By what way is the light parted, which scattereth the east wind upon the earth ?

Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of waters, or a way for the lightning of thunder ;

To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is ; on
15 the wilderness, wherein there is no man ;

To satisfy the desolate and waste ground ; and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth ?

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion ?

20 Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven ? canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth ?

Hast thou given the horse strength ? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder ?

Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper ? the glory
25 of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength : he goeth on to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: 5
neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom, and stretch her wings 10
toward the south?

Doth the eagle mount up at thy command, and make her nest on high?

She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. 15

From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off.

Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?

Canst thou put a hook into his nose? or bore his jaw 20 through with a thorn?

Will he make many supplications unto thee? will he speak soft words unto thee?

Will he make a covenant with thee? wilt thou take him for a servant for ever? 25

Wilt thou play with him as with a bird? or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens?

None is so fierce that dare stir him up: who then is able to stand before me?

The flakes of his flesh are joined together: they are firm in themselves; they cannot be moved.

5 His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone.

When he raiseth up himself, the mighty are afraid.

The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold: the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon.

10 He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood.

The arrow cannot make him flee: sling stones are turned with him into stubble.

Darts are counted as stubble: he laugheth at the shaking of a spear.

15 He maketh a path to shine after him; one would think the deep to be hoary.

Upon earth there is not his like, who is made without fear.

He beholdeth all high things: he is a king over all
20 the children of pride.

Then Job answered the Lord, and said,

I know that thou canst do every thing, and that no thought can be withholden from thee.

leviathan: it is unknown just what monster of the deep is meant. Some writers explain it as the crocodile.—**covenant:** agreement.—**haber'geon:** a coat of mail.—**hoary:** white or silvery gray.

THE SONG OF THE BOW

2 SAMUEL I

NOTE.— This dirge for King Saul and his son, who were slain in battle, is one of the famous poems of early history. David and Jonathan had been close friends.

And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan his son : 5

(Also he bade them teach the children of Judah the use of the bow : behold, it is written in the book of Jasher :)

The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places : how are the mighty fallen !

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon ; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice. 10

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain, upon you, nor fields of offerings : for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil. 15

From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided : they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. 20

Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights ; who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle !
O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places.

I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan : very
pleasant hast thou been unto me : thy love to me was
5 wonderful, passing the love of women.

How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war
perished !

book of Jasher : probably a collection of heroic verse. — **Gath, Askelon** :
cities of the Philis'tines, who were the enemies of the Jews. — **Gilbo'a** : a
barren mountain ridge. — **anointed with oil** : referring to a ceremony by
which a priest or a king was consecrated.

PROVERBS

NOTE. — The following selections from the book of Proverbs show the
strong moral sense and the deep insight which characterize these precepts.

10 Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man
that getteth understanding:

For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise
of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies: and all the things
15 thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand ; and in her left
hand riches and honour.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths
are peace.

Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith.

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

A wrathful man stirreth up strife: but he that is slow ⁵ to anger appeaseth strife.

The way of the slothful man is as a hedge of thorns: but the way of the righteous is made plain.

He that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul: but he that heareth reproof getteth understanding. ¹⁰

The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom; and before honour is humility.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

Be not a witness against thy neighbour without cause; ¹⁵ and deceive not with thy lips.

Say not, I will do so to him as he hath done to me: I will render to the man according to his work.

I went by the field of the slothful, . . . And, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the ²⁰ face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.

Then I saw and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction.

Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: ²⁵

So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth; and thy want as an armed man.

CLEOPATRA AND HER BARGE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

NOTE.—The play of “Antony and Cleopatra,” from which these lines are taken, was founded upon Plutarch’s story, which Shakespeare followed with scrupulous fidelity. Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, was a fascinating woman whose charm few could resist. Mark Antony, going to make war
5 with the Parthians, commanded Cleopatra to appear before him to answer the charge that she had aided Cassius and Brutus in their war against him. Cleopatra, remembering the effect her beauty had produced upon Julius Caesar and the younger Pompey, thought that she might venture to make light of this command. Accordingly she arrayed herself in sumptuous
10 fashion and took her barge with all dignity. “So that,” says Plutarch, “in the end there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antony was left posted alone in the market place.” The lines here quoted are spoken by a friend of Antony, Enobarbus, who evidently shares Antony’s admiration for the charming queen.

15 I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were
silver,

20 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
25 O'er-picturing that Venus where we see



The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 5 And what they undid, did. . . .

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings: at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
 10 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 15 Enthronèd in the market place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
 And made a gap in nature.

Plu'tarch: a Greek biographer of the first century. — **Parthians:** Parthia was a country in Asia. — **What they undid, did:** apparently heated what they had cooled. — **barge:** a boat for pleasure or for state occasions. — **amorous of:** loving. — **beggared:** made poor. — **cloth-of-gold of tissue:** cloth-of-gold on a ground of tissue. — **o'er-pic'turing:** picturing again. — **Cupid:** the little god of love. — **Nere'iðës:** nymphs. — **tended her i' the eyes, etc.:** a much-disputed passage. Probably it means “waited upon her in her sight and made their service an added adornment.” — **yarely frame:** cleverly perform. — **of the adjacent wharfs:** of the crowds upon the wharfs. — **enthronèd:** Antony was waiting for her in his imperial seat. — **which but for vacancy:** the old saying, “Nature abhors a vacuum,” was probably in the poet’s mind.

THE BIRDS

FRAGMENTS FROM ARISTOPHANES

[*Translated by John Hookham Frere.*]

ARISTOPHANES (about 444–368 B.C.) was the most celebrated comic poet of Greece. He wrote fifty or more comedies, eleven of which are still in existence. He is noted for his keen wit and his shrewd common sense.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE (1769–1846) was an English writer and diplomatist.

5

NOTE.—Peisthetairus is the type of the political adventurer; Euelpides is his simple, droll companion. King Hoopoe has not forgotten his courtly manners, but the birds are suspicious and ungracious. It is impossible to represent in a translation the abrupt staccato character of their speeches.

10

I

About four hundred years before Christ, Aristophanes, the writer of Greek comedies, was delighting Athens with his poetry and wit. His shafts of ridicule reached hypocrites and tyrants, his flashing satire searched through the favorite follies of the time. One of the most sparkling of 15 his plays is “The Birds.”

The hero of this play, Peisthetairus, tired of Athens, sets off to seek his fortune. His friend, Euelpides, goes with him.

A raven and a jackdaw show them the way to the 20 kingdom of the birds, where Tereus, once a mortal, now a

hoopoe, reigns as king. They find Tereus and tell him that they know of a plan by which he may become more powerful than gods and men. Tereus, or King Hoopoe, is much excited by the idea and says :

5 *Hoopoe.* But tell me, what would you have us do ?

Peisthetairus. Concentrate !

Bring all your birds together. Build a city.

Hoopoe. The birds ! How could we build a city ? Where ?

Peisthetairus. Nonsense. You can't be serious. What a question !

Look down.

Hoopoe. I do.

Peisthetairus. Look up now.

Hoopoe. So I do.

10 *Peisthetairus.* Now turn your neck round.

Hoopoe. I should sprain it, though.

Peisthetairus. Come, what d'ye see ?

Hoopoe. The clouds and sky ; that's all.

Peisthetairus. . . . Well, there, then, you may build and fortify.

From that position you'll command mankind,

And keep them in utter, thorough subjugation,

15 Just as you do the grasshoppers and locusts.

And if the gods offend you, you'll blockade 'em

And starve 'em to a surrender.

Hoopoe. In what way ?

Peisthetairus. Why, thus. Your atmosphere is placed, you see, In a middle point, just betwixt earth and heaven. . . .

20 If you should find the gods grown mutinous

And insubordinate, you could intercept

All their supplies of sacrificial smoke.

Hoopoe. By the earth and all its springs ! springs and nooses !
Odds nets and snares ! this is the cleverest notion ! . . .

[*Calling his subjects.*]

5

 Hoop ! hoop !
Come in a troop !
Come at a call,
 One and all,
Birds of a feather,
All together.
Birds of a humble, gentle bill,
Smooth and shrill,
Dieted on seeds and grain,
Rioting on the furrowed plain,
 Pecking, hopping,
Picking, popping,
Among the barley newly sown.
Birds of bolder, louder tone,
Lodging in the shrubs and bushes,
Mavises and thrushes,
On the summer berries browsing,
On the garden fruits carousing.
 . . . You that in a humbler station,
With an active occupation,
Haunt the lowly watery mead,
Warring against the native breed,
The gnats and flies, your enemies ;
In the level marshy plain
Of Marathon, pursued and slain.
 You that in a squadron driving
From the seas are seen arriving,

10

15

20

25

5

With the cormorants and mews
 Haste to land and hear the news !
 All the feathered airy nation,
 Birds of every size and station, . . .
 For the welfare of the state
 Come in a flurry,
 With a hurry-scurry,
 Hurry to the meeting and attend to the debate.

At this summons the birds come flying from every
 10 corner of the kingdom. Great flocks of them wheel
 over the heads of the strangers, curious, frightened,
 angry, longing to swoop down upon the intruders and
 make an end of them.

Euelpides contemplates them with surprise, which soon
 15 changes to alarm. He exclaims :

20

How they thicken, how they muster,
 How they clutter, how they cluster !
 Now they ramble here and thither,
 Now they scramble all together.
 What a fidgeting and clattering !
 What a twittering and chattering !
 Don't they mean to threaten us ? What think ye ?

Peisthetairus. Yes, methinks they do.
Euelpides. They're gaping with an angry look against us both.
 25 *Peisthetairus.* It's very true.
Chorus. Whee ! Whaw ! Where ? Where ?
 What ? What ? What ? What ? What ? . . .
Hoopoe. Don't be alarmed !

Chorus. Alas ! alas ! what have you done ?

Hoopoe. I 've received a pair of strangers, who desired to settle here. . . .

Chorus. Form in rank, form in rank ;
Then move forward and outflank :
Let me see them overpowered,
Hacked, demolished, and devoured ;
Neither earth, nor sea, nor sky,
Nor woody fastnesses on high,
Shall protect them if they fly. . . .

Euelpides. What can I find to guard my eyes ? 10

Peisthetairus. Why, there 's the very thing you wish,
Two visard helmets ready made, the colander and skimming dish.

But the hoopoe quiets the birds and persuades them to listen to the schemes of Peisthetairus. They settle into silence, and Peisthetairus discloses his ideas. He begins by assuring them that they are the natural sovereigns of creation. Then he continues :

Peisthetairus. . . . Moreover, most singular facts are combined
In proof that the birds were adored by mankind :
For instance, the cock was a sovereign of yore
In the empire of Persia, and ruled it before 20
Darius's time ; and you all may have heard
That his title exists as the "Persian bird." . . .

Euelpides. And hence you behold him stalk in pride,
Majestic and stout, with a royal stride,
With his turban upright, a privilege known 25
Reserved to kings, and kings alone.

Peisthetairus. . . . So wide was his empire, so mighty his sway,
 That the people of earth, to the present day,
 Attend to his summons and freely obey:
 Tinkers, tanners, cobblers, all,
 5 Are roused from rest at his royal call,
 And shuffle their shoes on before it is light
 To trudge to the workshop.

Euelpides. I warrant you're right.

Peisthetairus. . . . Then the kite was the monarch of Greece
 heretofore. . . .

Hoopoe. Of Greece?

Peisthetairus. . . . and instructed our fathers of yore,
 10 On beholding a kite to fall down and adore. . . .
 . . . In Sidon and Egypt the cuckoo was king;
 They wait to this hour for the cuckoo to sing;
 And when he begins, be it later or early,
 They reckon it lawful to gather their barley. . . .

15 *Euelpides.* Ah, thence it comes our harvest cry,
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, to the passers-by.

Peisthetairus. . . . Nay, Jupiter now that usurps the command
 Appears with an eagle, appointed to stand
 As his emblem of empire; a striking example
 20 Of authority once so extended and ample:
 And each of the gods had his separate fowl,
 Apollo a hawk, and Minerva an owl.

II

The birds are now convinced of their right to rule
 over the whole universe, and the hoopoe says:

25 *Hoopoe.* Explain then the method you mean to pursue
 To recover our empire and freedom anew.

For thus to remain in dishonor and scorn,
Our life were a burden no more to be borne.

Peisthetairus. Then I move that the birds shall in common repair
To a centrical point, and encamp in the air;

And intrench and enclose it, and fortify there; 5
And build up a rampart, impregnably strong,

Enormous in thickness, enormously long;

Bigger than Babylon; solid and tall,

With bricks and bitumen, a wonderful wall.

Euelpides. Bricks and bitumen! I'm longing to see 10
What a daub of a building the city will be!

Peisthetairus. As soon as the fabric is brought to an end,
A herald or envoy to Jove we shall send; . . .

Another ambassador also will go

Dispatched upon earth to the people below, 15
To notify briefly the fact of accession;

And enforcing our claims upon taking possession.

The birds are much taken with Peisthetairus's scheme.
They immediately set about building their city in mid-air,
and men and gods are warned that a new power has arisen 20
to which they must bow. The birds say to mortals:

Chorus. Ye children of Man, whose life is a span, . . .
All lessons of primary daily concern
You have learned from the birds and continue to
learn,

Your best benefactors and early instructors; 25
We give you the warning of seasons returning.

When the cranes are arranged, and muster afloat
In the middle air, with a creaking note,

Steering away to the Libyan sands,
Then careful farmers sow their lands; . . .

The shepherd is warned, by the kite reappearing,
To muster his flock and be ready for shearing.

5 You quit your old cloak at the swallow's behest,
In assurance of summer, and purchase a vest. . . .

Then take us as gods and you'll soon find the odds,
We'll serve for all uses, as prophets and muses;
We'll give ye fine weather, we'll live here together;
10 We'll not keep away, scornful and proud, atop of
a cloud

(In Jupiter's way); but attend every day,
To prosper and bless all you possess,
And all your affairs, for yourselves and your heirs.

Nor do the birds forget to threaten certain men with
15 punishment if they do not mend their ways. The Athenians, who in the old days sat listening to the play, could well perceive that through this harmless chatter of the birds Aristophanes was rebuking the tyrants who had persecuted, imprisoned, and even killed some of their innocent
20 fellow-citizens.

The threats were these :

. . . We withdraw

From Philocrates, the fowler, the protection of the law:
He that ortolans and quails to market has presumed to bring;
25 And the sparrows, six a penny, tied together in a string; . . .
Further, we declare and publish our command to men below,
All the birds you keep in prison, to release and let them go.

We shall, else, revenge ourselves, and we shall teach the tyrants
yet,
How to chirp and dance in fetters, in the tangles of a net.

But then to take away the sting the bird chorus sings:

Blest are they,
The birds alway,
With perfect clothing,
Fearing nothing,
Cold or sleet or summer heat
As it chances,
As he fancies,
Each his own vagary follows,
Dwelling in the dells and hollows
When, with eager, weary strain,
The shrilly grasshoppers complain,
Parched upon the sultry plain;
Maddened with the raging heat,
We secure a cool retreat,
In the shady nooks and coves,
Recesses of the sacred groves,
Many a herb, and many a berry
Serves to feast and make us merry.

Presently a messenger comes in, quite out of breath
and speaking in short snatches:

Messenger. Where is he? Where? Where is he? Where?
Where is he? —
The president, Peisthetairus?

Peisthetairus [coolly]. Here am I.

Messenger [*in a gasp of breath*]. Your fortification's finished.

Peisthetairus. Well! That's well.

Messenger. And the height (for I made the measurement myself)
Is exactly a hundred fathom.

Peisthetairus. Heaven and earth!
How could it be? Such a mass! Who could have
built it?

5 *Messenger.* The birds; no creature else,—no foreigners. . . .
There came a body of thirty thousand cranes
(I won't be positive, there might be more)
With stones from Africa in their caws and gizzards,
Which the stone curlews and stone chatterers
10 Worked into shape and finished. The sand martins
And mud larks, too, were busy in their department,
Mixing the mortar, while the water birds,
As fast as it was wanted, brought the water
To temper and work it.

15 *Peisthetairus* [*in a fidget*]. But, who served the masons?
Whom did you get to carry it?

20 *Messenger.* To carry it?
Of course, the carrion crows and carrying pigeons.
Peisthetairus. Yes! Yes! But after all, to load your hods—
How did you manage that?

Messenger. Oh, capitally,
I promise you. There were the geese, all barefoot,
Trampling the mortar, and, when all was ready,
They handed it into the hods so cleverly
With their flat feet! . . .

Peisthetairus. . . . Ah, well now, come! But about the wood-work, eh?
Who were the carpenters? Answer me that!

Messenger.

The woodpeckers, of course : and there they were,
 Laboring upon the gates, driving and banging,
 With their hard hatchet beaks, and such a din ;
 . . . And now their work is finished, gates and all,
 The sentries at their posts ; patrols appointed ; 5
 The watchmen in the barbican ; the beacons
 Ready prepared for lighting ; all their signals
 Arranged. . . . You'll settle all the rest.

[*Exit.*]

So the wonderful city is built, and the gods are warned
 to respect its boundaries. 10

Chorus.

Notice is hereby given
 To the deities of heaven,
 Not to trespass here,
 Upon our atmosphere.
 Take notice — from the present day, 15
 No smoke or incense is allowed
 To pass this way.

Visitors, however, are welcome ; the envoys from the
 gods, if they enter with proper humility, are treated
 with, — to the advantage, of course, of the birds, — and 20
 colonists from the earth begin to seek this new abode
 in mid-air. Peisthetairus is exultant ; he receives from
 Jupiter a celestial bride, and the play ends with a call
 to the marriage feast.

Peisthetairus. Birds of ocean and of air,
 Hither in a troop repair,
 To the royal ceremony,

25

Our triumphant matrimony !
 Come for us to feast and feed ye !
 Come to revel, dance, and sing ! —
 Lovely creature ! Let me leave ye
 Hand in hand, and wing to wing.

5

Abridged.

The following names are accented as indicated : **Aristoph'anes** (5 syllables), **Peisthetai'rūs** (5 syllables), **Euel'pides** (4 syllables), **Hoop'oe** (2 syllables), **Tē'reus** (2 syllables), **Philoc'rates** (4 syllables).

hoopoe: a bird common in Europe, and famous in European literature. It has a crest and a long, slender bill. — **turn your neck round**: notice the absurd dramatic situation. — **odds**: this exclamation, formerly in common use, was expressive of surprise. — **springes**: snares. — **Ma'vises**: the mavis is the song thrush. — **Marathon**: a famous battlefield. Aristophanes was born a little less than fifty years after the battle of Marathon, in which King Darius with a mighty army was defeated by the Athenians. — **Mew**: the seagull. — **Dari'u's**: king of Persia, a great general and ruler. He died in 485 B.C. — **Si'don**: a city of very ancient times. — **centrical**: central. — **Babylon**: this great city of ancient times was five times as large as modern London, with walls that were more than three hundred feet in height and nearly a hundred feet in thickness. — **span**: a short space. Literally, this is the distance included between the tip of the little finger and the end of the thumb of an outspread hand. — **Libyan sands**: a part of the Sahara desert. Many European birds, including the cranes and the hoopoes, migrate across the Mediterranean Sea. — **Muses**: nine goddesses who presided over poetry and song, the arts and sciences. — **or'tolans**: birds highly prized as a table delicacy. — **shrilly**: shrill. — **sacred groves**: groves and trees, in ancient times and among many peoples, were considered sacred to the gods. — **a hundred fathom**: as a fathom is a measure of depth, its use here adds to the incongruity of the picture. — **barbican**: a watchtower.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

JOHN D. LONG

JOHN D. LONG (1838—) is an eminent American who has been speaker, governor of Massachusetts, member of Congress, and Secretary of the Navy.

This is the terrace of the Capitol.
The July sun sets slowly in the west
And with its glow suffuses there the sky
'Gainst which the monument springs high and white.
The city roofs are clustered in the green
Luxuriant foliage of the summer leaves,
While near at hand against these marble walls 5
Sweep up soft lawns like emerald set with pearl.
The hum of the long summer day is past,
And silence, yet more eloquent, has come—
The silence of the hushing of the earth,
As if in his great arm God gave it rest. 10
Sweetness and light are laid upon its face,—
The sweetness of the light of dying day,
So exquisite that though it seems unwaned
It quenches not the young moon's crescent horn
Which shines serene and clear half up the sky. 15
Sweetness and light it is, but, more than these
It is the embodied deity of peace,—
The peace of nature's love enfolding down,



The peace that puts to rest the heart of man,
The peace of land and people blessed by God.
Southward, between the arches of the trees,
The gleam of the Potomac answers back,
As it lies lingering at the bathing feet 5
Of the Virginia hills, whose tops are crowned
With verdure and with rich dark cooling woods.
Across from shore to shore the long bridge runs
And with its slender stretch yet firmly links
Forever to each other North and South. 10

What memories throng it now, dense as the hosts
That made it echo once the tread of war!
Lo, there the field where freedom's mighty heart
Throbbed in the breasts of chivalry and youth,
And sped to battle which it bled to win 15

For those it fought for and for those it fought.
There lie the ashes of the patriot dead
Who people now the spaces of the sky
And thence look down upon a land redeemed,
On shackled bondmen disenthralled and free, 20

A broken union whole — united states,
Aye, and united hearts,— one people all.

TWO GREAT COMMANDERS

WILLIAM P. TRENT

WILLIAM P. TRENT was born in Virginia in 1862. He is professor of English literature in Columbia University.

NOTE. — The siege of Petersburg, at the close of the Civil War, lasted from June, 1864, to the end of March, 1865. In February, 1865, General 5 Robert E. Lee was made commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces; “a position,” says his biographer, “which should have been his long before. That he would have filled it admirably is clear from the suggestions as to operations far afield that he had been continually making in his letters, and posterity would have had the satisfaction of knowing that 10 the right man was in the right place.”

Was not the right man in his place — amid those wintry, shelterless trenches around Petersburg — as commander of those ragged, frozen, starved, but unconquered troops who held their thirty-five or forty miles of defenses 15 with a thousand men to the mile? What other American save Washington would have been the right man there? And how can any man or woman who loves courage and genius, and unselfishness and gentleness and implicit trust in God, not love Lee, whatever may be thought of the 20 losing cause he served? Who among us does not envy the opportunity of that Richmond lady who made him drink the last cup of tea she had, and complacently sipped the muddy water of James River that he might not detect her sacrifice and refuse to accept her homage?

But we must hasten to the closing scene of the great drama. The meeting with Grant took place a little before noon on the morning of April 9, at a private residence in the village of Appomattox Courthouse. Nothing could have exceeded Grant's courtesy. Indeed, he rose to the full stature of a hero; and the scene of the greatest surrender in American history ought to be remembered with pride by every citizen of our now united country, for it illustrates, as perhaps no similar event has ever done, the essential nobility of human nature. 10

The rest is soon told. Grant generously allowed the Confederate privates to keep their horses for their spring plowing; and Lee rode away to be surrounded by his ragged veterans, who still refused to believe he would surrender, and who sobbed in anguish when he told them that the struggle was over. The tears stood in his eyes; and they stand in the eyes of those who love him, as to-day they read over or recall the pathetic scene. 15

On the following day he issued to the survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia as dignified an address as any commander, victorious or defeated, has ever written. After receiving visits from old friends like General Meade,—pathetic visits, which yet show how much human nature, with its godlike capacities, ought to be above the brutal necessity of settling disputes by war, — he mounted his horse Traveler, and rode slowly toward Richmond. 25

Halting at the house of his brother Charles, in Powhatan County, he insisted, in spite of the rain, on spending a last night in his old tent. What poet will tell us of his thoughts? Arrived in Richmond, he was greeted
5 with wild enthusiasm, in which Northern troops who had fought against him joined heartily. Finally he escaped from demonstrations trying to him but inspiring to every lover of his kind, by entering the modest house where his family was waiting to receive him. He had left that
10 family four years before, the hope of his native state. He returned to it the chosen hero of the Southern people. He will remain the hero of that people and of thousands of men and women throughout the world who love virtue and valor in supreme combination. There is, seemingly,
15 no character in all history that combines power and virtue and charm as he does. He is with the great captains, the supreme leaders of all time. He is with the good, pure men and chivalrous gentlemen of all time,—the knights
“*sans peur et sans reproche*”; nor will the poet ever cease
20 to affirm that on the field of Appomattox the mighty battle-ax struck down the keen Damascus blade.

Abridged.

Petersburg: a city in Virginia, about twenty miles south of Richmond.
—“*sans peur et sans reproche*” (sahn pēr à sahn rē-prosh’): see note on page 309.

WAR AND HUMAN BROTHERHOOD

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING (1780-1842) was an American preacher and writer, famous for his eloquence, his courage, and his high ideals.

I have written once and again on war,—a hackneyed subject, as it is called, yet one would think too terrible ever to become a commonplace. Is this insanity never 5 to cease? False notions of national honor, as false and unholy as those of the duelist, do most toward fanning this fire. Great nations, like great boys, place their honor in resisting insult and in fighting well. One would think the time had gone by in which nations needed to rush to 10 arms to prove that they were not cowards. If there is one truth which history has taught, it is that communities in all stages of society, from the most barbarous to the most civilized, have sufficient courage. No people can charge upon its conscience that it has not shed blood 15 enough in proof of its valor. Almost any man, under the usual stimulants of the camp, can stand fire. Is it not time that the point of honor should undergo some change, that some glimpses, at least, of the true glory of a nation should be caught by rulers and people? 20

“It is the honor of a man to pass over a transgression,” and so it is of states. To be wronged is no disgrace. To bear wrong generously, till every means of conciliation is

exhausted ; to recoil with manly dread from the slaughter of our fellow-creatures ; to put confidence in the justice which other nations will do to our motives ; to have that consciousness of courage which will make us scorn the
5 reproach of cowardice ; to feel that there is something grander than the virtue of savages ; to desire peace for the world as well as for ourselves ; and to shrink from kindling a flame which may involve the world,—these are the principles and feelings which do honor to a people.

- 10 For one, I look on war with a horror which no words can express. Were the world of my mind, no man would fight for glory ; for the name of a commander who has no other claim to respect seldom passes my lips, and the want of sympathy drives him from my mind.
- 15 The thought of man, God's immortal child, butchered by his brother ; the thought of sea and land stained with human blood by human hands, of women and children buried under the ruins of besieged cities, of the resources of empires and the mighty powers of nature all turned by
20 man's malignity into engines of torture and destruction, — this thought gives to earth the semblance of hell.

I cannot now, as I once did, talk lightly, thoughtlessly, of fighting with this or that nation. That nation is no longer an abstraction to me. It is no longer a vague
25 mass. It spreads out before me into individuals, in a thousand interesting forms and relations. It consists of husbands and wives, parents and children, who love one

another as I love my own home. . . . It consists of a vast multitude of laborers at the plow and in the workshop, whose toils I sympathize with, whose burden I should rejoice to lighten, and for whose elevation I have pleaded. It consists of men of science, taste, genius, 5 whose writings have beguiled my solitary hours and given life to my intellect and best affections. Here is the nation which I am called to fight with, into whose families I must send mourning, whose fall or humiliation I must seek through blood. I cannot do it without a 10 clear commission from God.

If, indeed, my country were invaded by hostile armies, threatening without disguise its rights, liberties, and dearest interests, I should strive to repel them, just as I should repel a criminal who should enter my house to slay what 15 I hold most dear and what is intrusted to my care. But I cannot confound with such a case the common instances of war. In general, war is the work of ambitious men, whose principles have gained no strength from the experience of public life, whose policy is colored if not swayed 20 by personal views or party interests, who do not seek peace with a single heart, who, to secure doubtful rights, perplex the foreign relations of the state, spread jealousies at home and abroad, enlist popular passions on the side of strife, commit themselves too far for retreat, and 25 are then forced to leave to the arbitration of the sword what an impartial umpire could easily have arranged.

A TRIBUTE TO GROTIUS

ANDREW D. WHITE

ANDREW D. WHITE (1832—) is a distinguished American who holds high rank as a scholar and a diplomat.

NOTE.—At the time of the Peace Conference held at The Hague in 1899, a monument was dedicated in the city of Delft to Hugo Grotius, a great Dutch scholar (1583–1645). Grotius was the author of “The Rights of War and Peace,” a book which marked the beginning of international law.

This is the ancient and honored city of Delft. From its haven, not distant, sailed the “Mayflower” bearing the Pilgrim Fathers who, in a time of obstinate and bitter persecution, brought to the American continent the germs of that toleration which had been especially developed among them during their stay in the Netherlands, and of which Grotius was an apostle. In this town Grotius was born; in this temple he worshiped; this pavement he trod when a child; often were these scenes revisited by him in his boyhood; at his death his mortal body was placed in this hallowed ground. Time and place, then, would both seem to make this tribute fitting.

From this tomb of Grotius I seem to hear a voice which says to us as the delegates of the nations: “Go on with your mighty work: avoid, as you would avoid the germs of pestilence, those exhalations of international hatred which take shape in monstrous fallacies and morbid fictions regarding alleged antagonistic interests. Guard

well the treasures of civilization with which each of you is intrusted; but bear in mind that you hold a mandate from humanity. Go on with your work. Pseudo-philosophers will prophesy malignantly against you; pessimists will laugh you to scorn; cynics will sneer at you; 5 zealots will abuse you for what you have *not* done; sublimely unpractical thinkers will revile you for what you *have* done; ephemeral critics will ridicule you as dupes; enthusiasts, blind to the difficulties in your path and to everything outside their little circumscribed 10 fields, will denounce you as traitors to humanity. Heed them not: go on with your work. Heed not the clamor of zealots, or cynics, or pessimists, or pseudo-philosophers, or enthusiasts, or fault-finders. Go on with the work of strengthening peace and humanizing war: give greater 15 scope and strength to provisions which will make war less cruel: perfect those laws of war which diminish the unmerited sufferings of populations: and, above all, *give to the world at least a beginning of an effective, practicable scheme of Arbitration!*" 20

THE FALL OF WOLSEY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

NOTE.—Thomas Wolsey, cardinal, archbishop of York, and prime minister of Henry VIII, was at one time the most powerful man in England, but in 1529 he displeased the king and was deprived of all his dignities. To his genius England owed much of her subsequent greatness, but 5 he made bitter enemies and was undoubtedly careless in his use of the public money.

Wolsey's servant, Thomas Cromwell, became Henry's secretary, and was afterwards Earl of Essex. His career was very similar to that of Wolsey, and he was finally executed by Henry's order in 1540. A hundred years later, Oliver Cromwell, of the same family, left his quiet home to fight for England's liberty against England's king.

The following scene is from "King Henry VIII." Wolsey has been left alone in the antechamber to the royal apartment.

Wolsey.

What should this mean?

15 What sudden anger's this? How have I reaped it?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

Leaped from his eyes: so looks the chafèd lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him;

Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;

20 I fear, the story of his anger. 'T is so;

This paper has undone me: 't is the account

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together

For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!

25 Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil

Made me put this main secret in the packet

I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?

No new device to beat this from his brains ?
 I know 't will stir him strongly ; yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this ? "To the Pope !" 5
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to 's Holiness. Nay then, farewell !
 I have touched the highest point of all my greatness ;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening, 10
 And no man see me more.

[Enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the EARL OF
 SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.]

Norfolk. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal : who commands you

To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
 To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's, 15
 Till you hear further from His Highness.

Wol. Stay :

Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry
 Authority so weighty.

Suffolk. Who dare cross 'em,
 Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it, 20
 I mean your malice, know, officious lords,
 I dare and must deny it.

Surrey. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.



Sur.

My lords,

5 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?

And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let His Grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks. . . .

My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it !

5

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall my innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry " guilty," cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.

10

Wol. Speak on, sir ;
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

15

Sur. I had rather want those than my head.
Chamberlain. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far ! 't is virtue :
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

20

Sur. I forgive him.

Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer

About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all except WOLSEY.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.

- 5 Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
- 10 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
- 15 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
- 20 I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspèct of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have :
- 25 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

[Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.]

Why, how now, Cromwell !

Cromwell. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. O my lord,

5

Must I, then, leave you ? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers

10

For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :

15

20

By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?

Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.

5 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;

10 And, — prithee, lead me in :
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 't is the king's : my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !

15 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

Abridged.

cross : perverse, contrary. — **a bright exhalation** : a meteor. — **pres'ently** : at once. — **jaded** : spurned. — **scarlet** : cardinals wear scarlet caps. — **like larks** : one of the ways of catching larks was to attract the attention of the birds by a mirror placed on a scarlet cloth. The fowler thus had a chance to cast his net over them. — **wanton** : playful. — **their ruin** : the ruin they cause. — **Lucifer** : Satan, the chief of the fallen angels. See Milton's "Paradise Lost," Book I.

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10M-3-40

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

JOHN D. LONG

JOHN D. LONG (1838—) is an eminent American who has been speaker, governor of Massachusetts, member of Congress, and Secretary of the Navy.

This is the terrace of the Capitol.
The July sun sets slowly in the west
And with its glow suffuses there the sky
'Gainst which the monument springs high and white.
The city roofs are clustered in the green
Luxuriant foliage of the summer leaves,
While near at hand against these marble walls 5
Sweep up soft lawns like emerald set with pearl.
The hum of the long summer day is past,
And silence, yet more eloquent, has come—
The silence of the hushing of the earth,
As if in his great arm God gave it rest. 10
Sweetness and light are laid upon its face,—
The sweetness of the light of dying day,
So exquisite that though it seems unwaned
It quenches not the young moon's crescent horn
Which shines serene and clear half up the sky. 15
Sweetness and light it is, but, more than these
It is the embodied deity of peace,—
The peace of nature's love enfolding down,

